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THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

or, THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID

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B.P.2.

Edited by

EDMOND W. RICKETT

This score contains all the dialogue

STATE COLLEGE OF
VICTORIA AT FRANKSTON
189
EUNSON RESOURCE CENTRE

G. Schirmer
New York

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SIR RICHARD CHOLMONDELY (*Lieutenant of the Tower*)

COLONEL FAIRFAX (*under sentence of death*)

SERGEANT MERYLL (*of the Yeomen of the Guard*)

LEONARD MERYLL (*his Son*)

JACK POINT (*a Strolling Jester*)

WILFRED SHADBOLT (*Head Jailer and Assistant Tormenter*)

THE HEADSMAN

FIRST YEOMAN

SECOND YEOMAN

FIRST CITIZEN

SECOND CITIZEN

ELSIE MAYNARD (*a Strolling Singer*)

PHOEBE MERYLL (*Sergeant Meryll's daughter*)

DAME CARRUTHERS (*Housekeeper to the Tower*)

KATE (*her Niece*)

Chorus of Yeomen of the Guard, Gentlemen, Citizens, etc.

SCENE: Tower Green

TIME: 16th Century

THE STORY OF THE OPERA

Colonel Fairfax is under sentence of death, and this is the day fixed for his execution. A scoundrelly relative has preferred a charge of sorcery against him in order to inherit the fortune which comes to him should Fairfax die unmarried. Fortunately, the Colonel has two good friends in the Tower, the Lieutenant in charge and Sergeant Meryll of the Guards, to say nothing of the latter's daughter, Phoebe, who is in love with the dashing and handsome prisoner. Meryll's son, Leonard, has been appointed a Yeoman, and his father plans to keep him in hiding, get Fairfax out of his cell, and introduce him among the Yeomen as his "brave son, Leonard, with whose exploits all England is ringing." To Phoebe is entrusted the delicate task of getting the dungeon keys from Wilfred Shadbolt, the jailer, described by her father as "thy sour-faced admirer."

Meanwhile, Fairfax has explained the reason for his predicament to his friend the Lieutenant, who undertakes to find him a wife in a hurry, so that the unscrupulous kinsman may be thwarted in his scheme to inherit. A reprieve has been issued, but the said kinsman has succeeded in delaying its delivery until after the time fixed for the execution.

And now a pair of wandering comedians come into the story — Jack Point and Elsie Maynard — and the Lieutenant arrives on the scene in time to prevent their being roughly handled by a boisterous crowd. He induces Elsie to consent to a brief marriage with Fairfax by the offer of a hundred crowns, badly needed by Elsie for her sick mother. Jack Point designs to marry Elsie himself, but, on being assured that the bridegroom will certainly be dead within the hour, agrees to the plan, and shortly thereafter is appointed Jester to the Lieutenant.

The wily Phoebe successfully steals the keys from Wilfred, Fairfax is shaved and dressed as a Yeoman, the crowd assembles, the Yeomen are drawn up in line, the headsman and the block are in place and all is ready for the execution when, amid a scene of wild excitement, it is discovered that Fairfax has escaped! Jack Point is in despair and Elsie, stunned by the realization of her position, faints in the arms of Fairfax as the curtain falls on the first act.

The second act opens with the confession of the Yeomen that their search for the criminal has been in vain, while Dame Carruthers and the crowd deride them for their failure. Elsie has been nursed back to health by the Dame, who reveals that the girl has talked in her sleep, and that from her disjointed murmurs it can be clearly gathered that she was married to Fairfax, who, still in his character as Leonard, is agreeably reassured to find that his bride is the lovely Elsie.

Now Point concocts a scheme with Wilfred to free Elsie from her present quandary, in pursuance of which scheme Wilfred fires a shot, and when the whole crowd gathers to find out what is the matter, the two conspirators declare that they discovered Fairfax in the act of escaping and shot him dead as he tried to swim the river. Whereupon the citizens hail Wilfred as a hero, and carry him off shoulder-high.

Point eagerly proposes to Elsie, but Fairfax, as Leonard, calmly steps in and carries her off, leaving both Point and Phoebe in despair. From the hysterical outburst of the latter, her lover Wilfred learns the truth, and Phoebe consents to marry him as the price of his silence with regard to the plot. The Dame has also heard the revelation, and promptly takes possession of Meryll, whom she has been pursuing for years, on the same terms.

Elsie enters for her wedding to the supposed Leonard. But the delayed reprieve has arrived — Fairfax is alive, and free! Once more she is plunged into despair, but soon recognizes her husband, and all is set for a happy ending when the disconsolate Point arrives, and the curtain falls upon his sorrow and his final collapse amid the merriment of the crowd.

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The Yeomen of the Guard

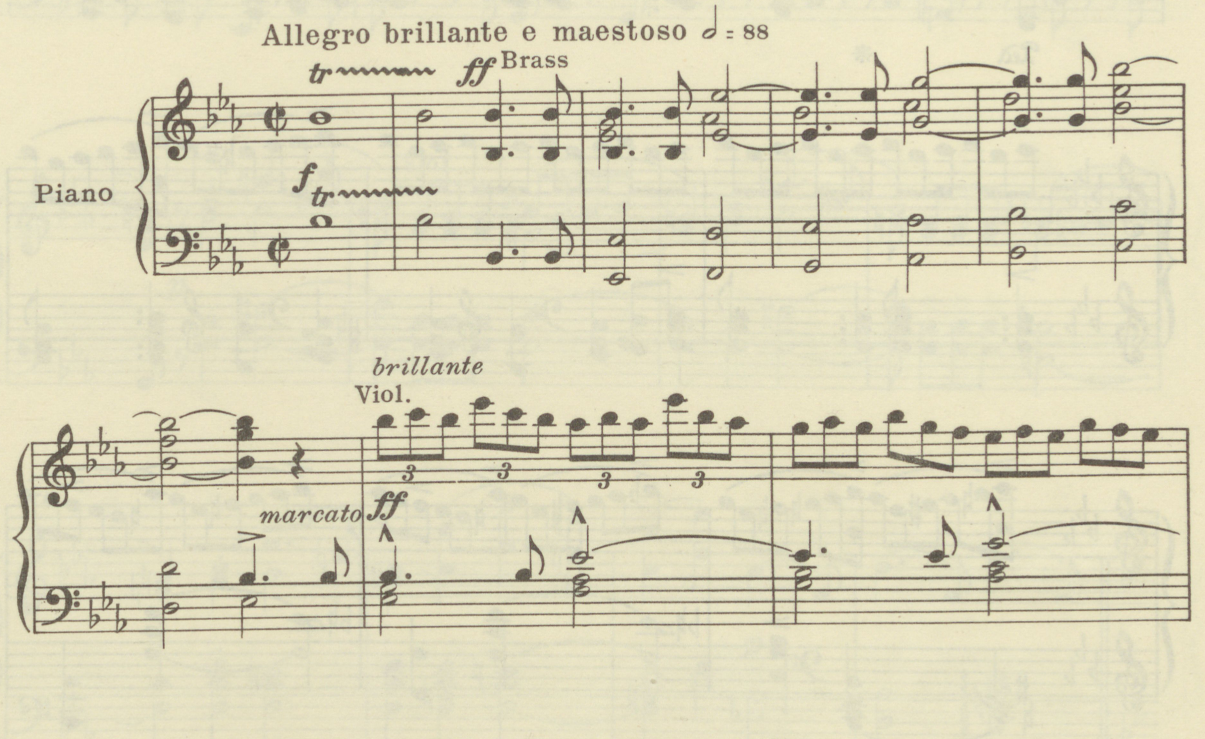
or

The Merryman and His Maid

W. S. Gilbert

Arthur Sullivan

Overture


Allegro brillante e maestoso 𝅗𝅥 = 88
tr
ff
Brass
Piano
f
tr
brillante
Viol.
3
3
3
3
marcato
ff
Ped.
Ped.

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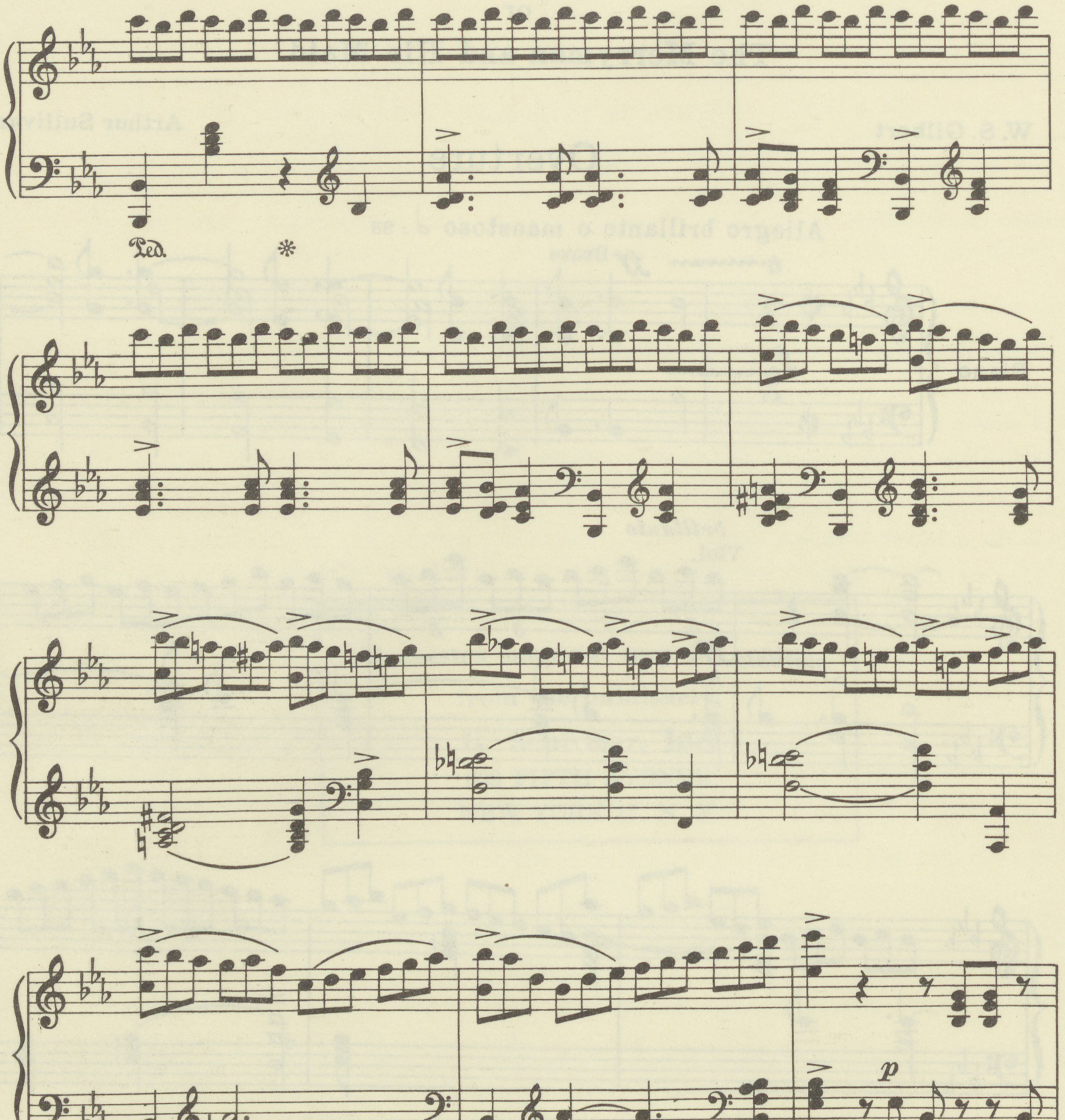
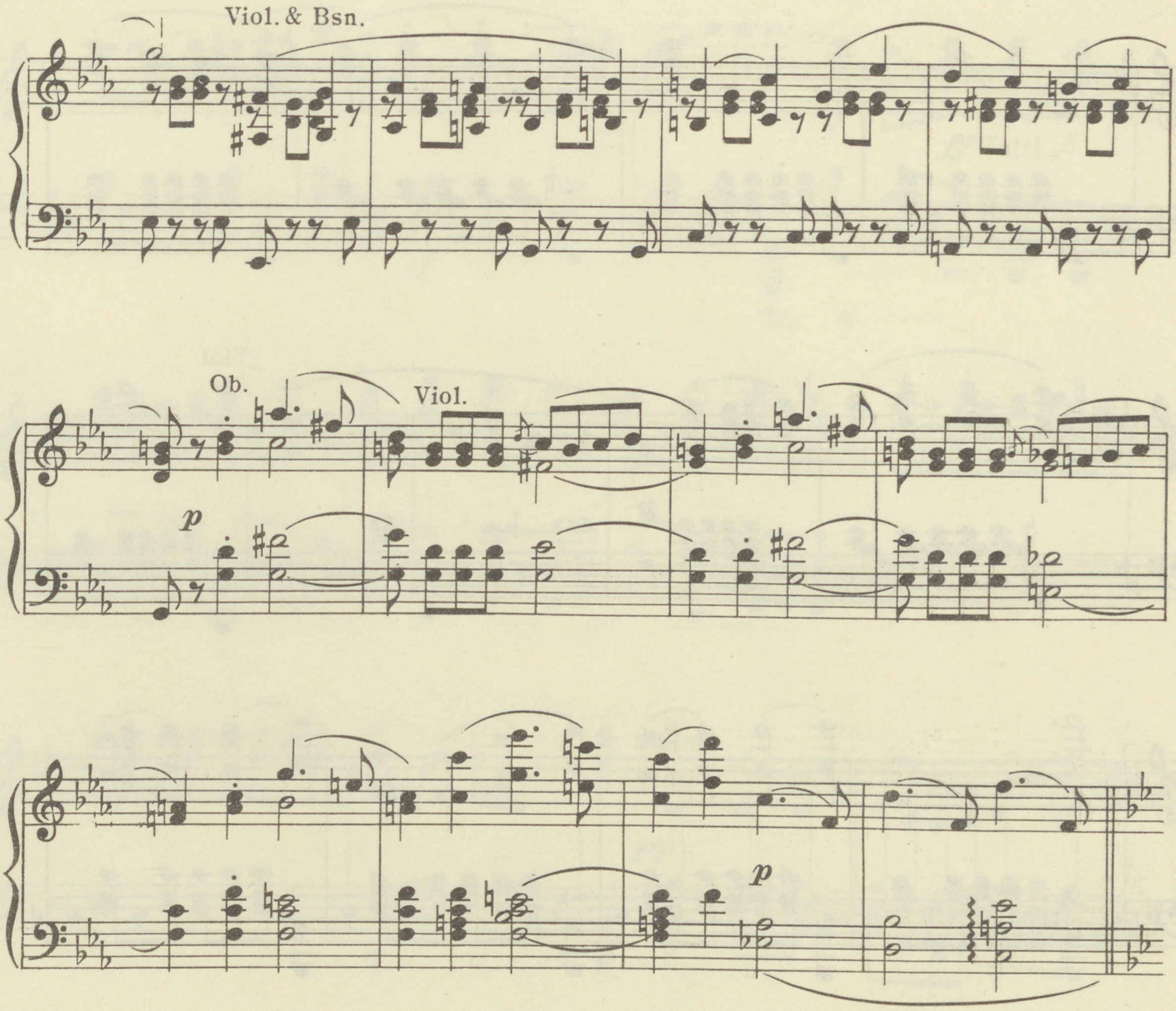
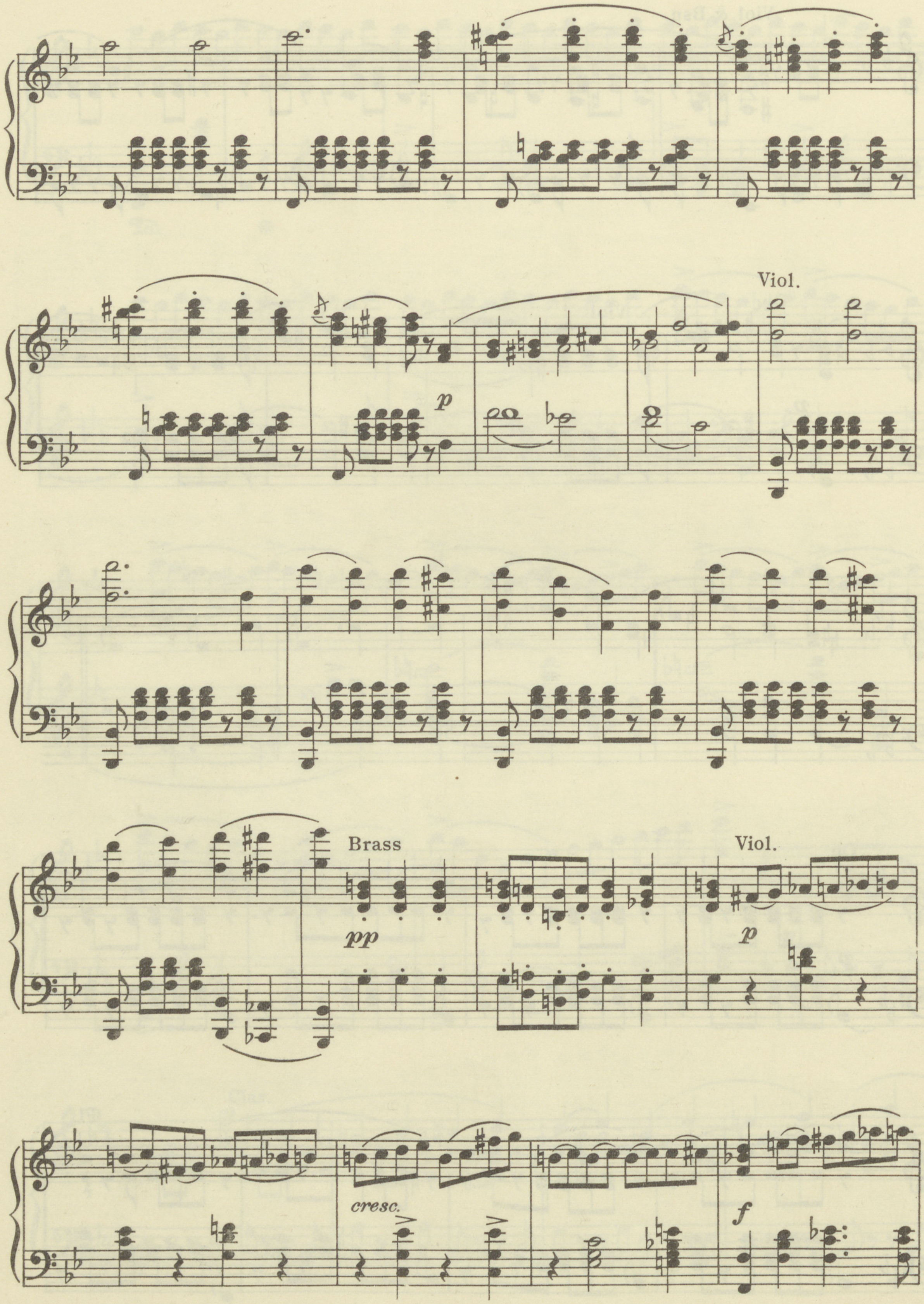
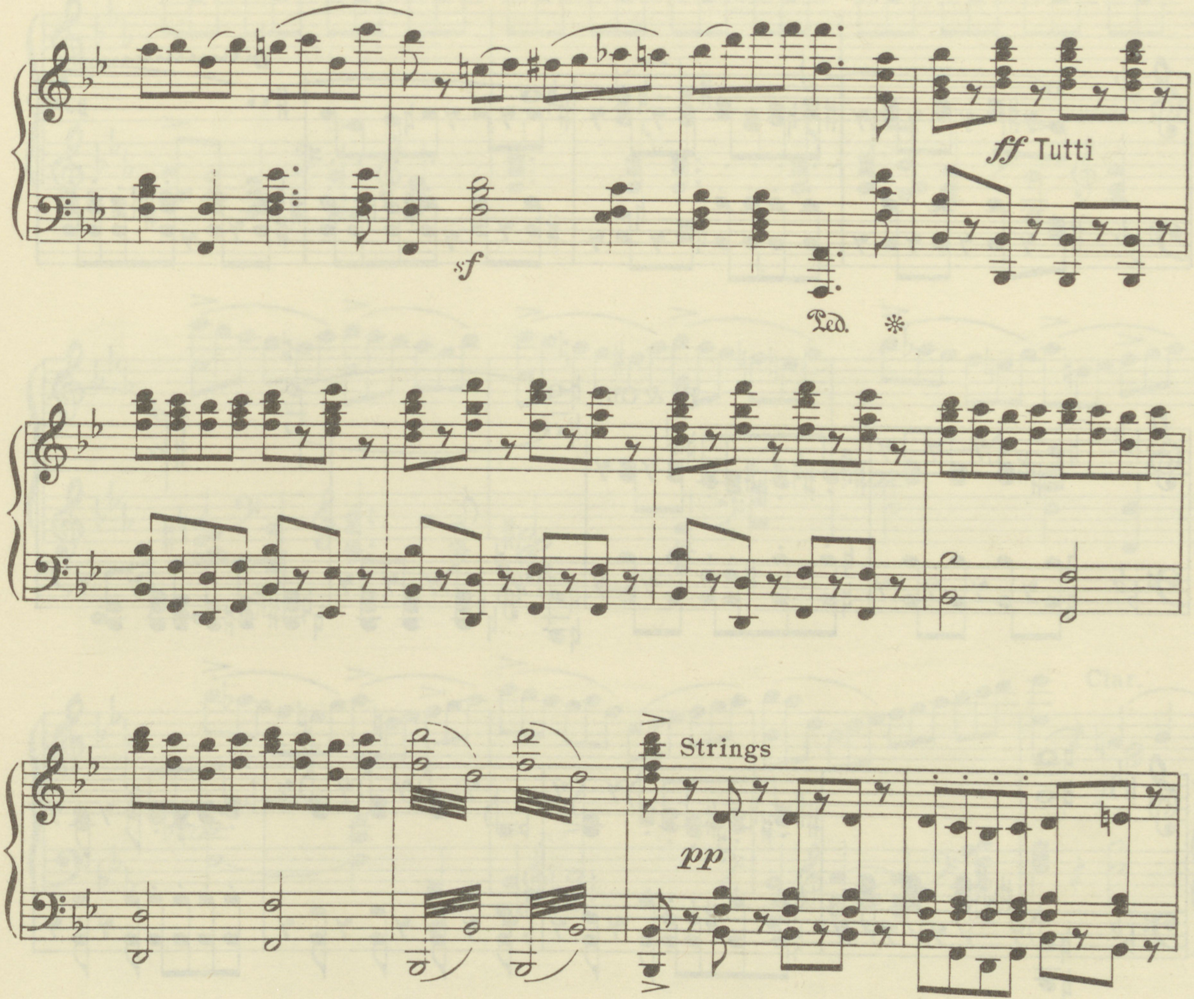
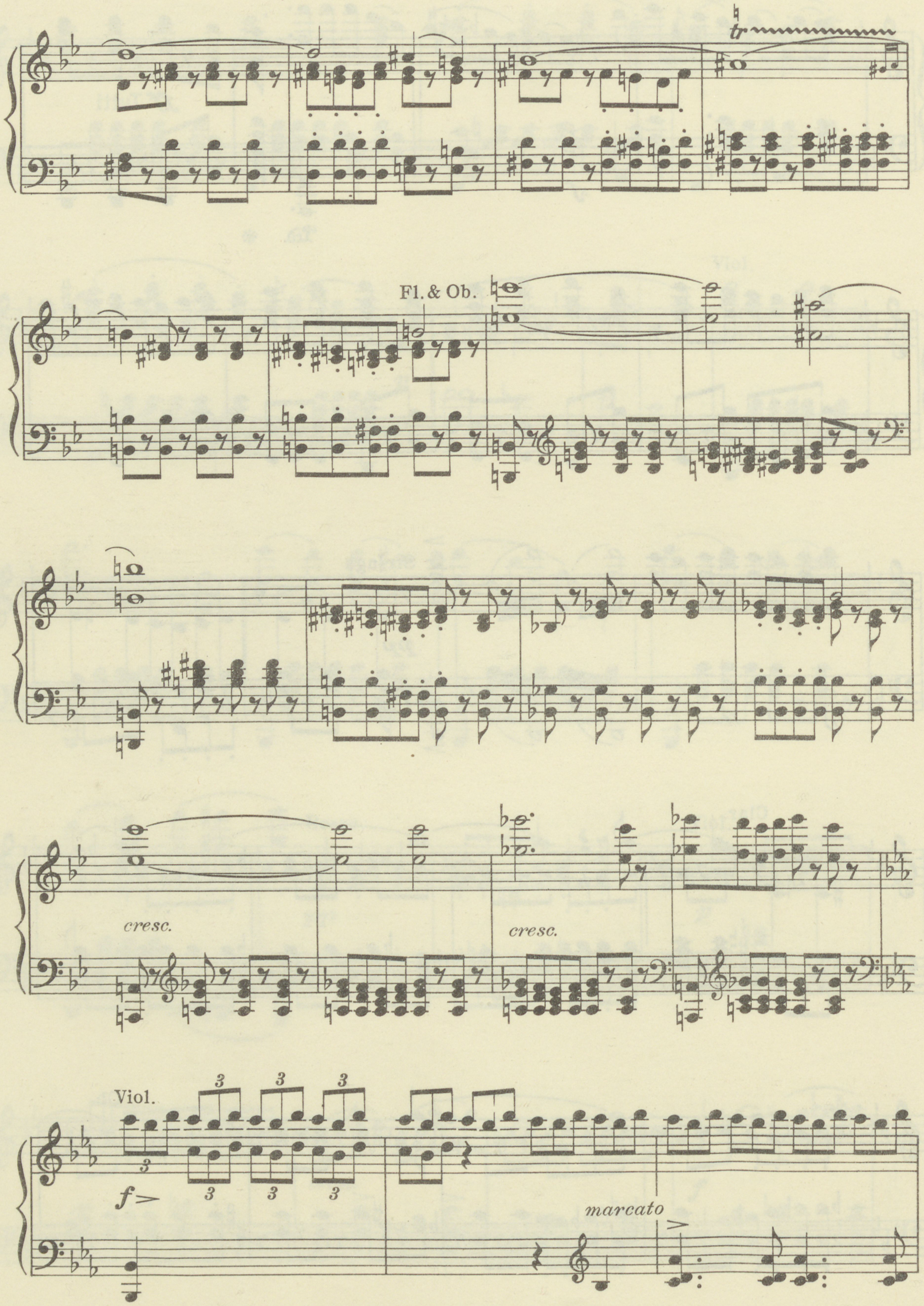
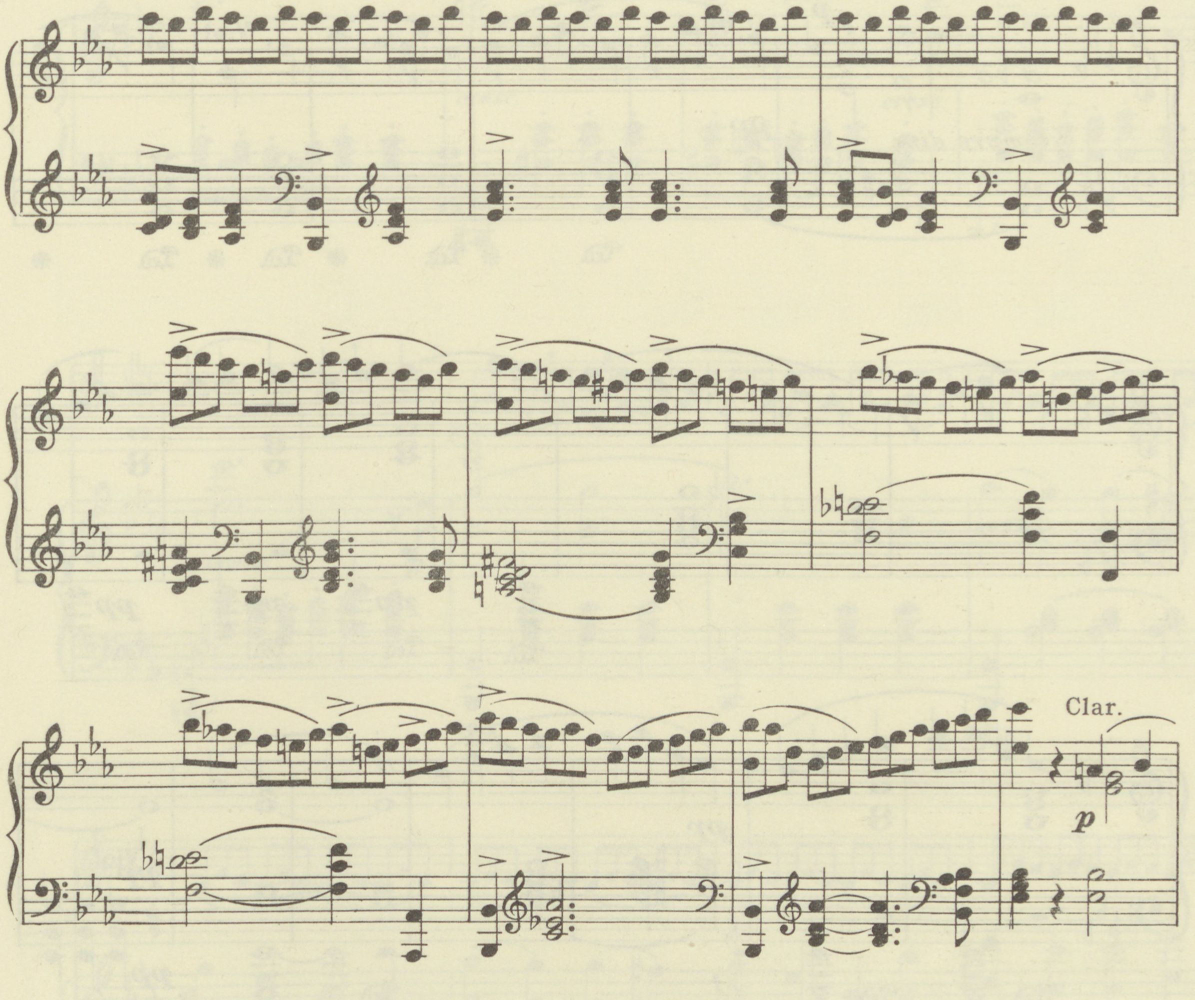

Ped.
*
p
Clar.
p

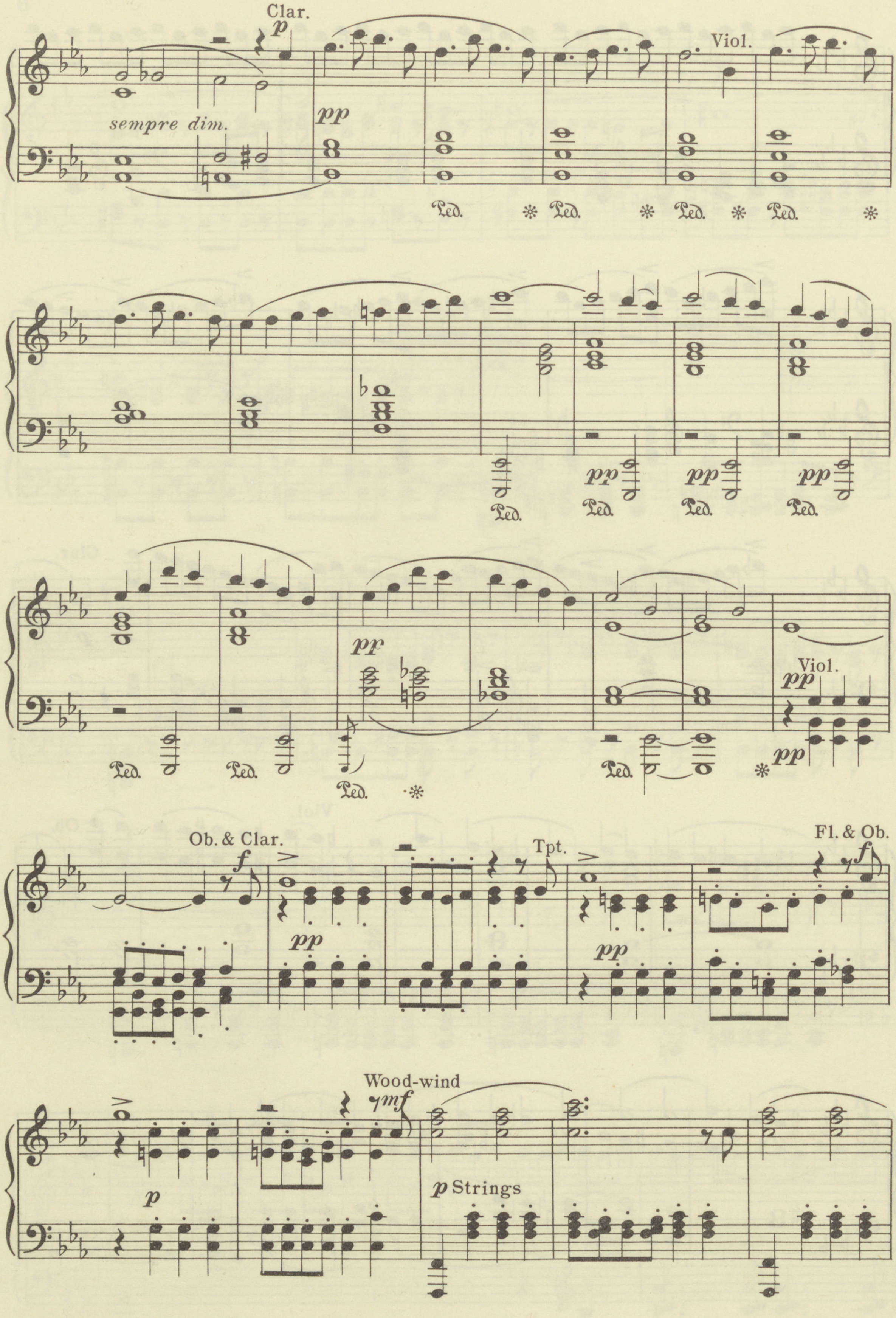

Viol. & Bsn.
Ob.
Viol.
p
p
Ob.
p
Fl.

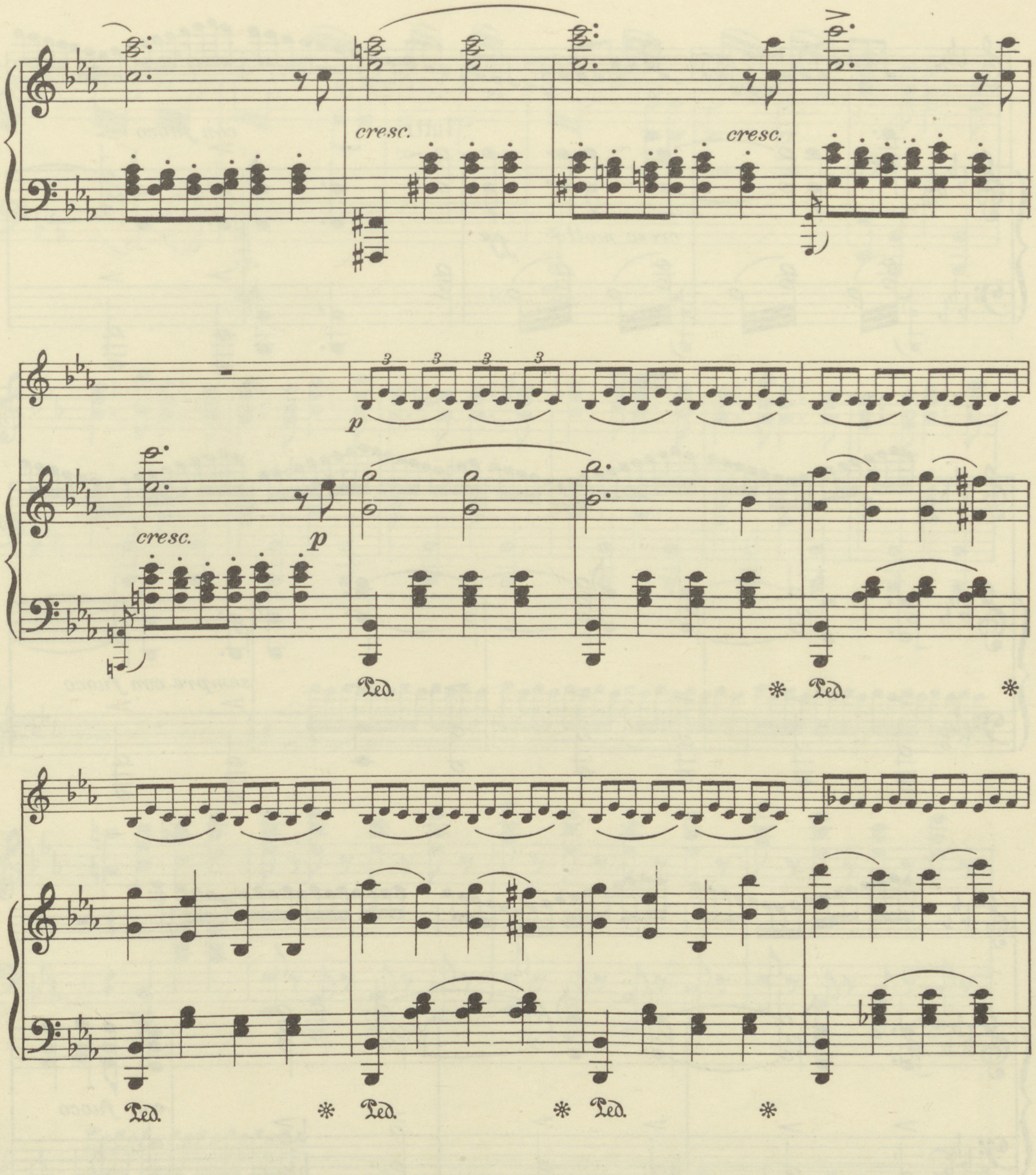

p
Viol.
Brass
pp
Viol.
p
cresc.
f

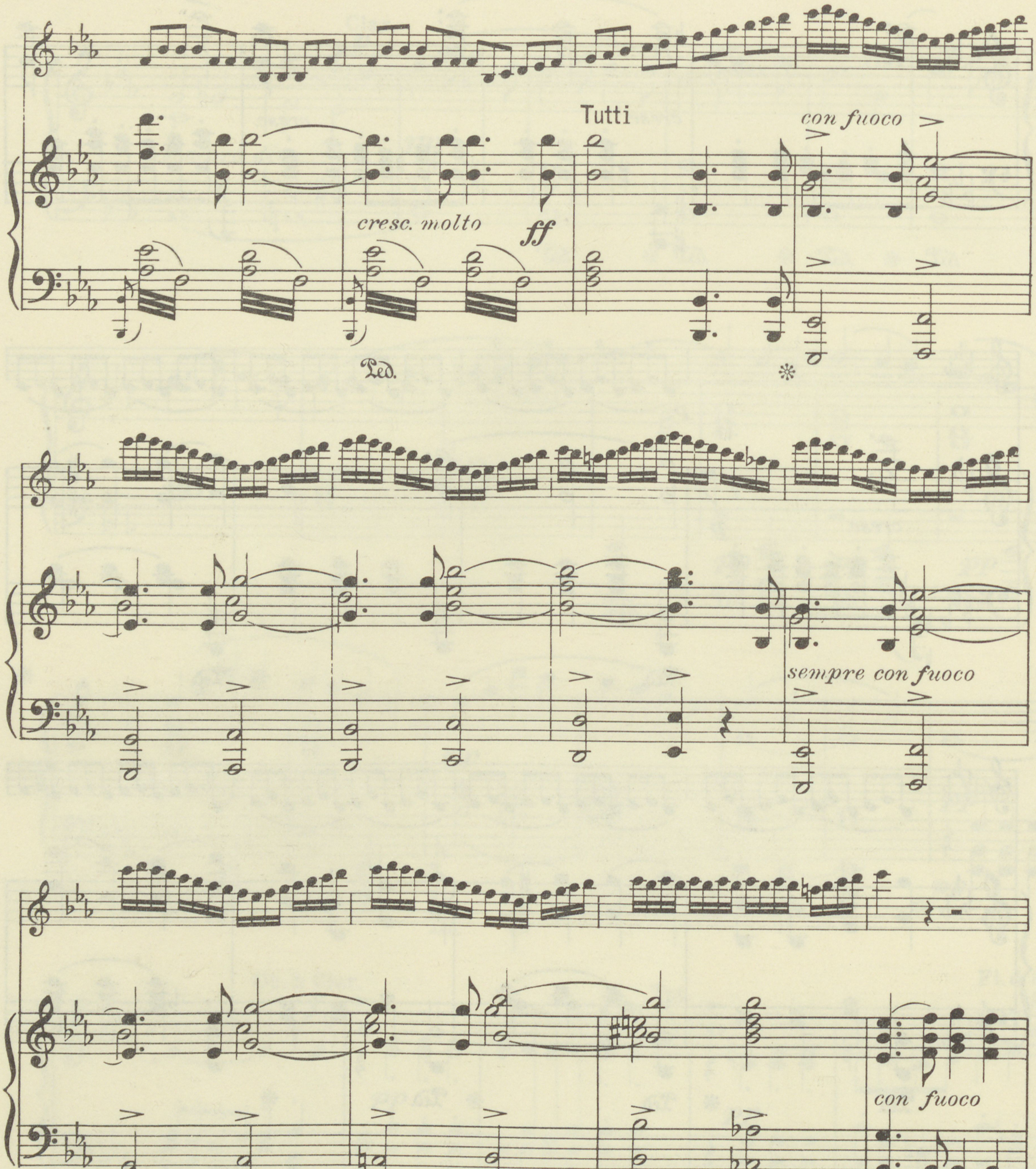

sf
Ped.
*
ff Tutti
Strings
pp
Clar.
Ob.

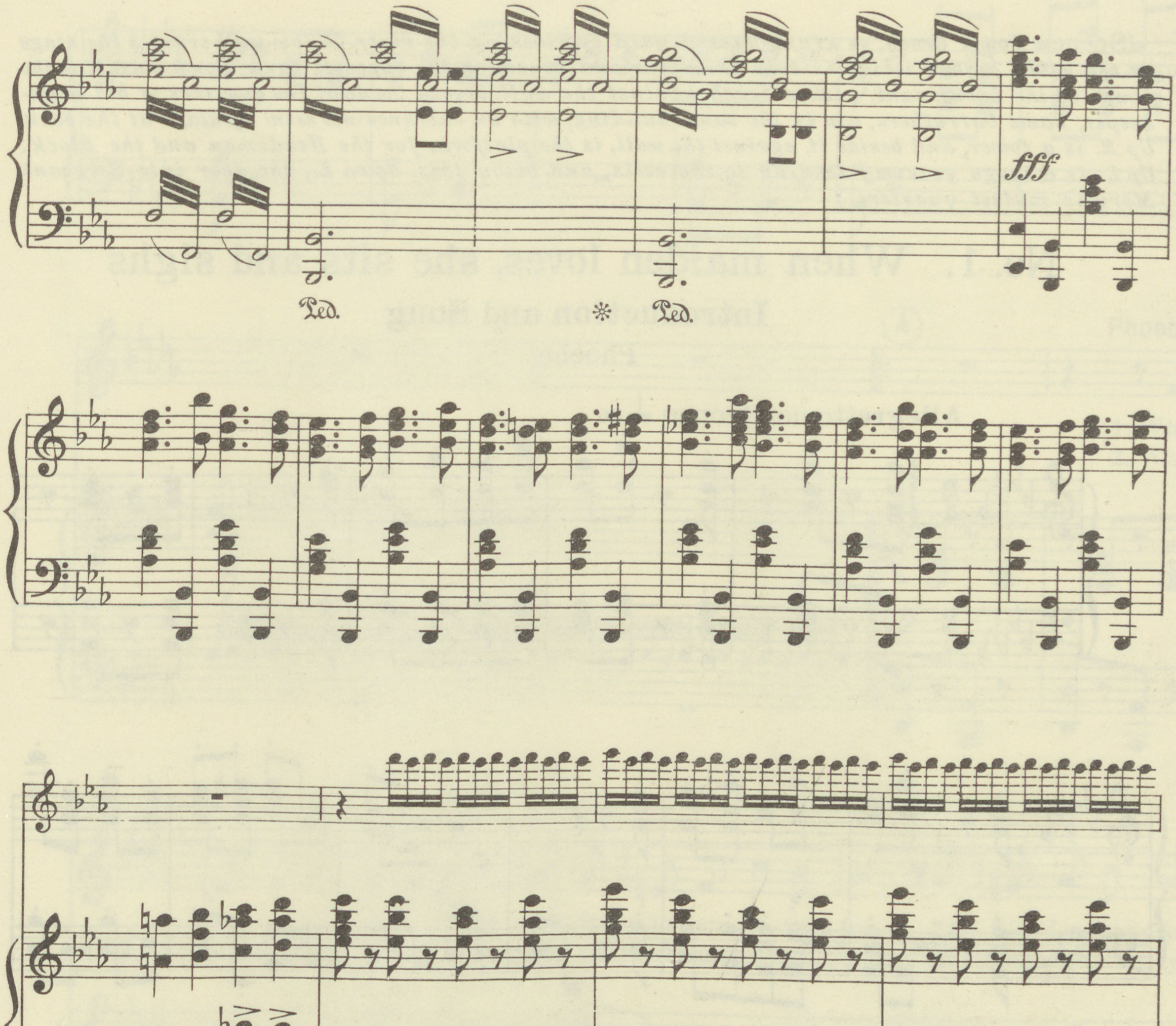

tr
Fl. & Ob.
cresc.
cresc.
Viol.
3
f
marcato

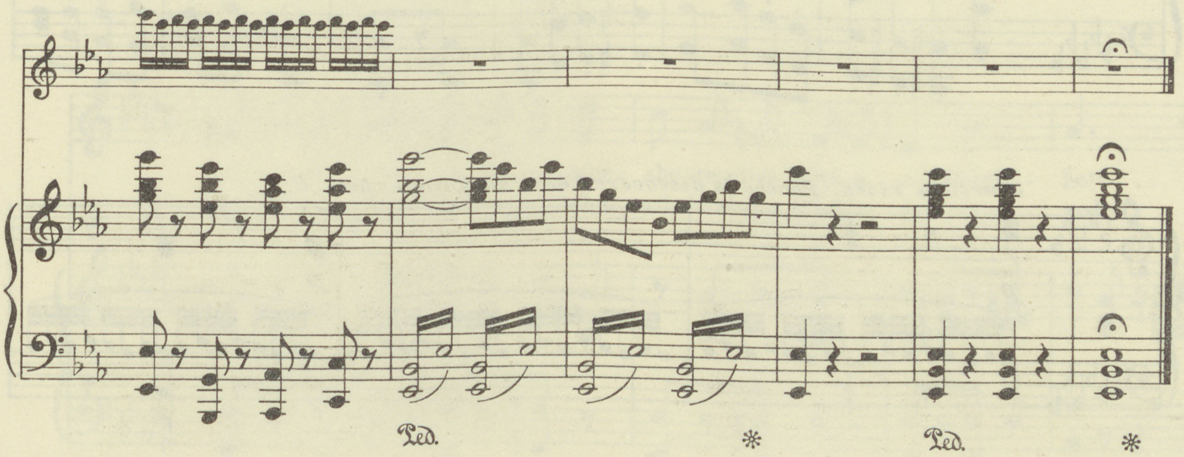

Clar.
p
Viol.
Ob.
dim.


Clar.
p
sempre dim.
pp
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Viol.
Ped.
pp
Ped.
pp
Ped.
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
pp
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Viol.
pp
pp
Ob. & Clar.
f
pp
Tpt.
pp
Fl. & Ob.
f
p
Wood-wind
mf
p Strings


cresc.
cresc.
p
cresc.
p
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Tpt.
cresc. molto


Tutti
con fuoco
cresc. molto
ff
Ped.
*
sempre con fuoco
con fuoco


fff
Ped.
*
Ped.


Ped.
*
Ped.
*

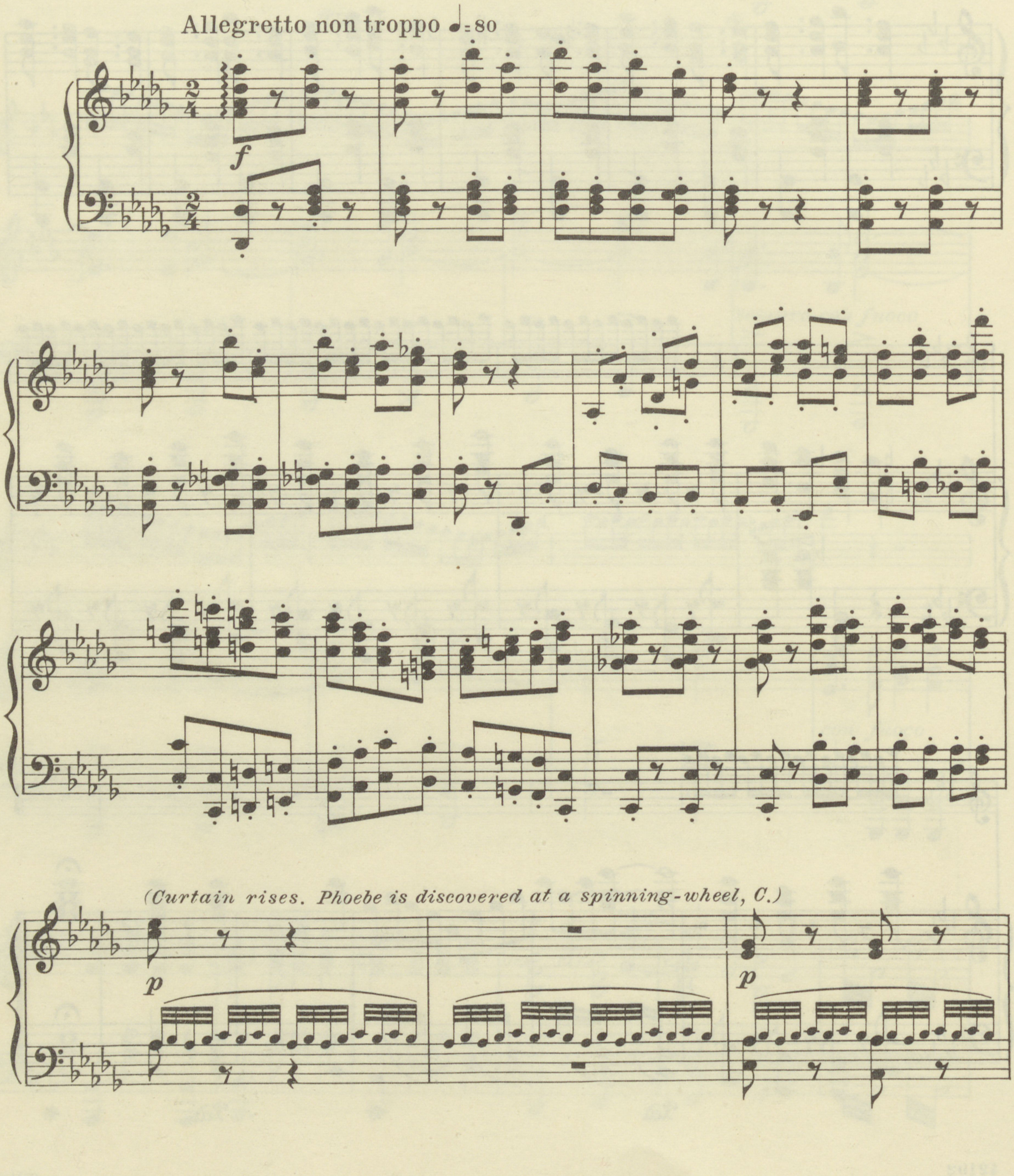
Act I

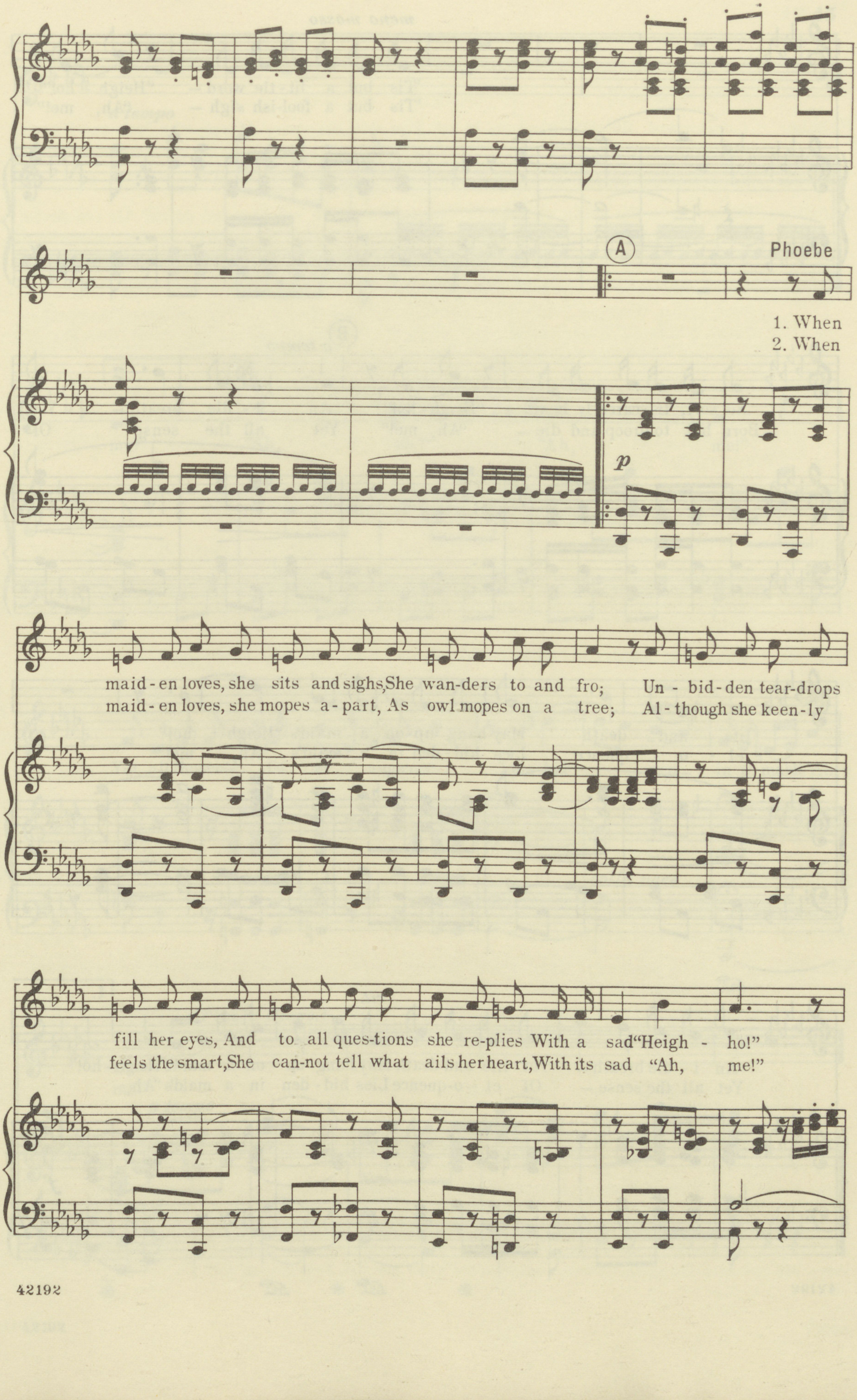
(Scene: *Tower Green, a grass-covered yard overlooking the river. A low wall crosses the stage at the back, beyond which is seen the river and houses on the opposite bank. Down-stage R. is the house of the Lieutenant, with a bench against the wall, beyond the door. The quarters of his housekeeper, Dame Carruthers, are in the same building, with an entrance (not seen) up-stage at the back. Up R. is a tower, and beside it, against the wall, is the platform for the Headsman and the Block. Up L. is a large gateway leading to the cells, and below this, down L., the door into Sergeant Meryll's modest quarters.*)

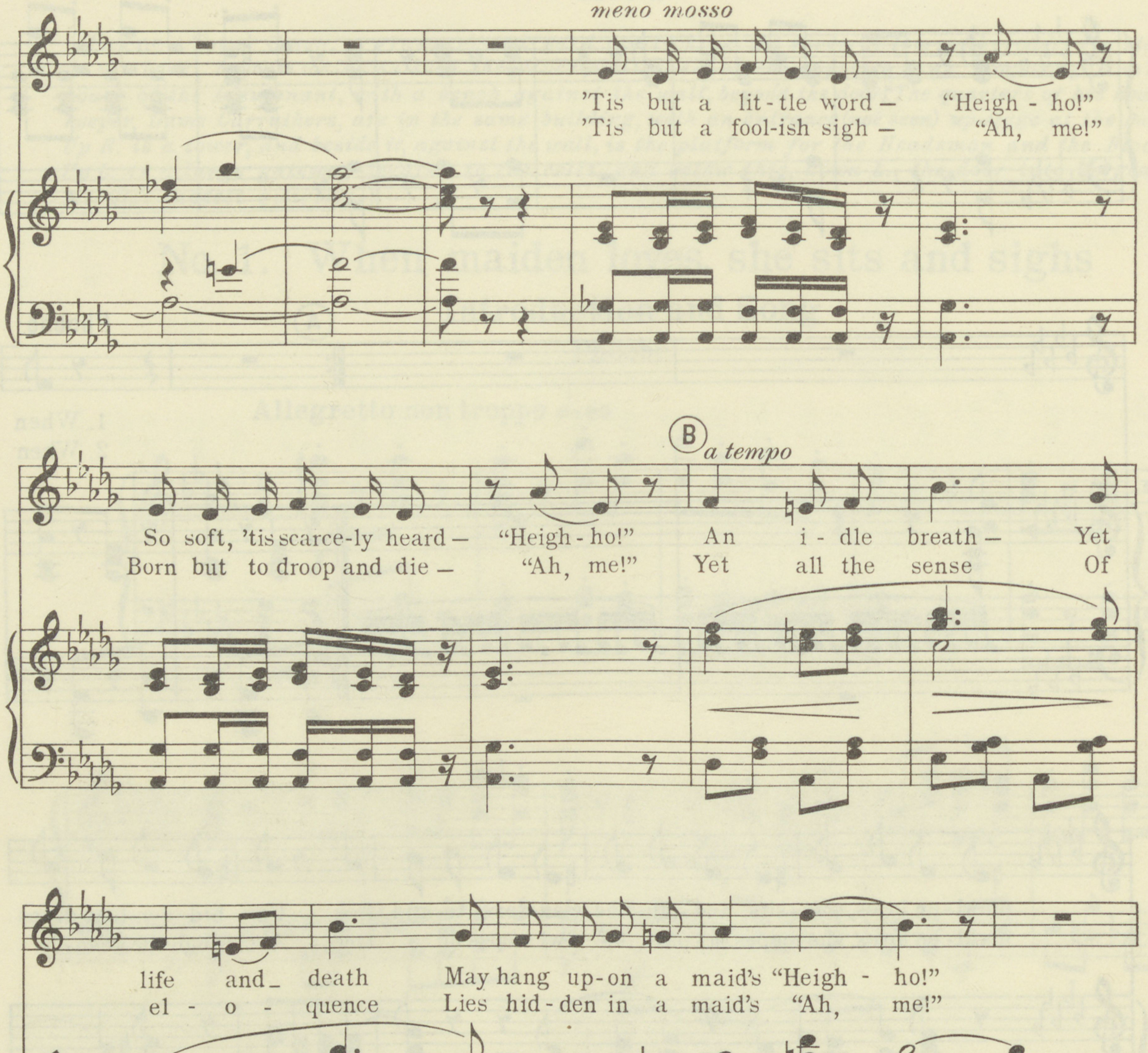
No. 1. When maiden loves, she sits and sighs

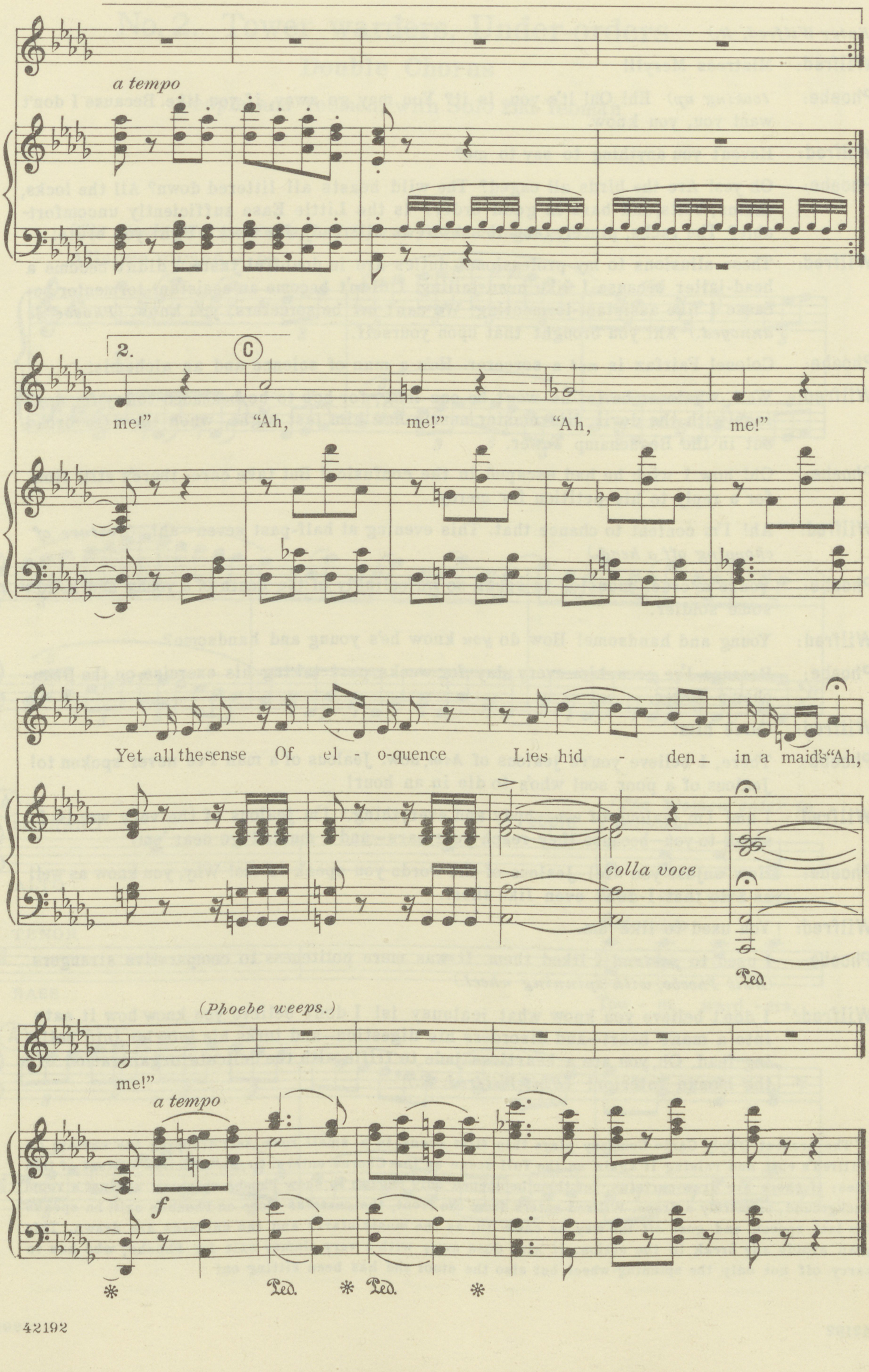
Introduction and Song

Phoebe


Allegretto non troppo ♩=80
f
(Curtain rises. Phoebe is discovered at a spinning-wheel, C.)
p
p


A
Phoebe
1. When
2. When
p
maid - en loves, she sits and sighs, She wan - ders to and fro; Un - bid - den tear - drops
maid - en loves, she mopes a - part, As owl mopes on a tree; Al - though she keen - ly
fill her eyes, And to all ques - tions she re - plies With a sad "Heigh - ho!"
feels the smart, She can - not tell what ails her heart, With its sad "Ah, me!"


meno mosso
'Tis but a lit-tle word — "Heigh-ho!"
'Tis but a fool-ish sigh — "Ah, me!"
B
a tempo
So soft, 'tis scarce-ly heard — "Heigh-ho!" An i-dle breath — Yet
Born but to droop and die — "Ah, me!" Yet all the sense Of
life and_ death May hang up-on a maid's "Heigh-ho!"
el-o-quence Lies hid-den in a maid's "Ah, me!"
rit.
1.
An i-dle breath — Yet life and death May hang up-on a maid's "Heigh-ho!"
Yet all the sense — Of el-o-quence Lies hid-den in a maid's "Ah,
rit.
f


a tempo
2.
C
me!" "Ah, me!" "Ah, me!"
Yet all the sense Of el - o-quence Lies hid - den in a maids "Ah,
colla voce
Ped.
(Phoebe weeps.)
me!"
a tempo
f
* Ped. * Ped. *

(Enter Wilfred, R.)

Wilfred: Mistress Meryll!

Phoebe: *Looking up)* Eh! Oh! it's you, is it? You may go away, if you like. Because I don't want you, you know.

Wilfred: Haven't you anything to say to me?

Phoebe: Oh yes! Are the birds all caged? The wild beasts all littered down? All the locks, chains, bolts, and bars in good order? Is the Little Ease sufficiently uncomfortable? The racks, pincers, and thumbscrews all ready for work? Ugh! you brute!

Wilfred: These allusions to my professional duties are in doubtful taste. I didn't become a head-jailer because I like head-jailing. I didn't become an assistant-tormentor because I like assistant-tormenting. We can't *all* be sorcerers, you know. *(Phoebe is annoyed.)* Ah! you brought that upon yourself.

Phoebe: Colonel Fairfax is *not* a sorcerer. He's a man of science and an alchemist.

Wilfred: Well, whatever he is, he won't be one long, for he's to be beheaded today for dealings with the devil. His master nearly had him last night, when the fire broke out in the Beauchamp Tower.

Phoebe: Oh! how I wish he had escaped in the confusion! But take care; there's still time for a reply to his petition for mercy.

Wilfred: Ah! I'm content to chance that. This evening at half-past seven—ah! *(Gesture of chopping off a head.)*

Phoebe: You're a cruel monster to speak so unfeelingly of the death of a young and handsome soldier.

Wilfred: Young and handsome! How do *you* know he's young and handsome?

Phoebe: Because I've seen him every day for weeks past taking his exercise on the Beauchamp Tower.

Wilfred: Curse him!

Phoebe: There, I believe you're jealous of *him*, now. Jealous of a man I've never spoken to! Jealous of a poor soul who's to die in an hour!

Wilfred: I am! I'm jealous of everybody and everything. I'm jealous of the very words I speak to you—because they reach your ears—and I mustn't go near 'em!

Phoebe: How unjust you are! Jealous of the words you speak to me! Why, you know as well as I do that I don't even like them.

Wilfred: You used to like 'em.

Phoebe: I used to *pretend* I liked them. It was mere politeness to comparative strangers. *(Exit Phoebe, with spinning wheel.)*

Wilfred: I don't believe you know what jealousy is! I don't believe you know how it eats into a man's heart—and disorders his digestion—and turns his interior into boiling lead. Oh, you are a heartless jade to trifle with the delicate organization of the human interior! *(Exit Wilfred, R.)*[*]

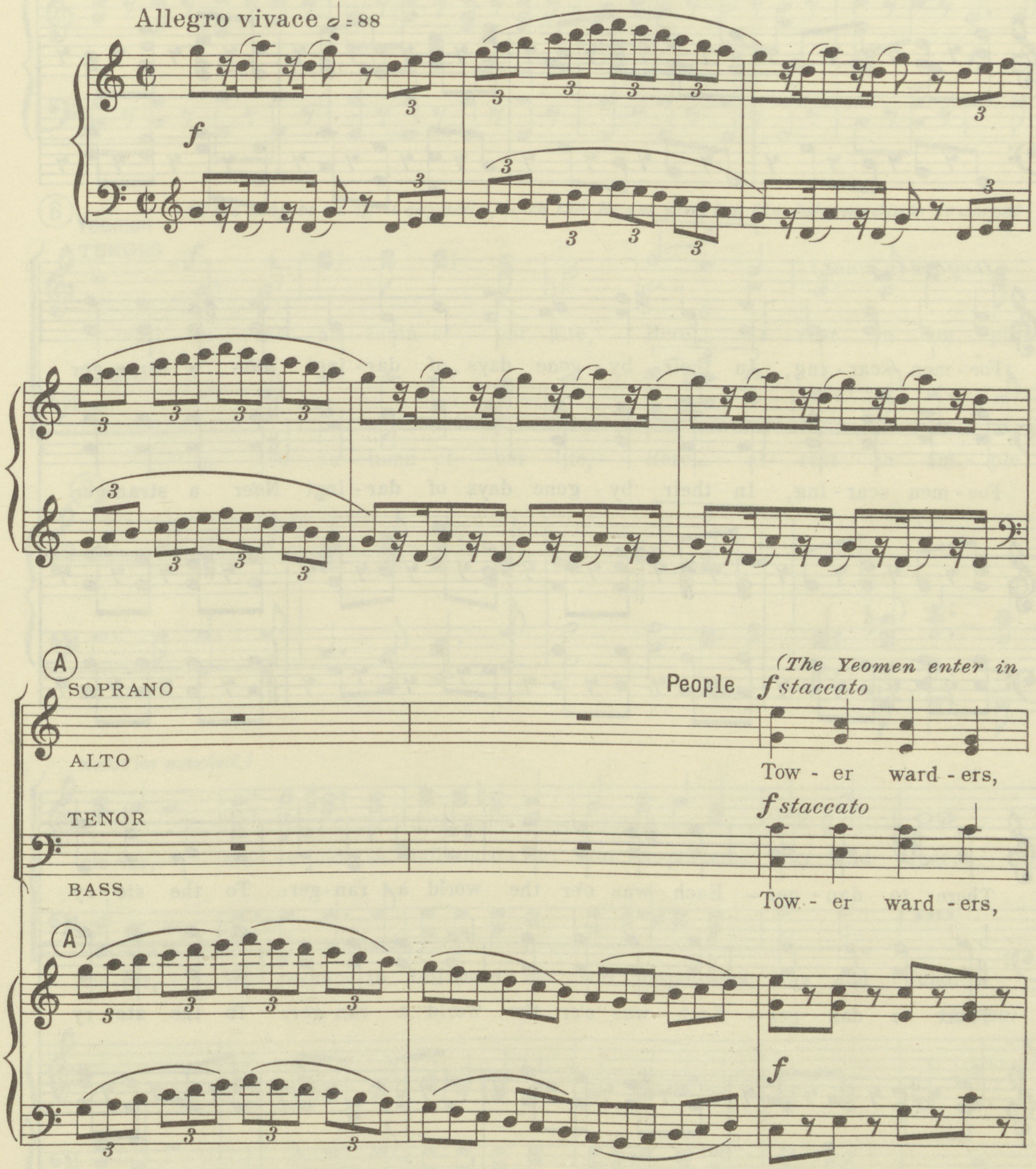
[*] The present D'Oyly Carte Company plays this first scene in a small room set, dropping the curtain on Wilfred's exit, and raising it again on the full scene as the Chorus enters. Or, an effective variant of this idea: if there are draw-curtains, let them be opened only enough to show Phoebe spinning against a room background, or merely a drape. Wilfred enters from the front; the curtains close on Phoebe's exit; he speaks his last speech, and goes off the way he came in, as the music starts and the curtains are drawn. This plan avoids any break in the action. It also does away with a very clumsy exit for Phoebe, who has to carry off not only the spinning-wheel, but also the stool she has been sitting on!

No. 2. Tower warders, Under orders

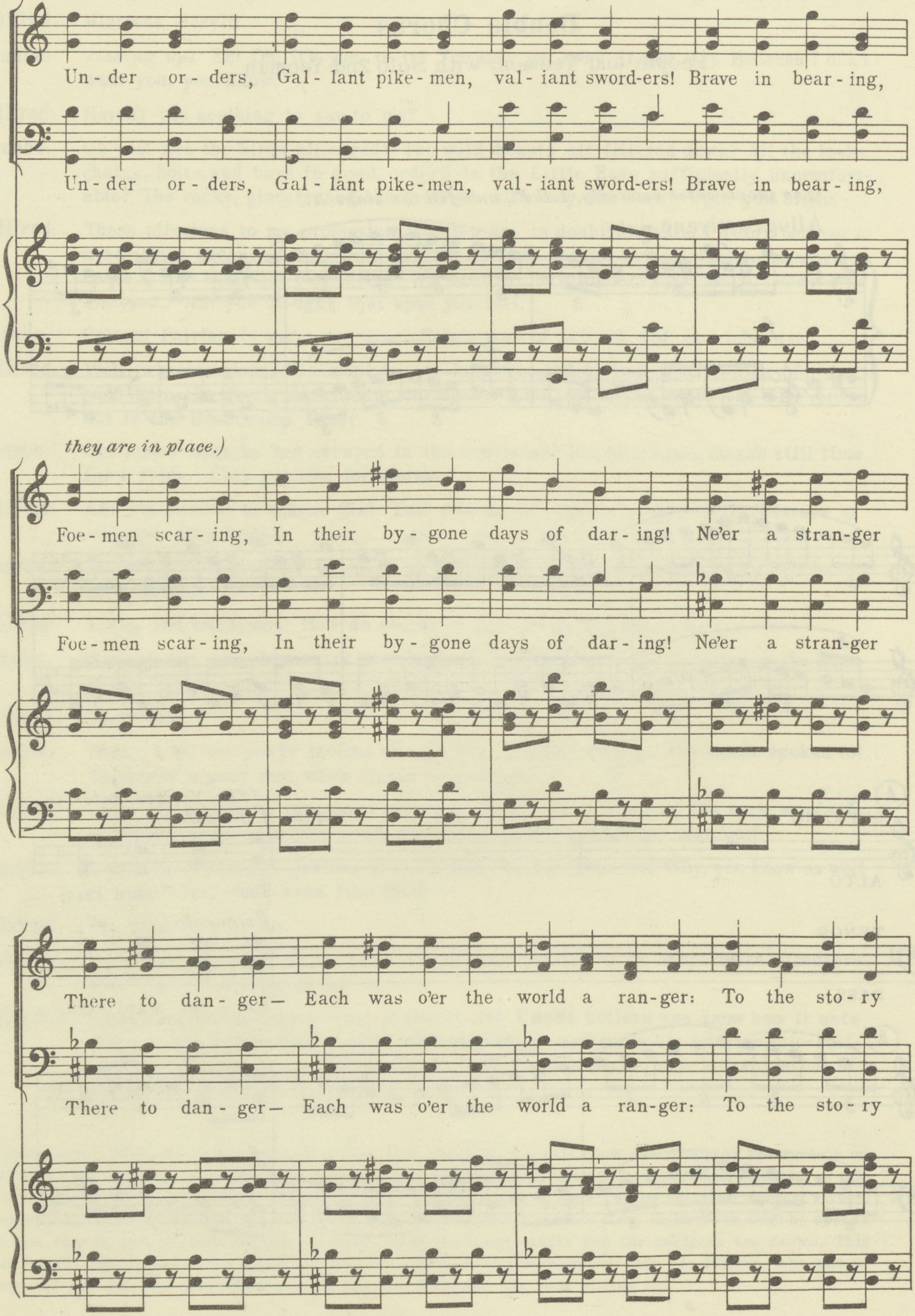
Double Chorus

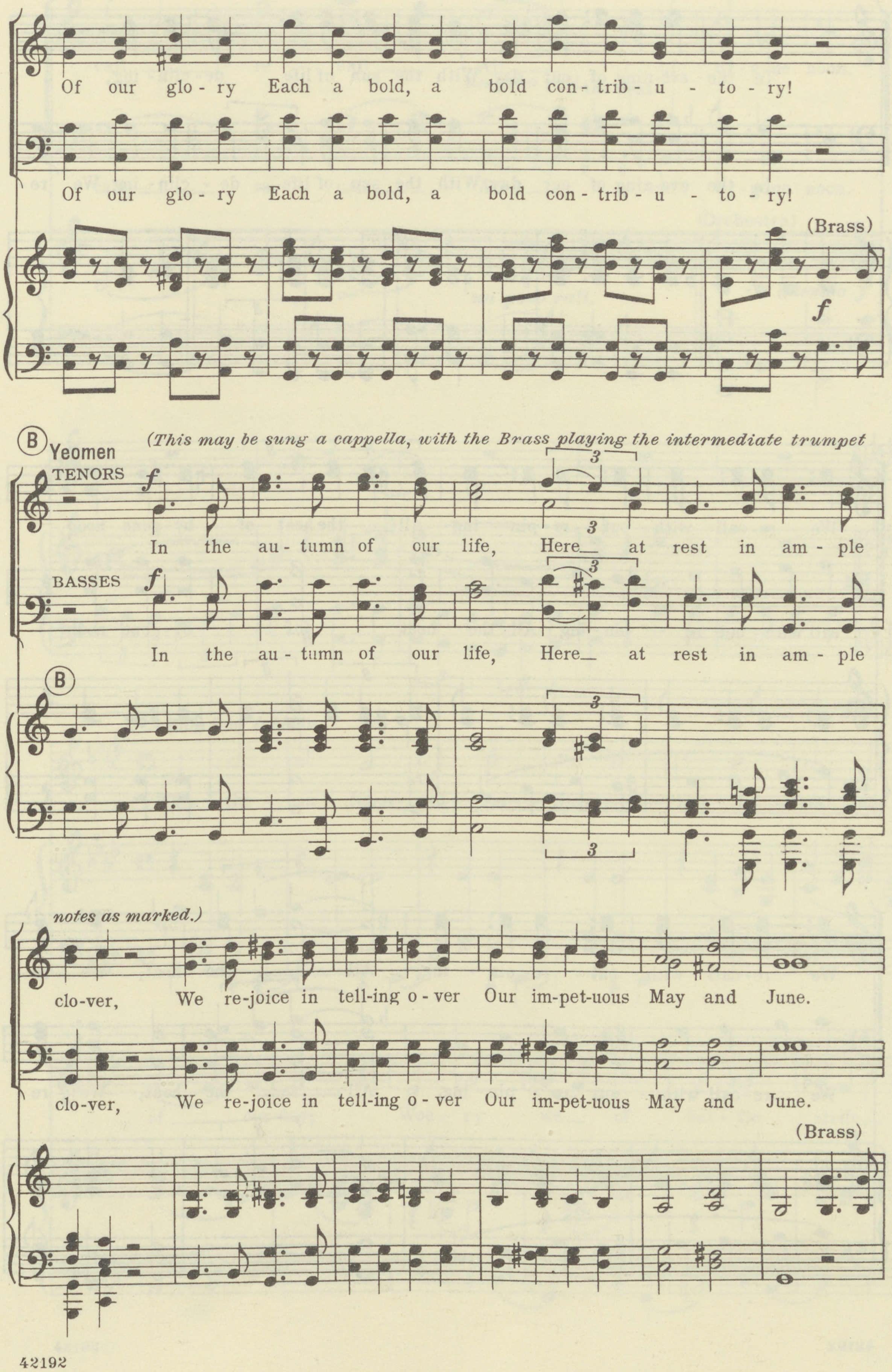
People and Yeomen, with Solo 2nd Yeoman

(The people enter excitedly, L.U.E., and fill the stage R.)

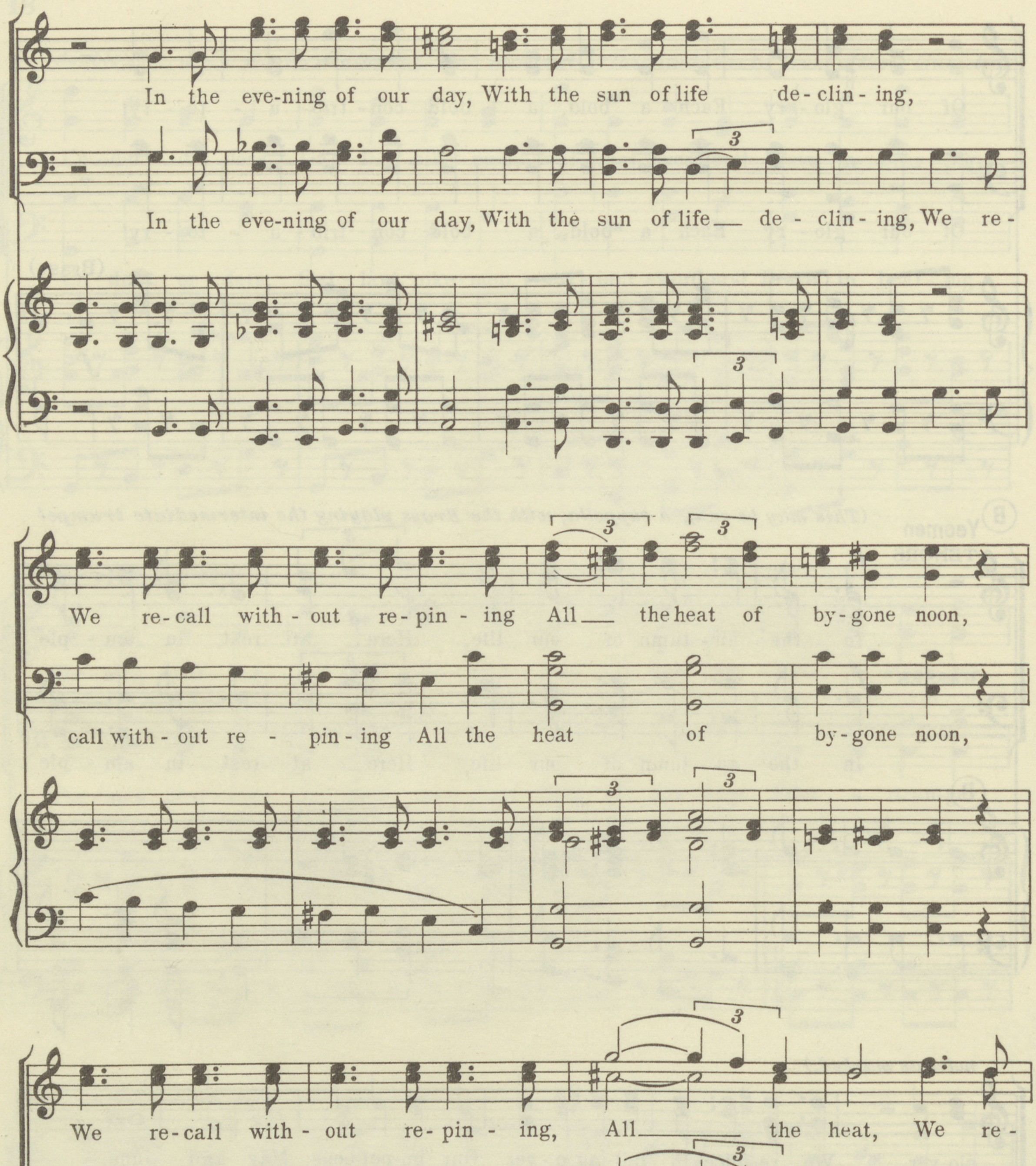

Allegro vivace 𝅗𝅥 = 88
f
A
SOPRANO
ALTO
TENOR
BASS
People
(The Yeomen enter in
f staccato
Tow - er ward - ers,
f staccato
Tow - er ward - ers,
A
f

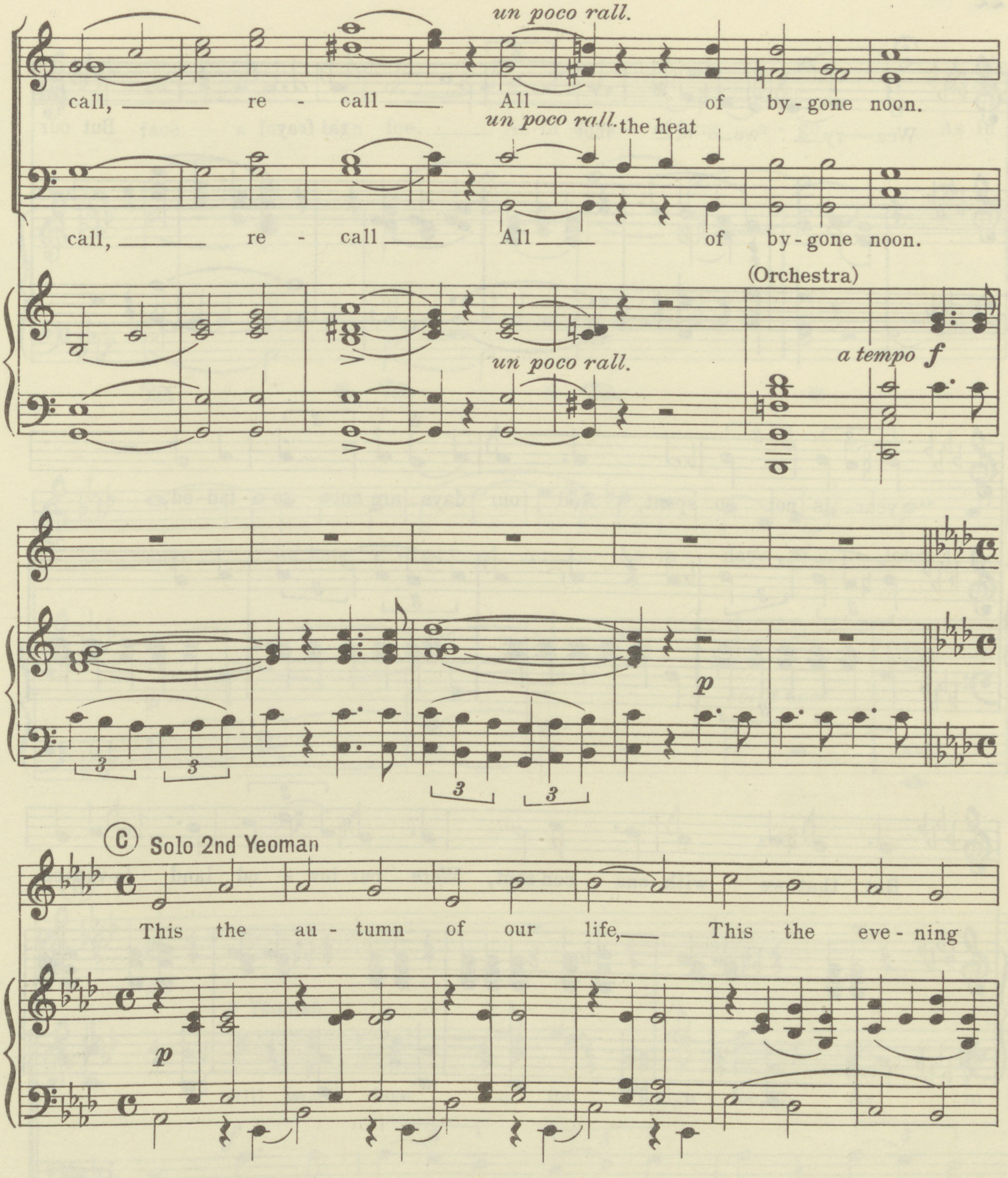
double file, down R., form diagonal line L. Meryll is last, and so is in front of their line when they are in place.)

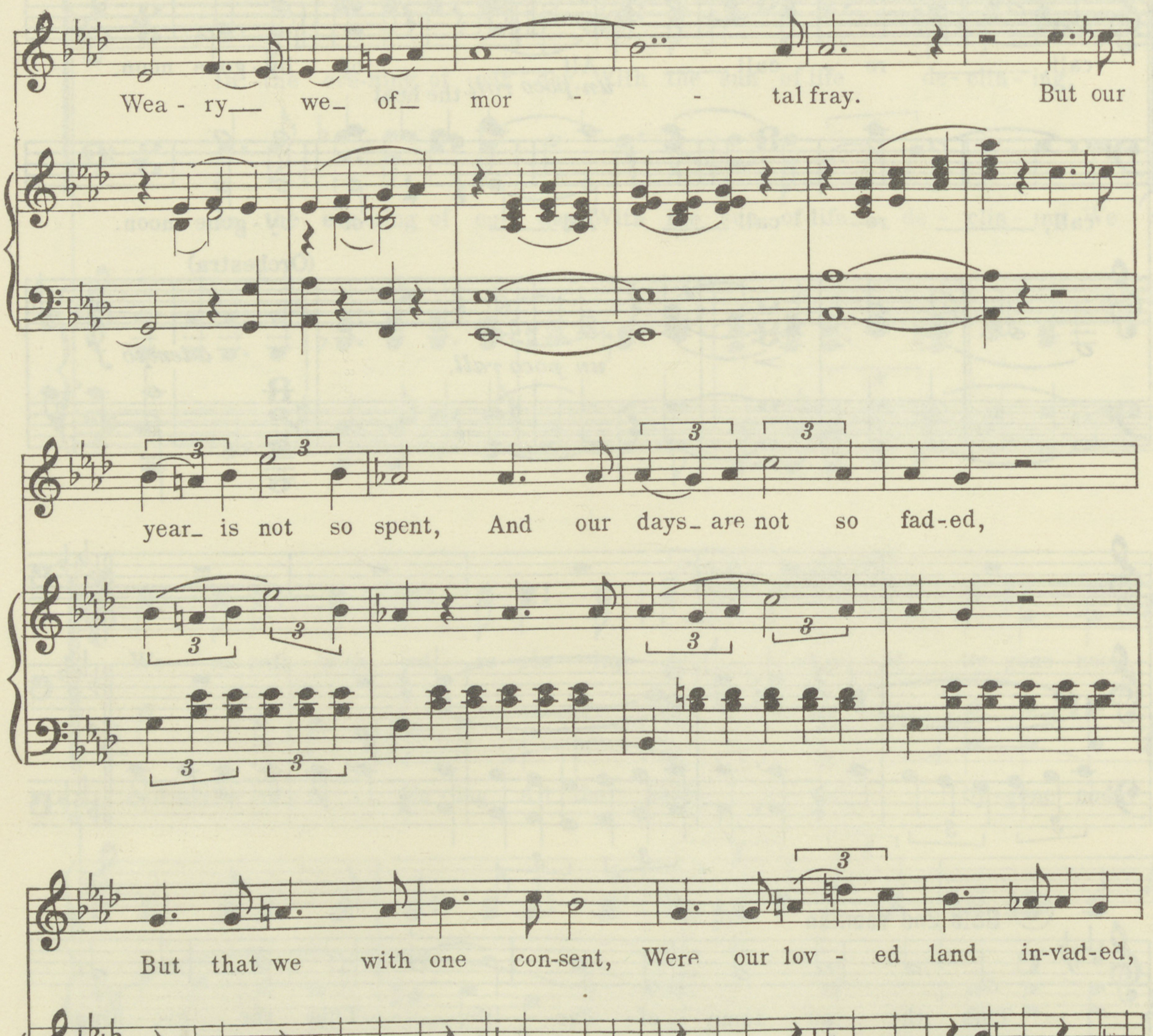

Un-der or-ders, Gal-lant pike-men, val-iant sword-ers! Brave in bear-ing,
Un-der or-ders, Gal-lant pike-men, val-iant sword-ers! Brave in bear-ing,
Foe-men scar-ing, In their by-gone days of dar-ing! Ne'er a stran-ger
Foe-men scar-ing, In their by-gone days of dar-ing! Ne'er a stran-ger
There to dan-ger— Each was o'er the world a ran-ger: To the sto-ry
There to dan-ger— Each was o'er the world a ran-ger: To the sto-ry

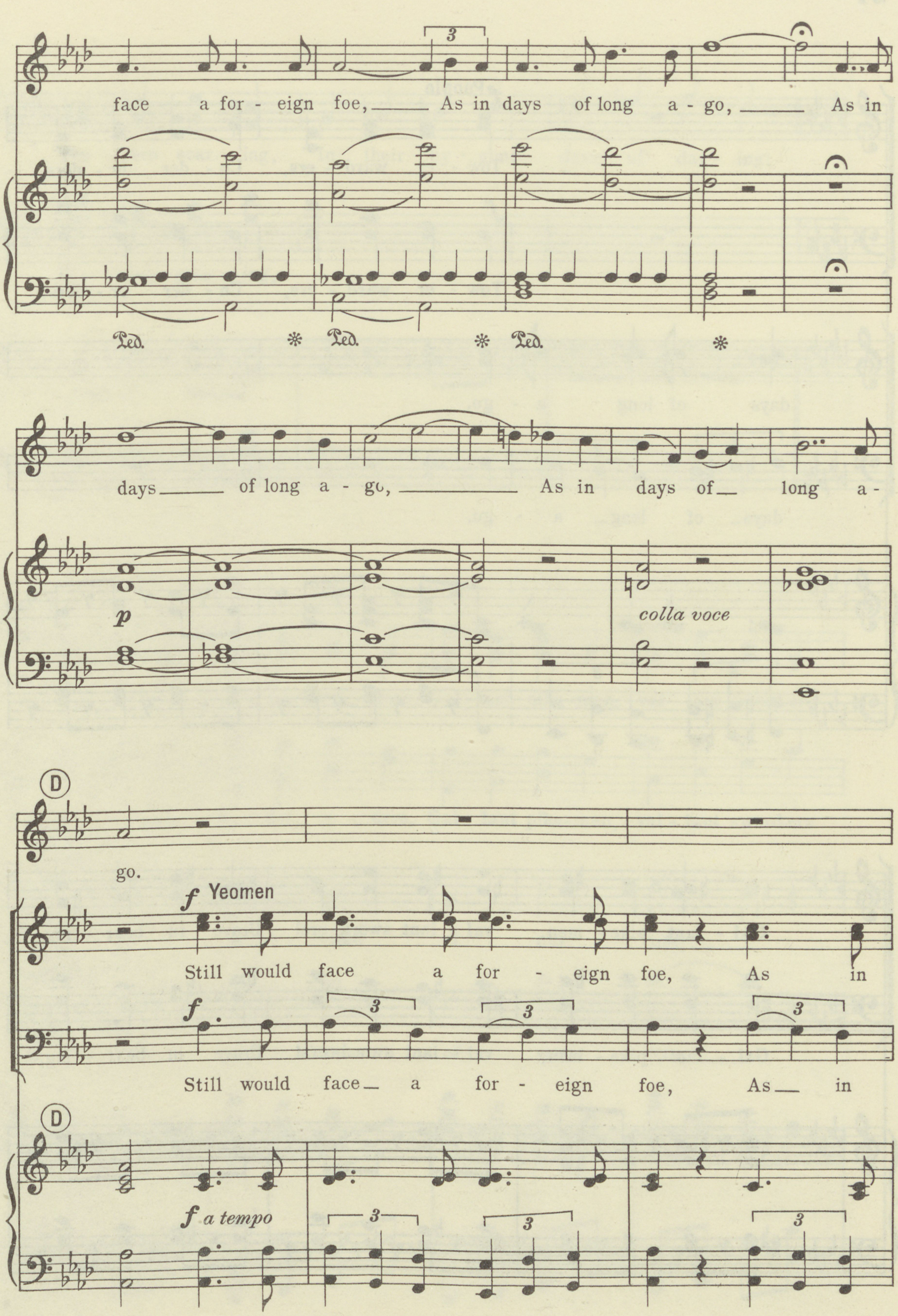

Of our glo-ry Each a bold, a bold con-trib-u-to-ry!
Of our glo-ry Each a bold, a bold con-trib-u-to-ry!
(Brass)
f
B
Yeomen
TENORS
f
In the au-tumn of our life, Here at rest in am-ple
BASSES
f
In the au-tumn of our life, Here at rest in am-ple
B
3
clo-ver, We re-joice in tell-ing o-ver Our im-pet-uous May and June.
clo-ver, We re-joice in tell-ing o-ver Our im-pet-uous May and June.
(Brass)

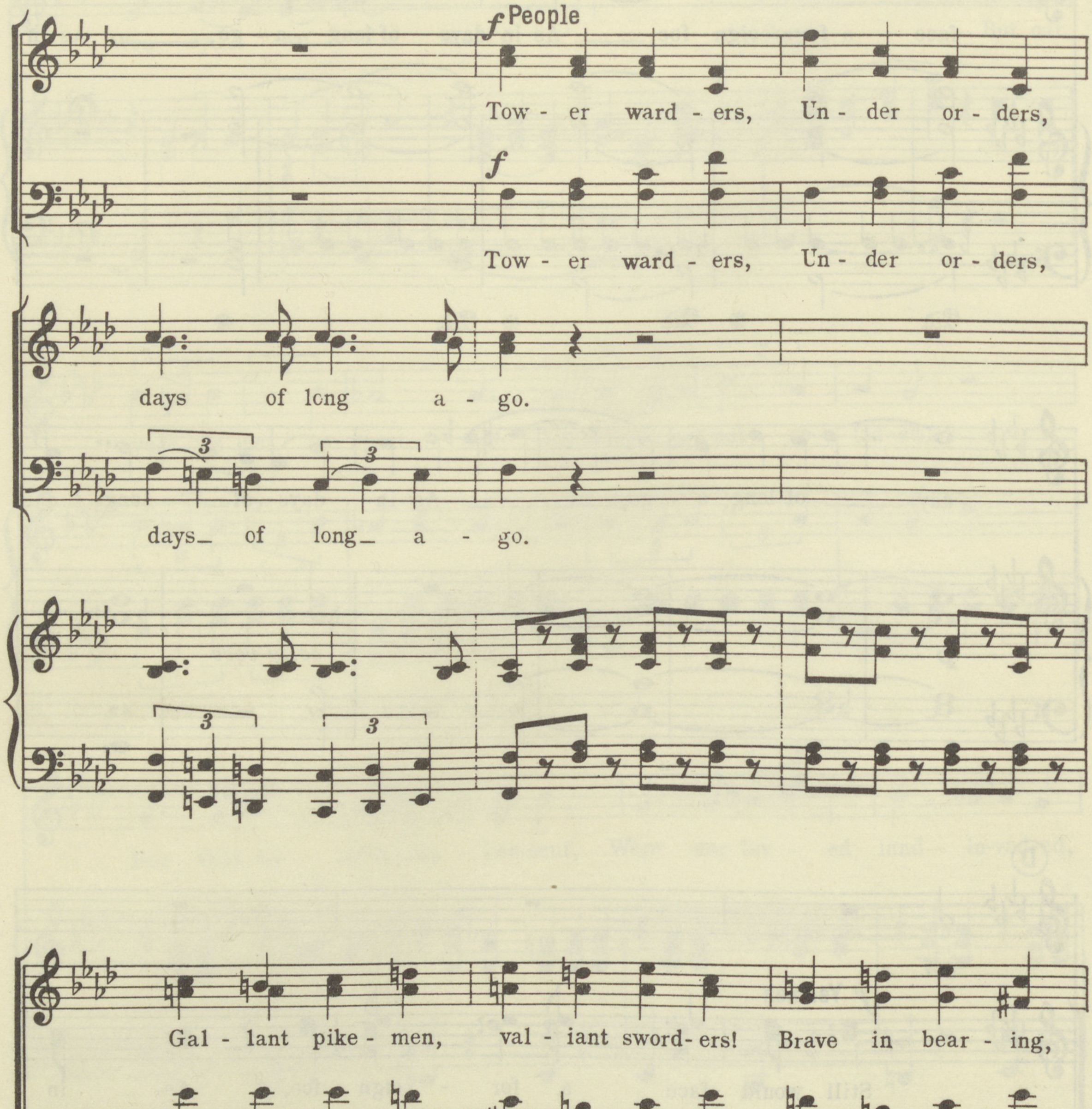
(This may be sung a cappella, with the Brass playing the intermediate trumpet notes as marked.)

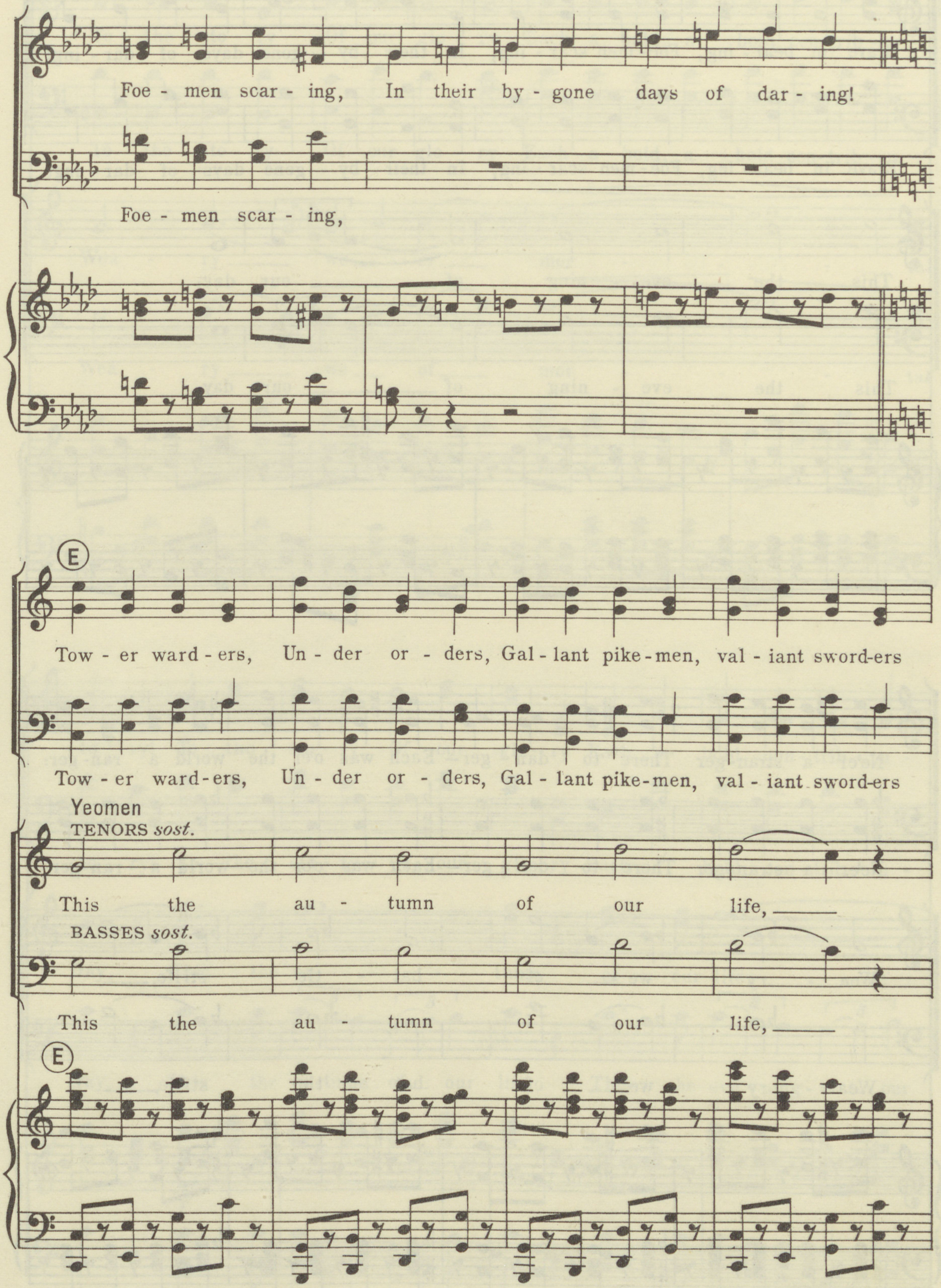

In the eve-ning of our day, With the sun of life de-clin-ing,
In the eve-ning of our day, With the sun of life — de-clin-ing, We re-
We re-call with-out re-pin-ing All — the heat of by-gone noon,
call with-out re-pin-ing All the heat of by-gone noon,
3
We re-call with-out re-pin-ing, All — the heat, We re-
We re-call with-out re-pin-ing, All — the heat, We re-

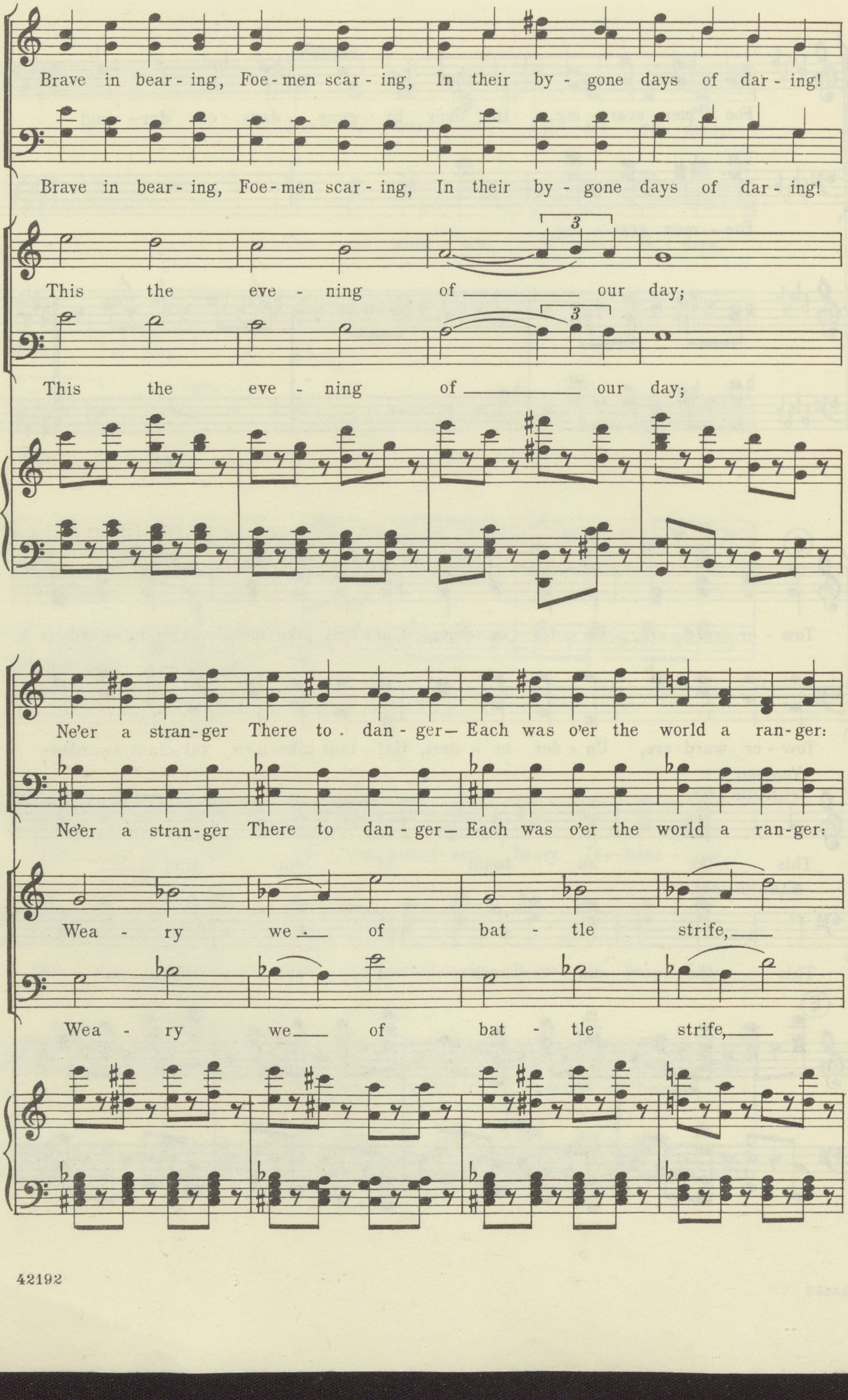

un poco rall.
call, re - call All of by - gone noon.
un poco rall. the heat
call, re - call All of by - gone noon.
(Orchestra)
un poco rall.
a tempo f
p
3
3
3
3
C Solo 2nd Yeoman
This the au - tumn of our life, This the eve - ning
p
of our day; Wea - ry we of bat - tle strife,
3

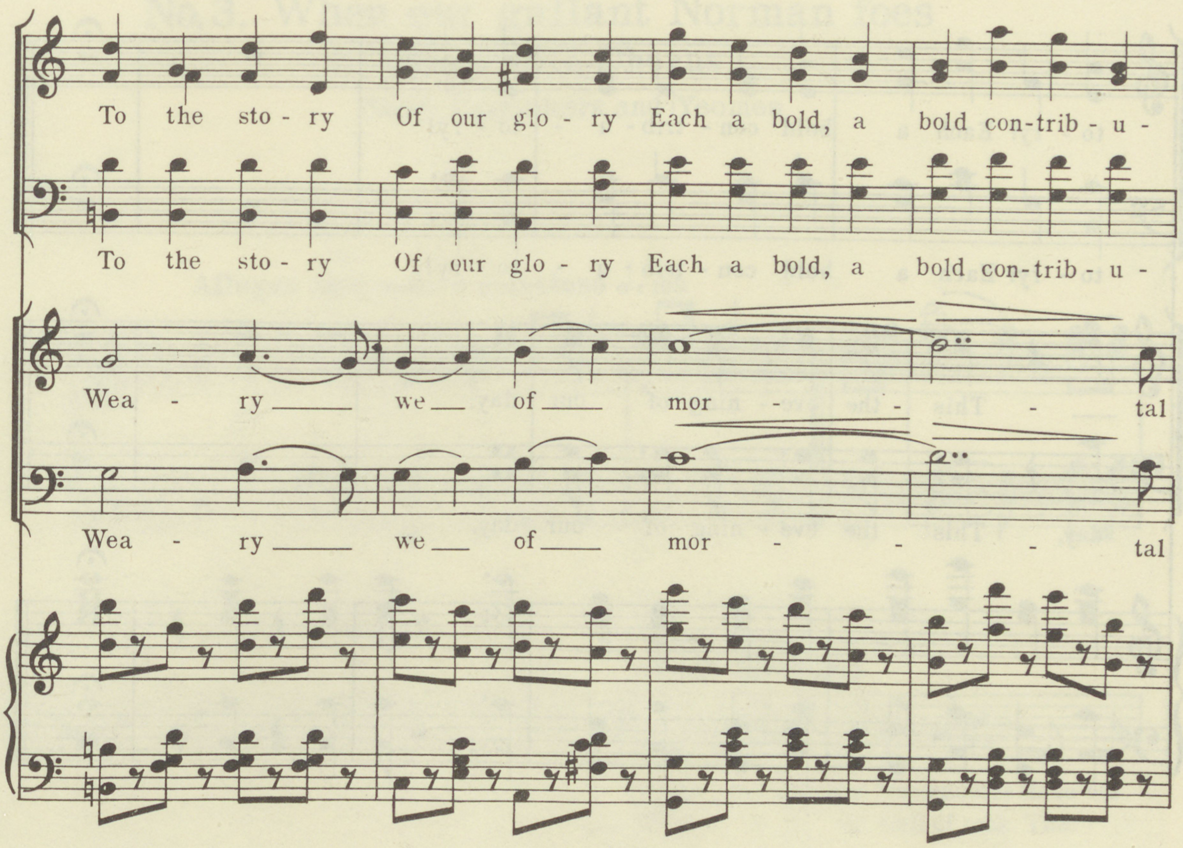

Wea - ry we of mor - tal fray. But our
year is not so spent, And our days are not so fad-ed,
But that we with one con-sent, Were our lov - ed land in-vad-ed,
Still would face a for - eign foe, As in days of long a-go, Still would
Ped.
*

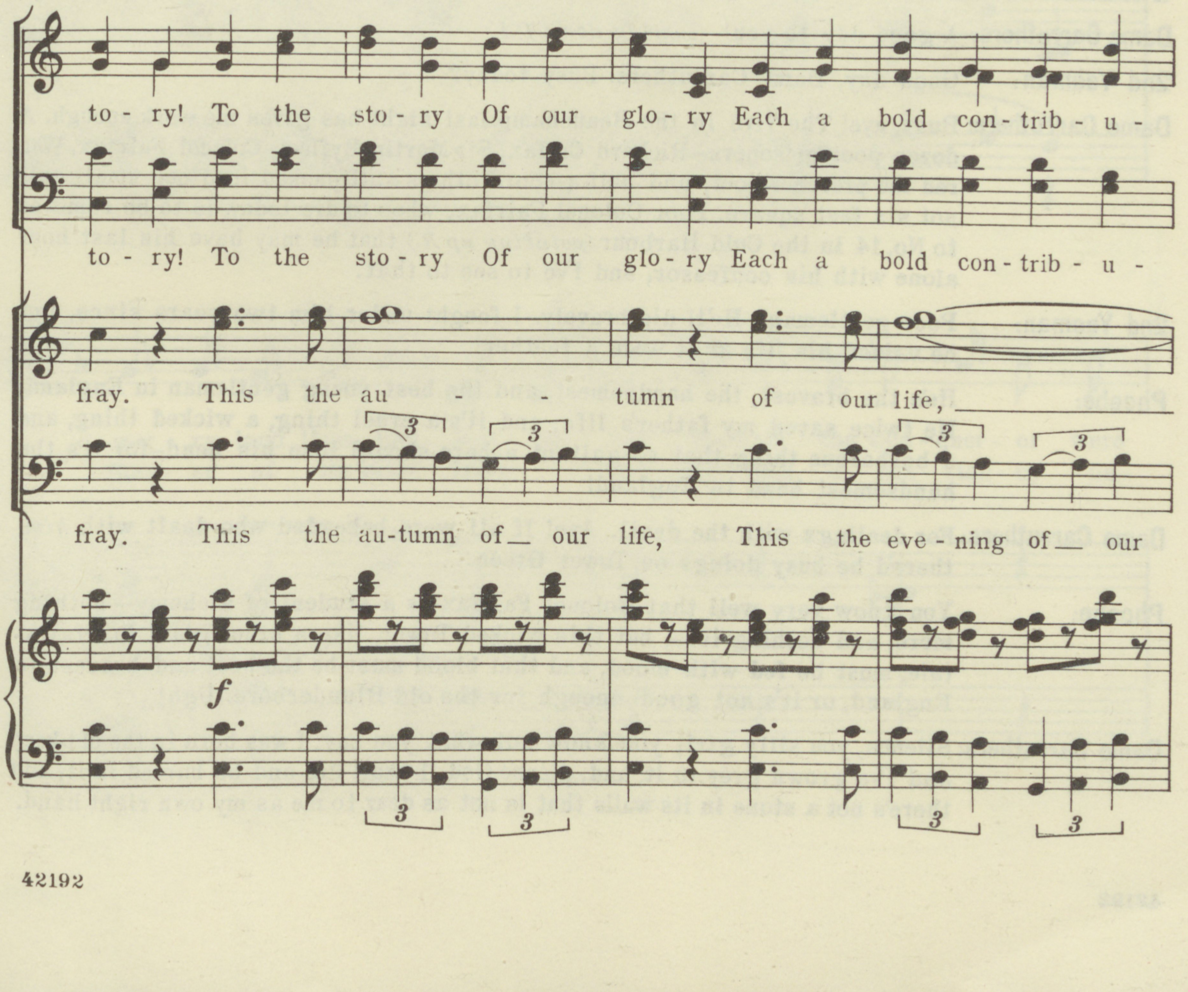

face a for - eign foe, As in days of long a - go, As in
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
days of long a - go, As in days of long a -
p
colla voce
D
go.
f Yeomen
Still would face a for - eign foe, As in
f
Still would face a for - eign foe, As in
D
f a tempo
3

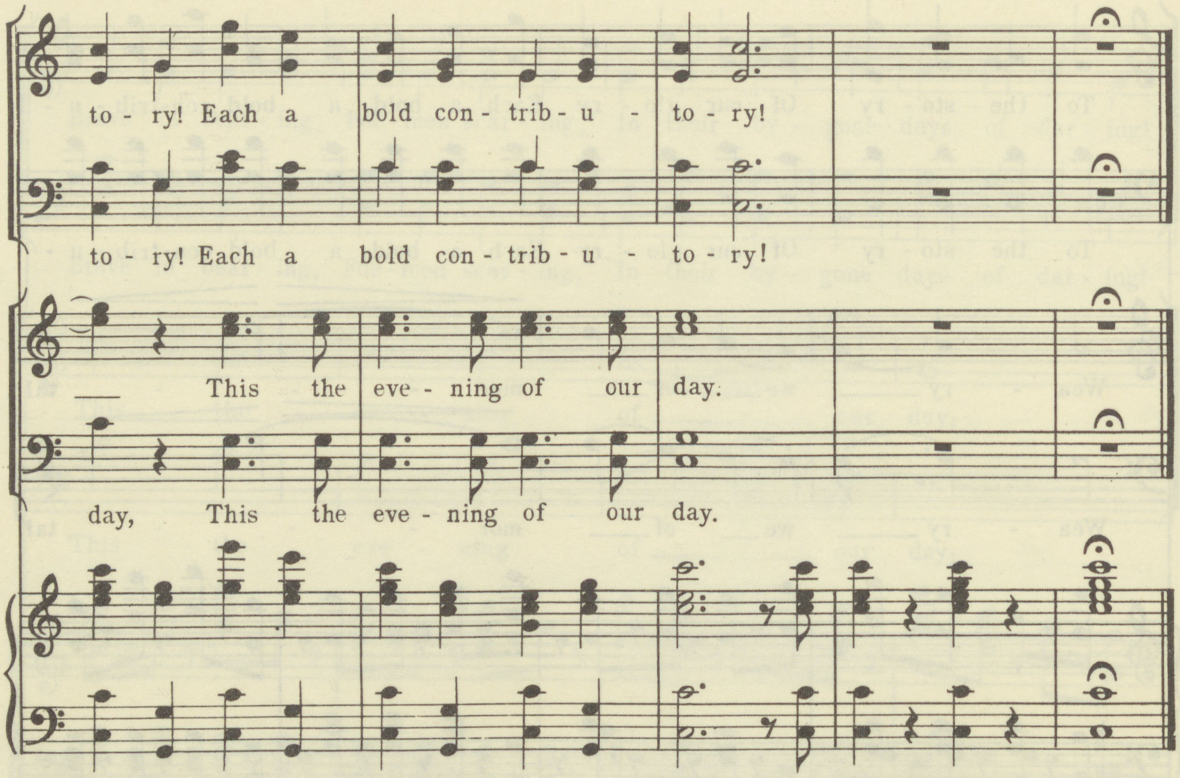

People
f
Tow - er ward - ers, Un - der or - ders,
f
Tow - er ward - ers, Un - der or - ders,
days of long a - go.
3
3
days_ of long_ a - go.
3
3
Gal - lant pike - men, val - iant sword - ers! Brave in bear - ing,
Gal - lant pike - men, val - iant sword - ers! Brave in bear - ing,


Foe - men scar - ing, In their by - gone days of dar - ing!
Foe - men scar - ing,
E
Tow - er ward - ers, Un - der or - ders, Gal - lant pike - men, val - iant sword - ers
Tow - er ward - ers, Un - der or - ders, Gal - lant pike - men, val - iant sword - ers
Yeomen
TENORS sost.
This the au - tumn of our life,
BASSES sost.
This the au - tumn of our life,
E


Brave in bear-ing, Foe-men scar-ing, In their by-gone days of dar-ing!
Brave in bear-ing, Foe-men scar-ing, In their by-gone days of dar-ing!
This the eve-ning of our day;
3
This the eve-ning of our day;
Ne'er a stran-ger There to dan-ger— Each was o'er the world a ran-ger:
Ne'er a stran-ger There to dan-ger— Each was o'er the world a ran-ger:
Wea-ry we of bat-tle strife,
Wea-ry we of bat-tle strife,


To the sto - ry Of our glo - ry Each a bold, a bold con-trib - u -
To the sto - ry Of our glo - ry Each a bold, a bold con-trib - u -
Wea - ry we of mor - tal
Wea - ry we of mor - tal


to - ry! To the sto - ry Of our glo - ry Each a bold con - trib - u
to - ry! To the sto - ry Of our glo - ry Each a bold con - trib - u -
fray. This the au - tumn of our life,
3
fray. This the au-tumn of our life, This the eve - ning of our
f
3


to - ry! Each a bold con - trib - u - to - ry!
to - ry! Each a bold con - trib - u - to - ry!
This the eve - ning of our day.
day, This the eve - ning of our day.

(The Yeomen break their line, and spread across the stage as Dame Carruthers enters, R.)

Dame Carruthers: A good day to you! *(coming down C.)*

2nd Yeoman: Good day, Dame Carruthers. Busy today?

Dame Carruthers: Busy, aye! The fire in the Beauchamp last night has given me work enough. A dozen poor prisoners—Richard Colfax, Sir Martin Byfleet, Colonel Fairfax, Warren the preacher-poet, and half-a-score others—all packed into one small cell not six feet square. Poor Colonel Fairfax, who's to die today, is to be removed to No. 14 in the Cold Harbour *(pointing up R.)* that he may have his last hour alone with his confessor; and I've to see to that.

2nd Yeoman: Poor gentleman! He'll die bravely. I fought under him two years since, and he valued his life as it were a feather!

Phoebe: He's the bravest, the handsomest, and the best young gentleman in England! He twice saved my father's life; and it's a cruel thing, a wicked thing, and a barbarous thing that so gallant a hero should lose his head—for it's the handsomest head in England!

Dame Carruthers: For dealings with the devil. Aye! If all were beheaded who dealt with *him*, there'd be busy doings on Tower Green.

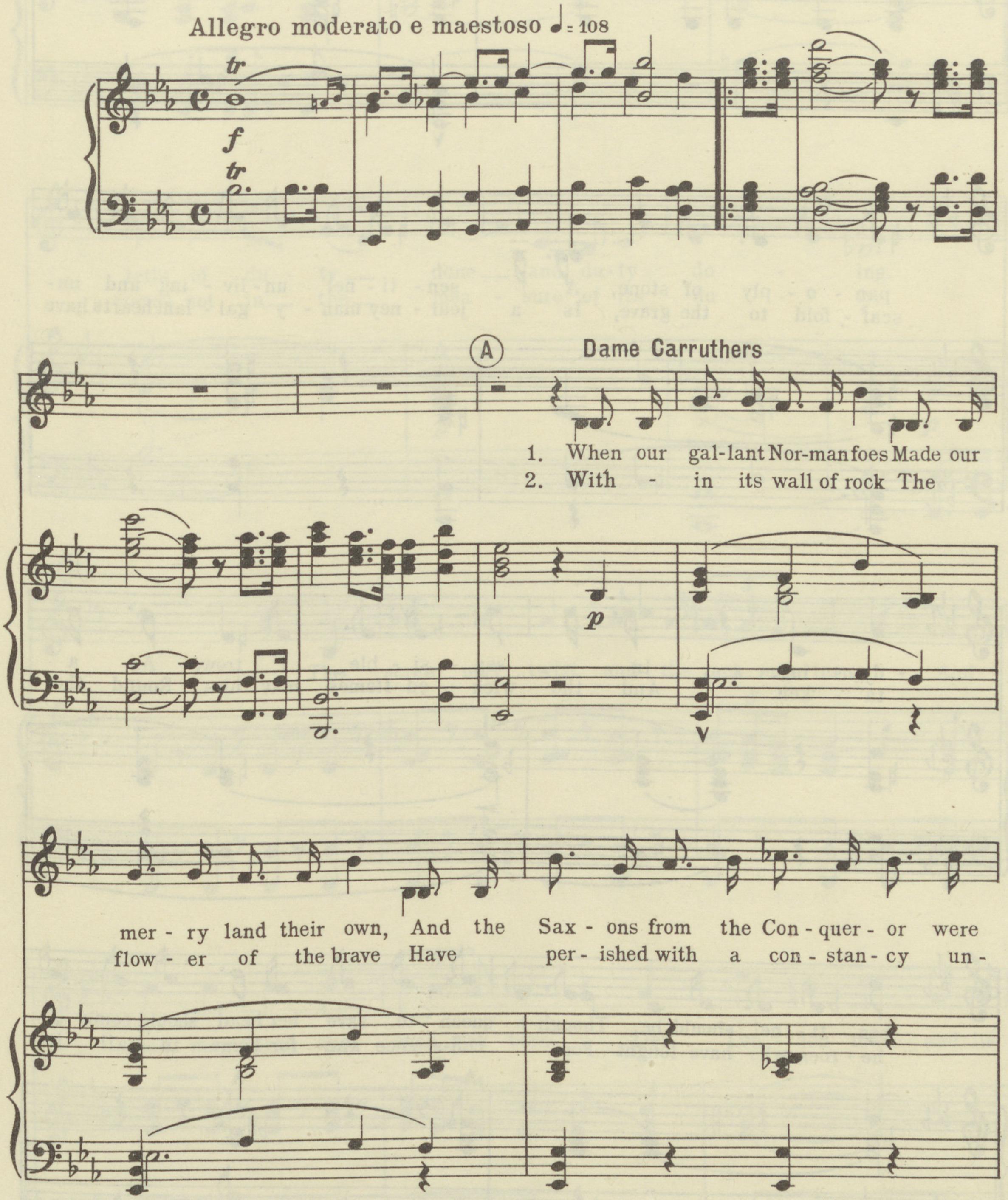
Phoebe: You know very well that Colonel Fairfax is a student of alchemy—nothing more, and nothing less; but this wicked Tower, like a cruel giant in a fairy-tale, must be fed with blood, and that blood must be the best and bravest in England, or it's not good enough for the old Blunderbore. Ugh!

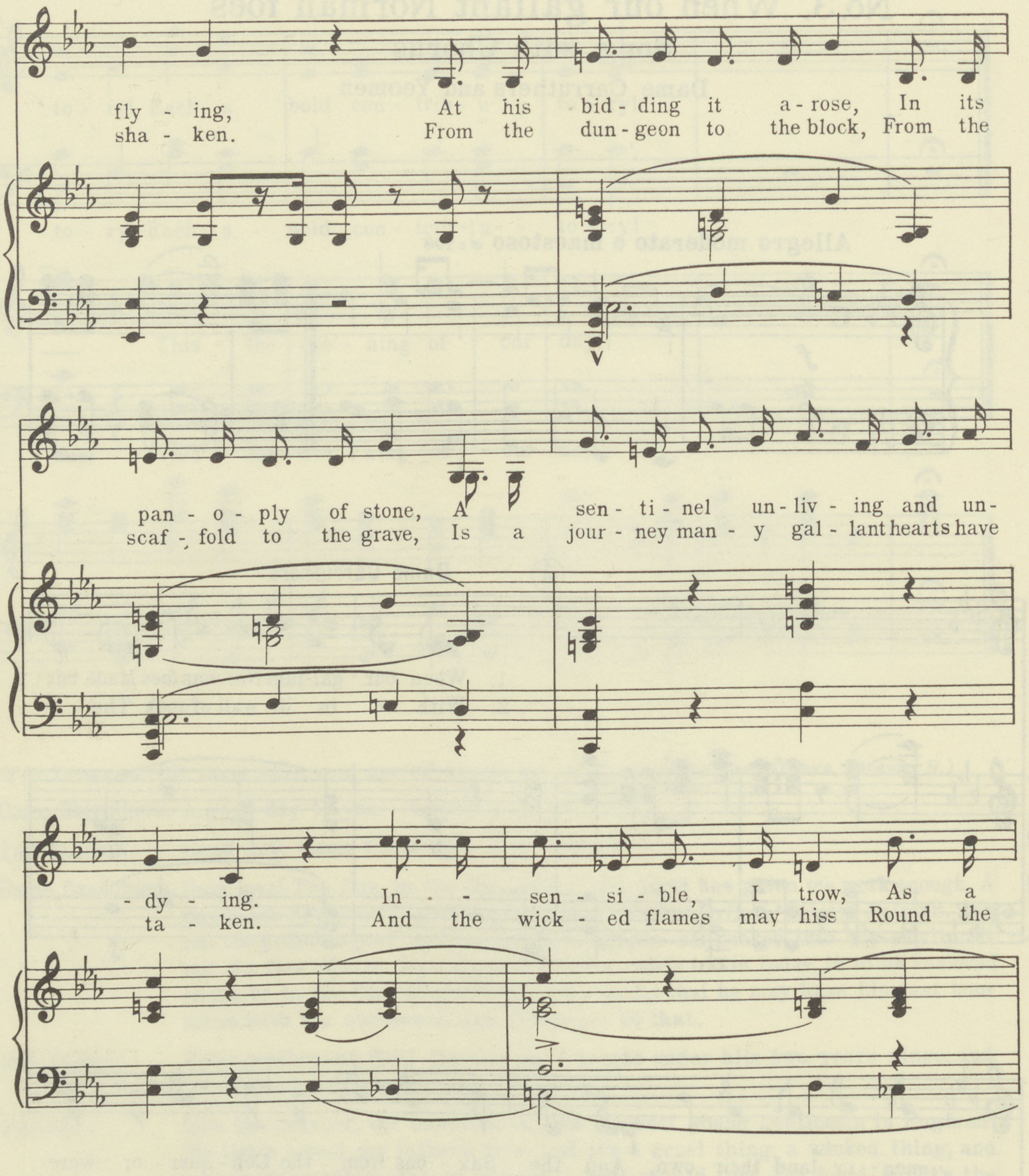
Dame Carruthers: Silence, you silly girl; you know not what you say. I was born in the old keep, and I've grown grey in it, and, please God, I shall die and be buried in it; and there's not a stone in its walls that is not as dear to me as my own right hand.

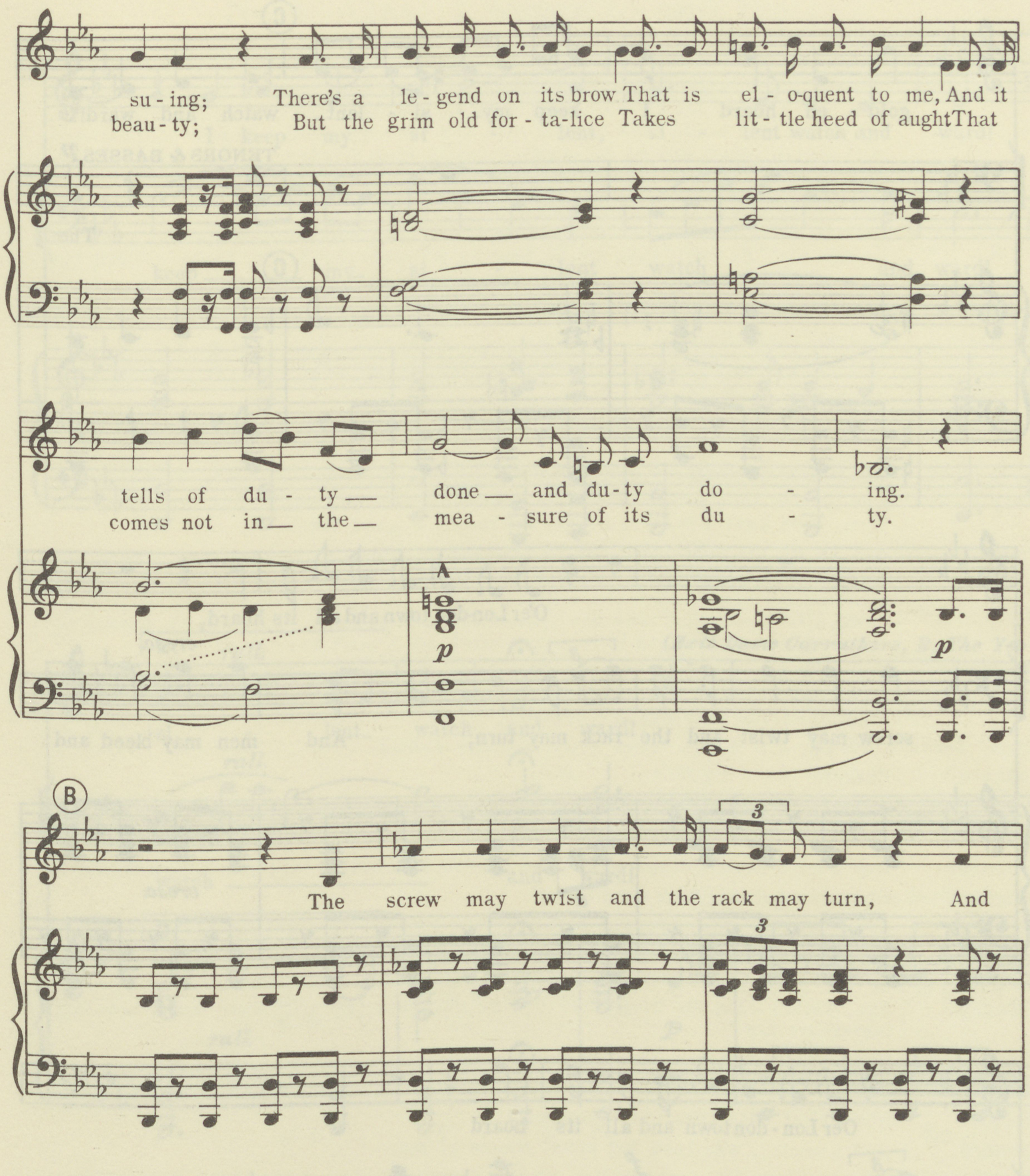
No.3. When our gallant Norman foes

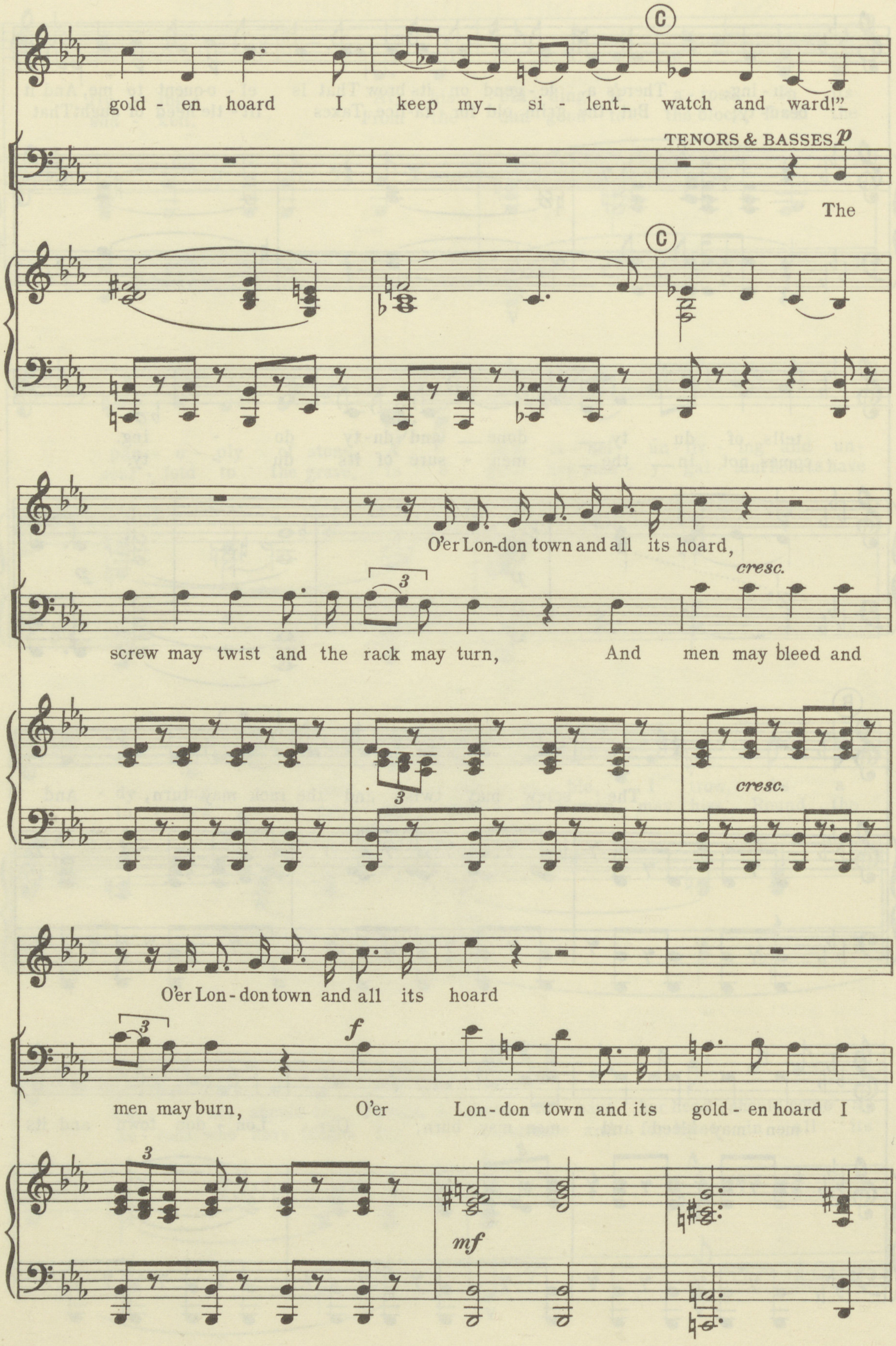
Song with Chorus

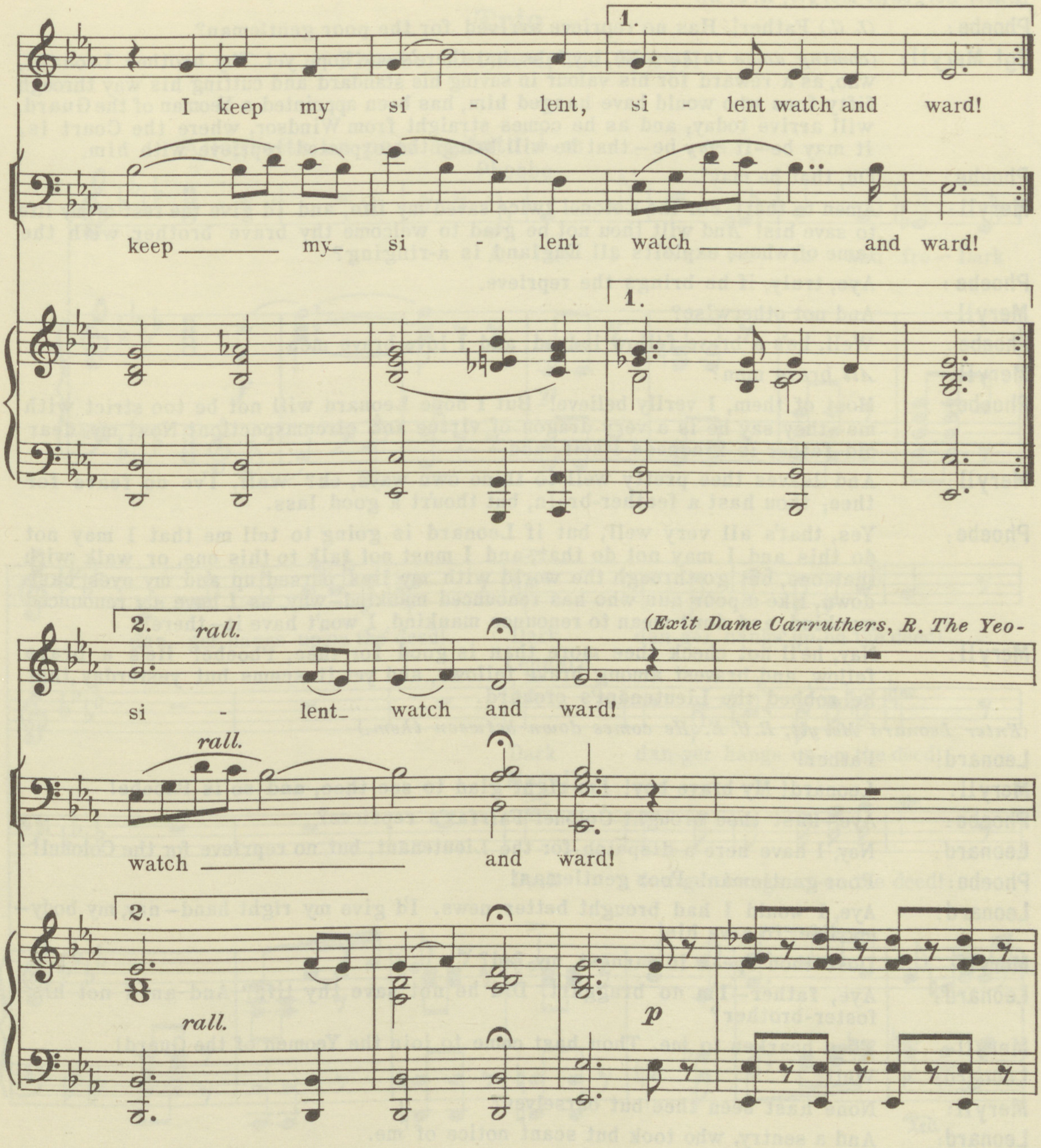
Dame Carruthers and Yeomen


Allegro moderato e maestoso ♩= 108
tr
f
tr
A
Dame Carruthers
1. When our gal-lant Nor-man foes Made our
2. With - in its wall of rock The
p
mer - ry land their own, And the Sax - ons from the Con - quer - or were
flow - er of the brave Have per - ished with a con - stan - cy un -

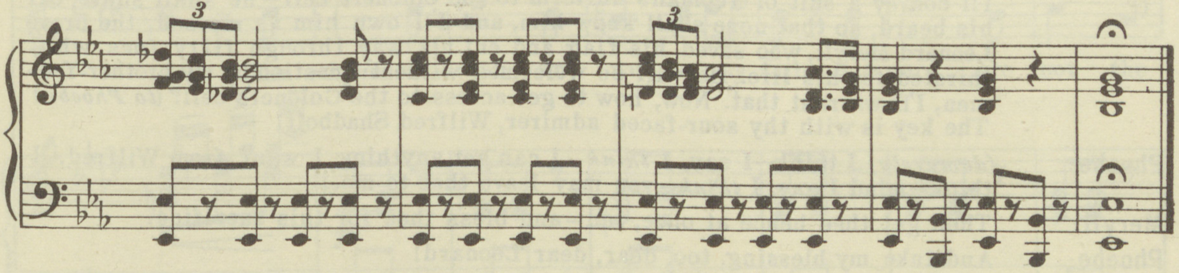

fly - ing, At his bid - ding it a - rose, In its
sha - ken. From the dun - geon to the block, From the
pan - o - ply of stone, A sen - ti - nel un - liv - ing and un -
scaf - fold to the grave, Is a jour - ney man - y gal - lant hearts have
- dy - ing. In - sen - si - ble, I trow, As a
ta - ken. And the wick - ed flames may hiss Round the
sen - ti - nel should be, Though a queen to save her head should come a -
he - roes who have fought For con - science and for home in all its


su - ing; There's a le - gend on its brow That is el - o-quent to me, And it
beau - ty; But the grim old for - ta-lice Takes lit - tle heed of aught That
tells of du - ty — done — and du - ty do - ing.
comes not in — the — mea - sure of its du - ty.
p
p
B
3
The screw may twist and the rack may turn, And
3
3
men may bleed and men may burn, O'er Lon - don town and its
3


C
gold - en hoard I keep my - si - lent watch and ward!"
TENORS & BASSES p
The
C
O'er Lon-don town and all its hoard,
cresc.
screw may twist and the rack may turn, And men may bleed and
3
3
cresc.
O'er Lon - don town and all its hoard
3
f
men may burn, O'er Lon-don town and its gold - en hoard I
3
mf


1.
I keep my si lent, si lent watch and ward!
keep my si lent watch and ward!
1.
2.
rall.
si - lent watch and ward!
rall.
watch and ward!
2.
rall.
p

(Exit Dame Carruthers, R. The Yeomen go off slowly, L.U.E., talking quietly.)



(Enter Sergeant Meryll, R. U. E.)

Phoebe: *(L. C.)* Father! Has no reprieve arrived for the poor gentleman?

Sgt. Meryll: *(coming down to her)* No, my lass; but there's one hope yet. Thy brother Leonard, who, as a reward for his valour in saving his standard and cutting his way through fifty foes who would have hanged him, has been appointed a Yeoman of the Guard, will arrive today; and as he comes straight from Windsor, where the Court is, it may be—it *may* be—that he will bring the expected reprieve with him.

Phoebe: Oh, that he may!

Meryll: Amen to that! For the Colonel twice saved my life, and I'd give the rest of my life to save his! And wilt thou not be glad to welcome thy brave brother, with the fame of whose exploits all England is a-ringing?

Phoebe: Aye, truly, if he brings the reprieve.

Meryll: And not otherwise?

Phoebe: Well, he's a brave fellow indeed, and I love brave men.

Meryll: *All* brave men?

Phoebe: Most of them, I verily believe! But I hope Leonard will not be too strict with me—they say he is a very dragon of virtue and circumspection! Now, my dear old father is kindness itself, and—

Meryll: And leaves thee pretty well to thine own ways, eh? Well, I've no fears for thee; thou hast a feather-brain, but thou'rt a good lass.

Phoebe: Yes, that's all very well, but if Leonard is going to tell me that I may not do this and I may not do that, and I must not talk to this one, or walk with that one, but go through the world with my lips pursed up and my eyes cast down, like a poor nun who has renounced mankind—why, as I have *not* renounced mankind, and don't mean to renounce mankind, I won't have it—there!

Meryll: Nay, he'll not check thee more than is good for thee, Phoebe! He's a brave fellow, and bravest among brave fellows, and yet it seems but yesterday that he robbed the Lieutenant's orchard.

(Enter Leonard Meryll, R. U. E. He comes down between them.)

Leonard: Father!

Meryll: Leonard! My brave boy! I'm right glad to see thee, and so is Phoebe!

Phoebe: Aye—hast thou brought Colonel Fairfax's reprieve?

Leonard: Nay, I have here a dispatch for the Lieutenant, but no reprieve for the Colonel!

Phoebe: Poor gentleman! Poor gentleman!

Leonard: Aye, I would I had brought better news. I'd give my right hand—nay, my body—my life, to save his!

Meryll: Dost thou speak in earnest, my lad?

Leonard: Aye, father—I'm no braggart. Did he not save thy life? And am I not his foster-brother?

Meryll: Then hearken to me. Thou hast come to join the Yeomen of the Guard!

Leonard: Well?

Meryll: None hast seen thee but ourselves?

Leonard: And a sentry, who took but scant notice of me.

Meryll: Now to prove thy words. Give me the dispatch, and get thee hence at once! Here is money, and I'll send thee more. Lie hidden for a space, and let no one know. I'll convey a suit of Yeoman's uniform to the Colonel's cell—he shall shave off his beard, so that none shall know him, and I'll own him as my son, the brave Leonard Meryll, who saved his flag and cut his way through fifty foes who thirsted for his life. He will be welcomed without question by my brother-Yeomen, I'll warrant that. Now, how to get access to the Colonel's cell? *(to Phoebe)* The key is with thy sour-faced admirer, Wilfred Shadbolt.

Phoebe: *(demurely)* I think—I say, I *think*—I can get anything I want from Wilfred. I think—mind I say, I *think*—you may leave that to me.

Meryll: Then get thee hence at once, lad—and bless thee for this sacrifice.

Phoebe: And take my blessing, too, dear, dear Leonard!

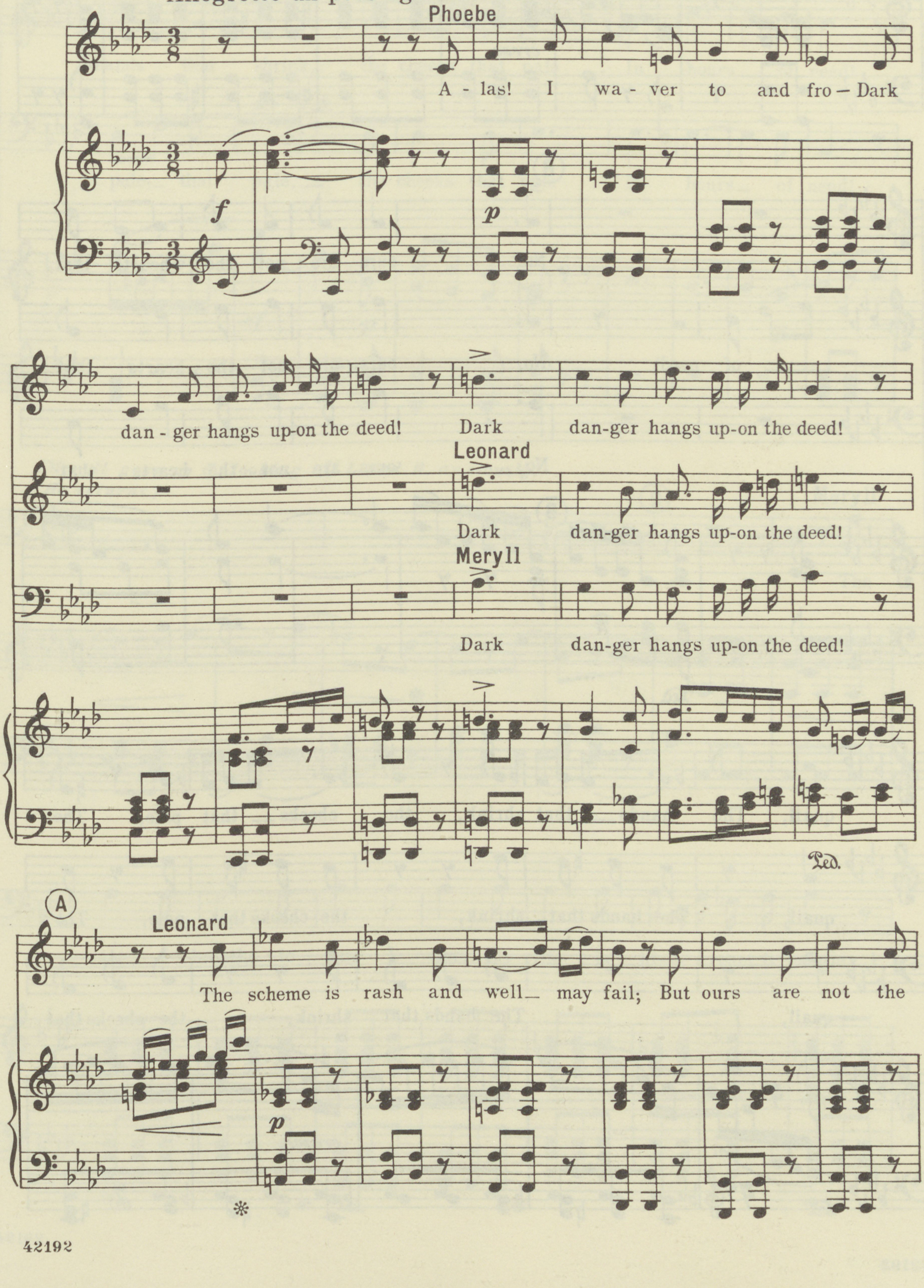
Leonard: And thine, eh? Humph! Thy love is newborn; wrap it up carefully, lest it take cold and die.

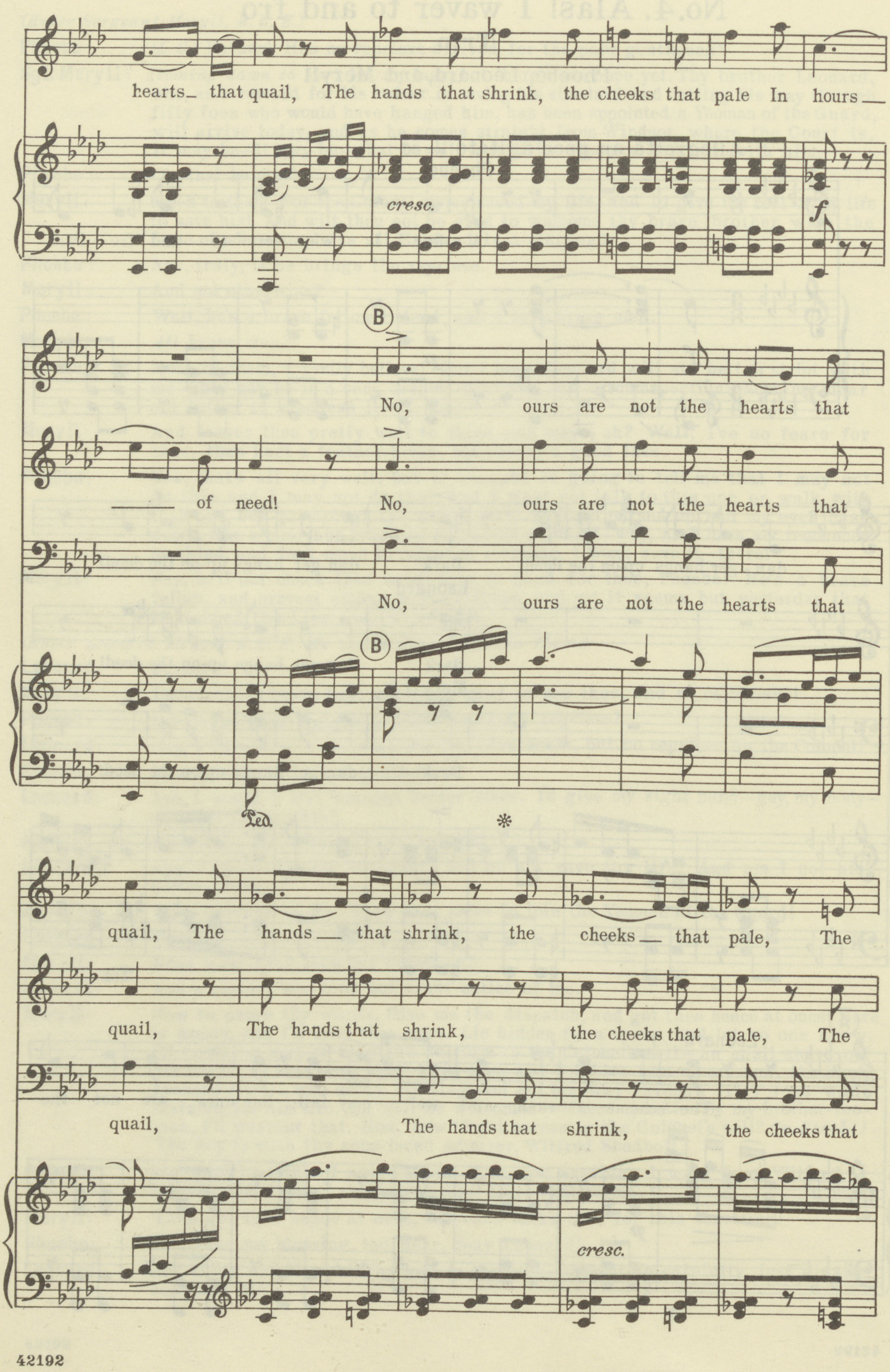
No. 4. Alas! I waver to and fro

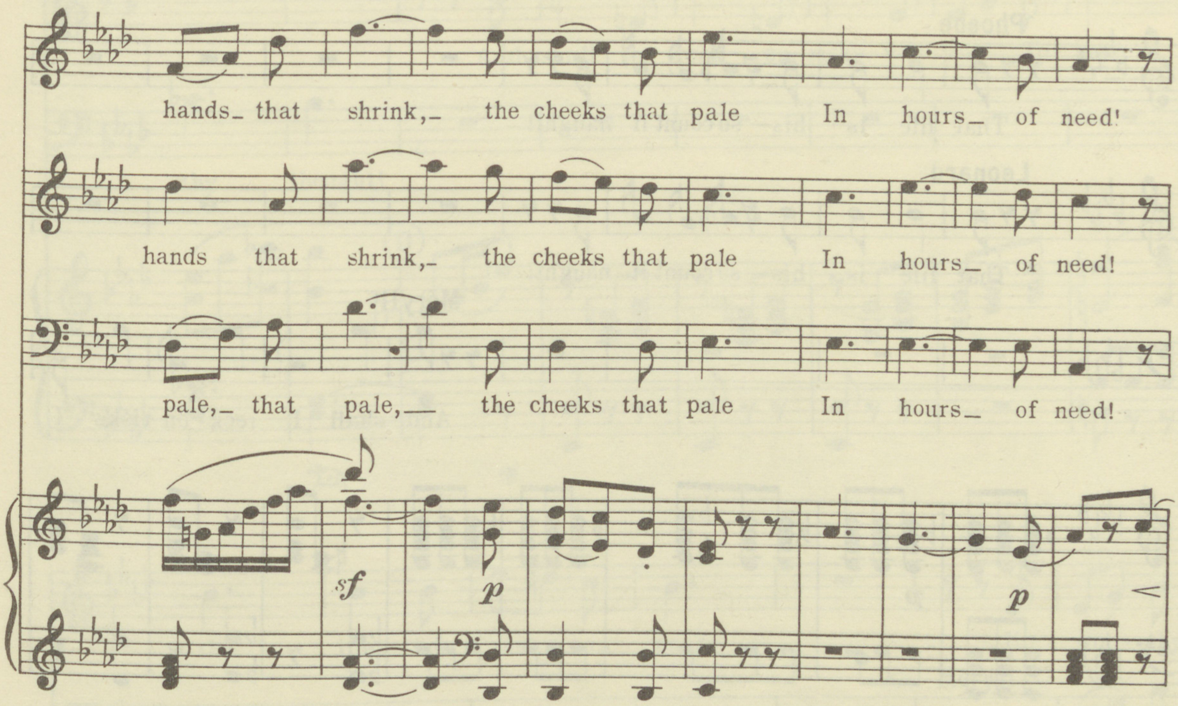
Trio

Phoebe, Leonard, and Meryll

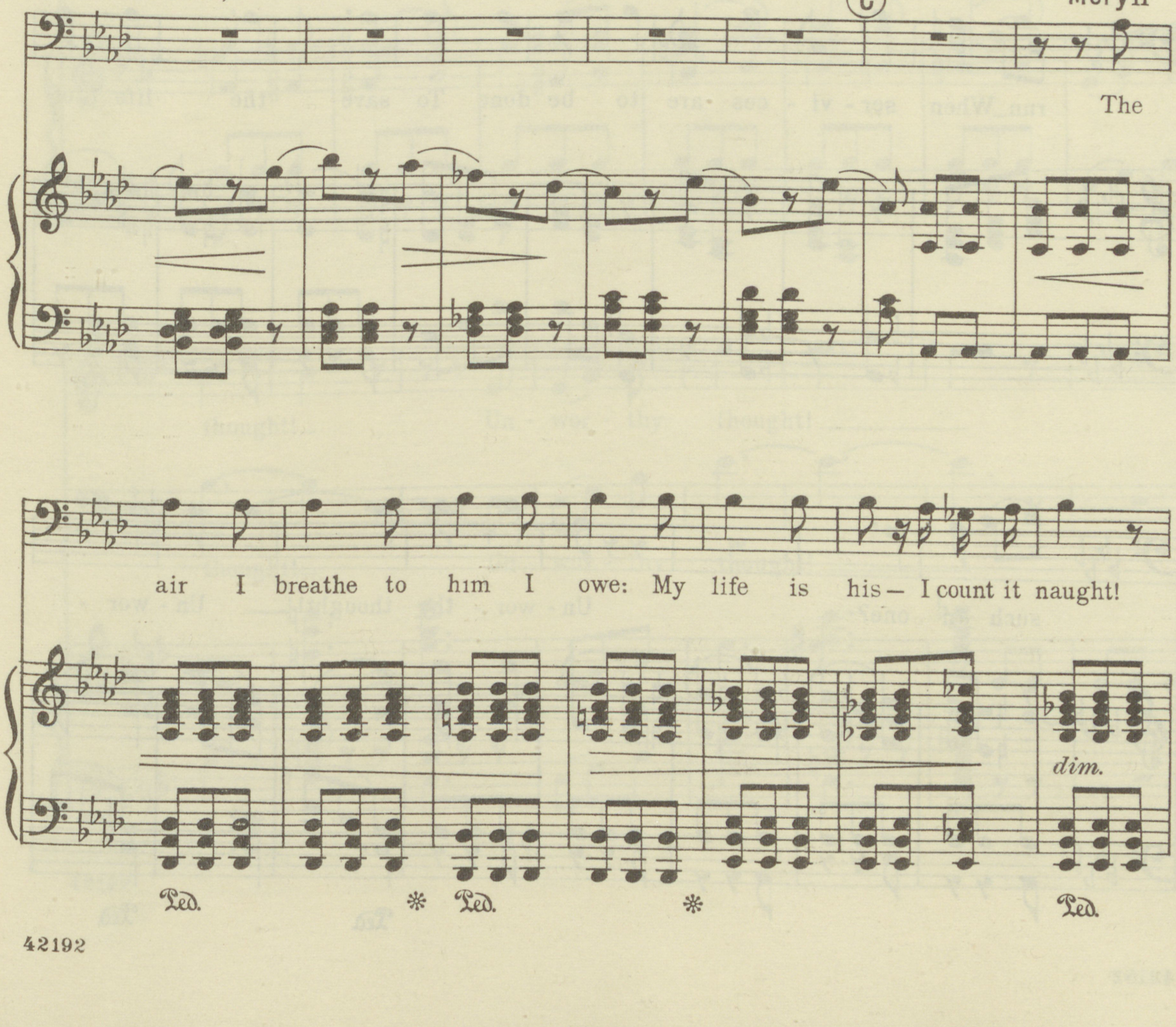
Allegretto un poco agitato ♩. = 66

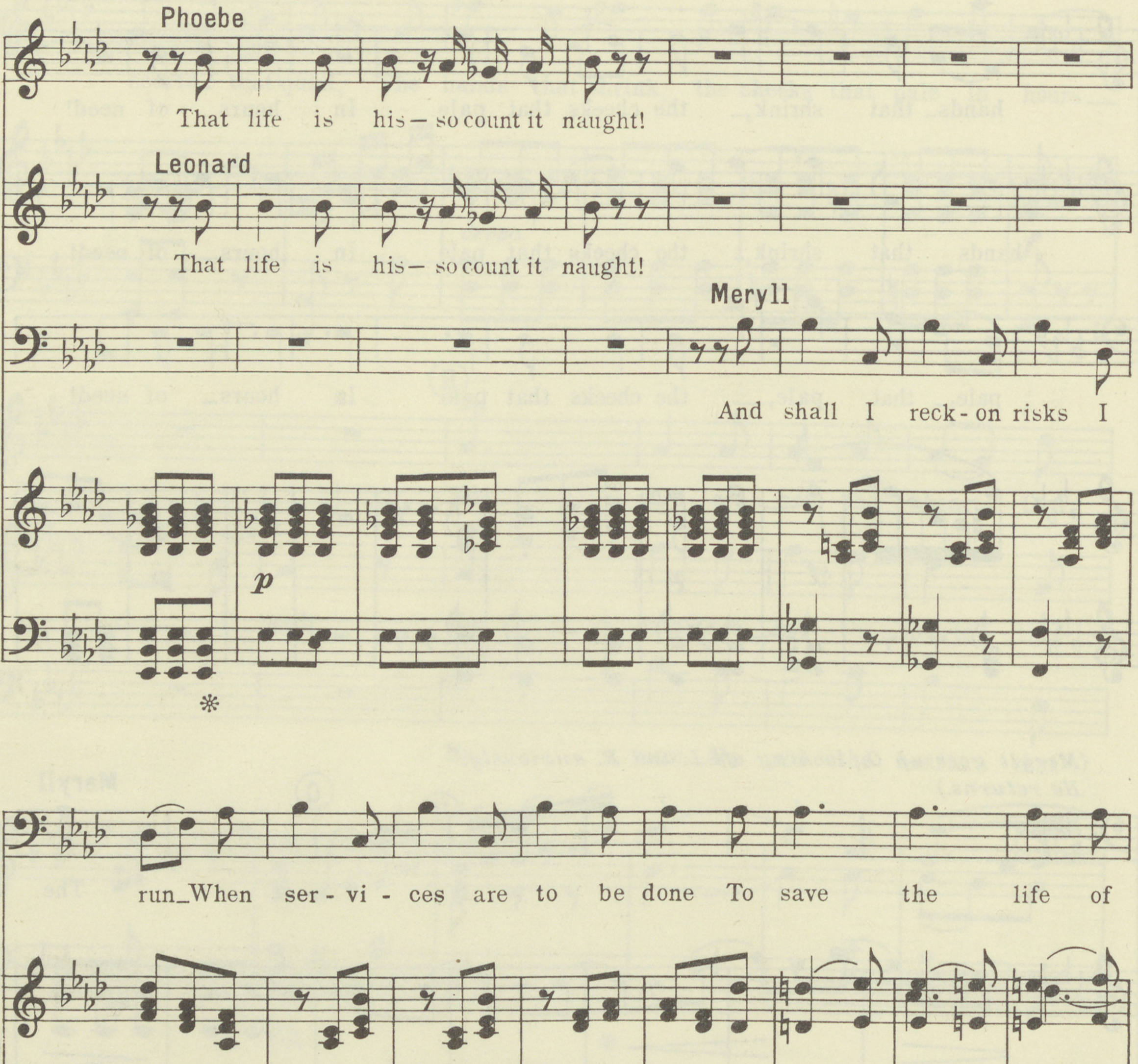

Phoebe
A - las! I wa - ver to and fro — Dark
f
p
dan - ger hangs up-on the deed! Dark dan-ger hangs up-on the deed!
Leonard
Dark dan-ger hangs up-on the deed!
Meryll
Dark dan-ger hangs up-on the deed!
Ped.
A
Leonard
The scheme is rash and well — may fail; But ours are not the
p
*

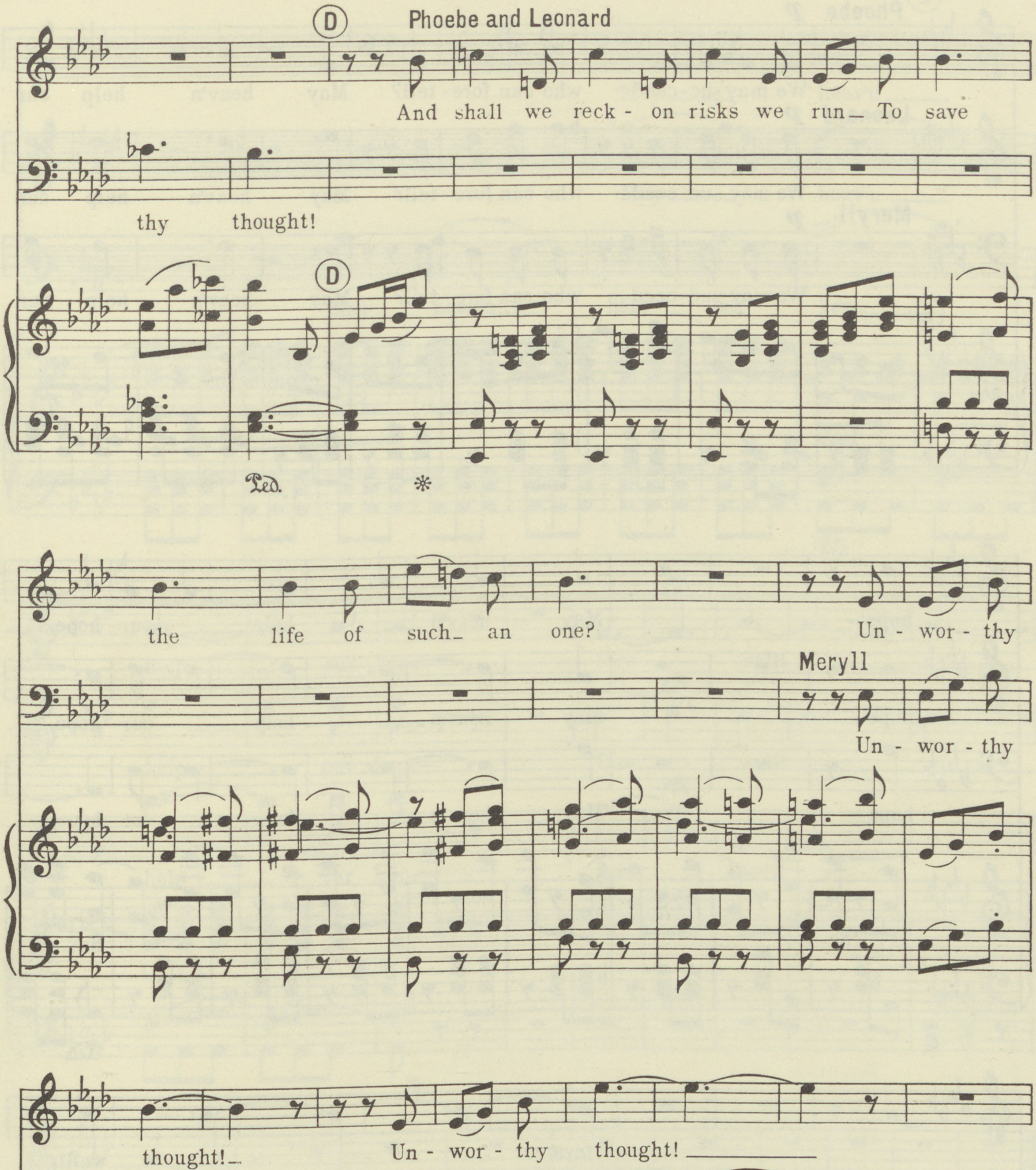

hearts — that quail, The hands that shrink, the cheeks that pale In hours —
cresc.
f
B
No, ours are not the hearts that
— of need! No, ours are not the hearts that
No, ours are not the hearts that
B
Ped.
*
quail, The hands — that shrink, the cheeks — that pale, The
quail, The hands that shrink, the cheeks that pale, The
quail, The hands that shrink, the cheeks that
cresc.

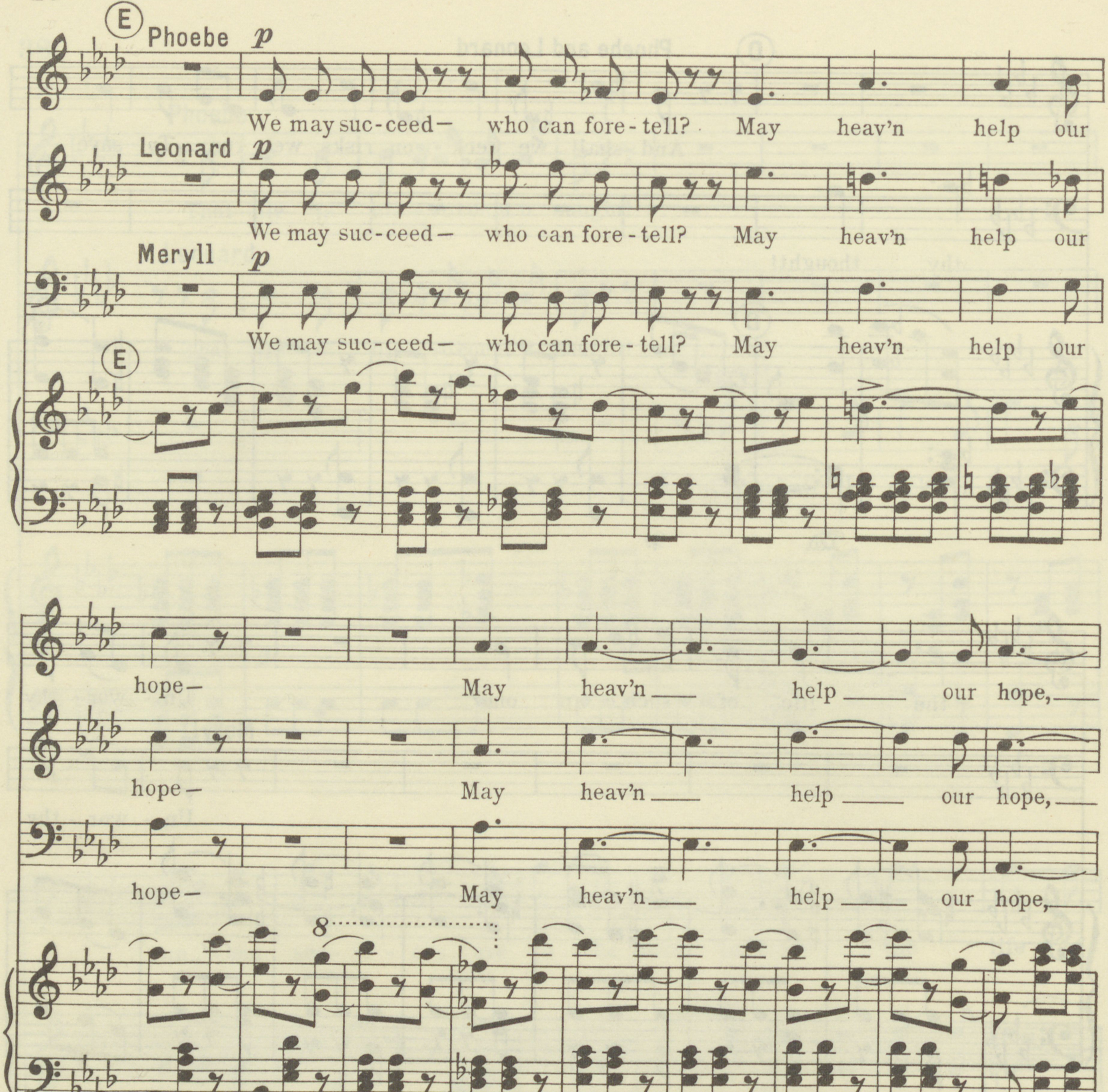

hands_ that shrink,_ the cheeks that pale In hours_ of need!
hands that shrink,_ the cheeks that pale In hours_ of need!
pale,_ that pale,_ the cheeks that pale In hours_ of need!
sf
p
p

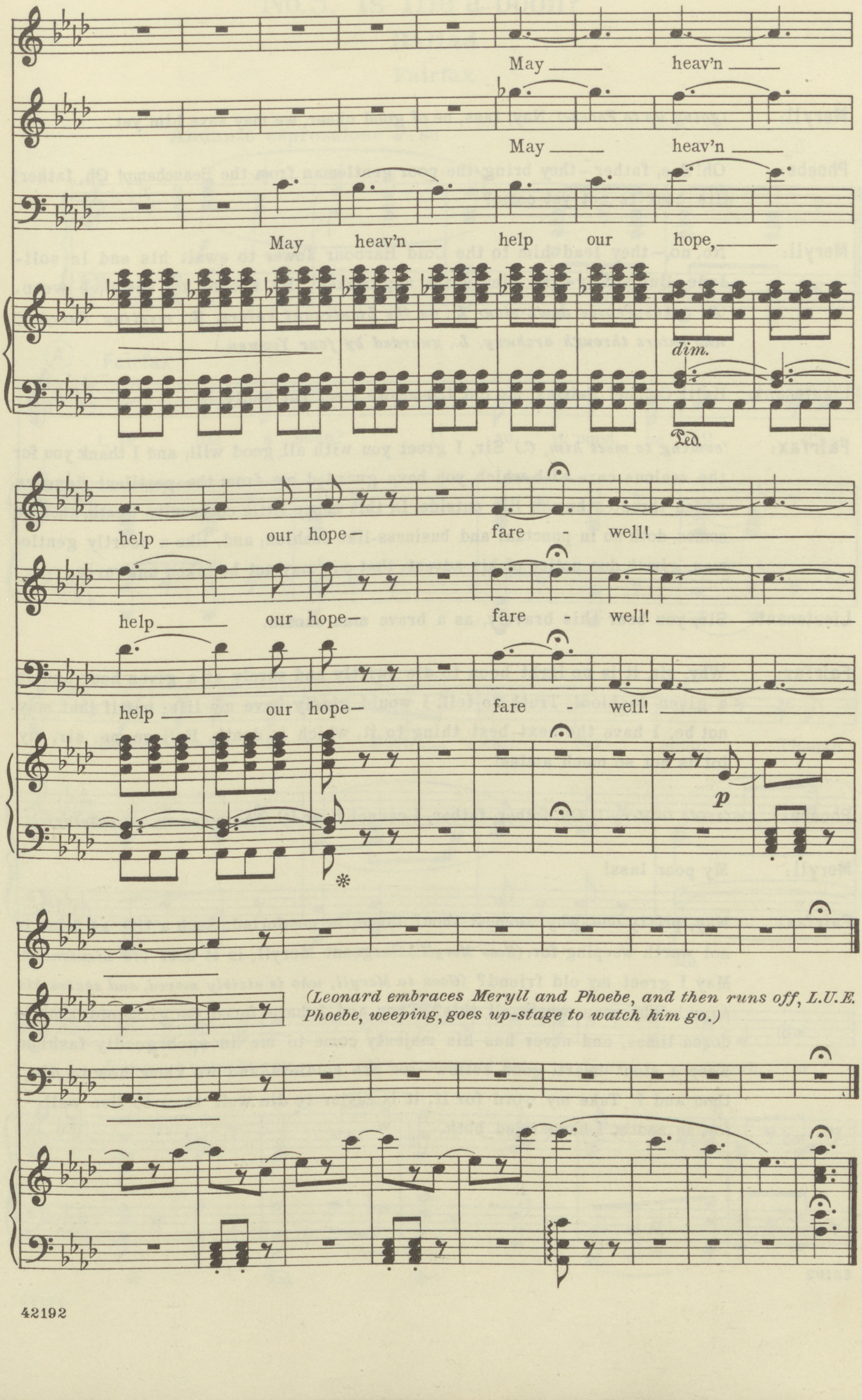
(Meryll goes up C., looking off L. and R. anxiously. He returns.)


C
Meryll
The
air I breathe to him I owe: My life is his_ I count it naught!
dim.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.


Phoebe
That life is his— so count it naught!
Leonard
That life is his— so count it naught!
Meryll
And shall I reck-on risks I
p
*
run_When ser-vi-ces are to be done To save the life of
such an one? Un-wor-thy thought!___ Un-wor-
Ped.
Ped.


D
Phoebe and Leonard
And shall we reck - on risks we run _ To save
thy thought!
D
Ped.
*
the life of such _ an one? Un - wor - thy
Meryll
Un - wor - thy
thought! _ Un - wor - thy thought! ______
thought! _ Un - wor - thy thought! ______


E
Phoebe
p
We may suc-ceed— who can fore-tell? May heav'n help our
Leonard
p
We may suc-ceed— who can fore-tell? May heav'n help our
Meryll
p
We may suc-ceed— who can fore-tell? May heav'n help our
E
hope— May heav'n help our hope,
hope— May heav'n help our hope,
hope— May heav'n help our hope,
8
Ped.
fare - - - well!
fare - - - well!
fare - - - well!
Ped.
Ped.


May heav'n
May heav'n
May heav'n help our hope,
dim.
Ped.
help our hope fare well!
help our hope fare well!
help our hope fare well!
p

(Leonard embraces Meryll and Phoebe, and then runs off, L.U.E. Phoebe, weeping, goes up-stage to watch him go.)

Meryll: *(going up to Phoebe)* Nay, lass, be of good cheer, we may save him yet.

Phoebe: Oh! See, father—they bring the poor gentleman from the Beauchamp! Oh, father! His hour is not yet come?

Meryll: No, no,—they lead him to the Cold Harbour Tower to await his end in solitude. But softly—the Lieutenant approaches! He should not see thee weep. *(He takes Phoebe down-stage L., as the Lieutenant enters, R., meeting Fairfax, who enters through archway, L., guarded by four Yeomen.)*

Lieutenant: Halt! Colonel Fairfax, my old friend, we meet but sadly.

Fairfax: *(coming to meet him, C.)* Sir, I greet you with all good will; and I thank you for the zealous care with which you have guarded me from the pestilent dangers which threaten human life outside. In this happy little community, Death, when he comes, doth so in punctual and business-like fashion; and, like a courtly gentleman, giveth due notice of his advent, that one may not be taken unawares.

Lieutenant: Sir, you bear this bravely, as a brave man should.

Fairfax: Why, sir, it is no light boon to die swiftly and surely at a given hour and in a given fashion! Truth to tell, I would gladly have my life; but if that may not be, I have the next best thing to it, which is death. Believe me, sir, my lot is not so much amiss!

Phoebe: *(aside to Meryll)* Oh, father, father, I cannot bear it! *(She weeps on his shoulder.)*

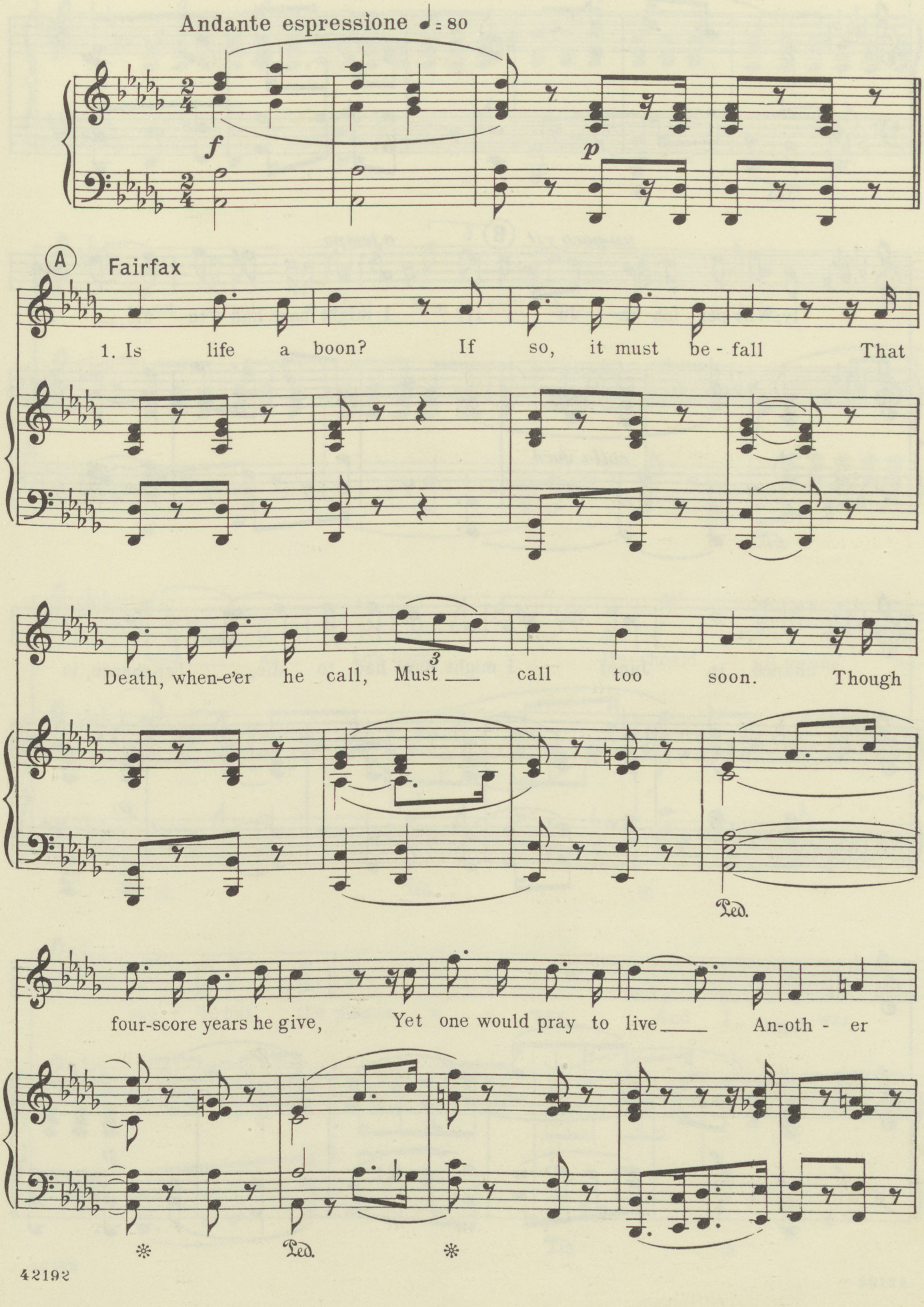
Meryll: My poor lass!

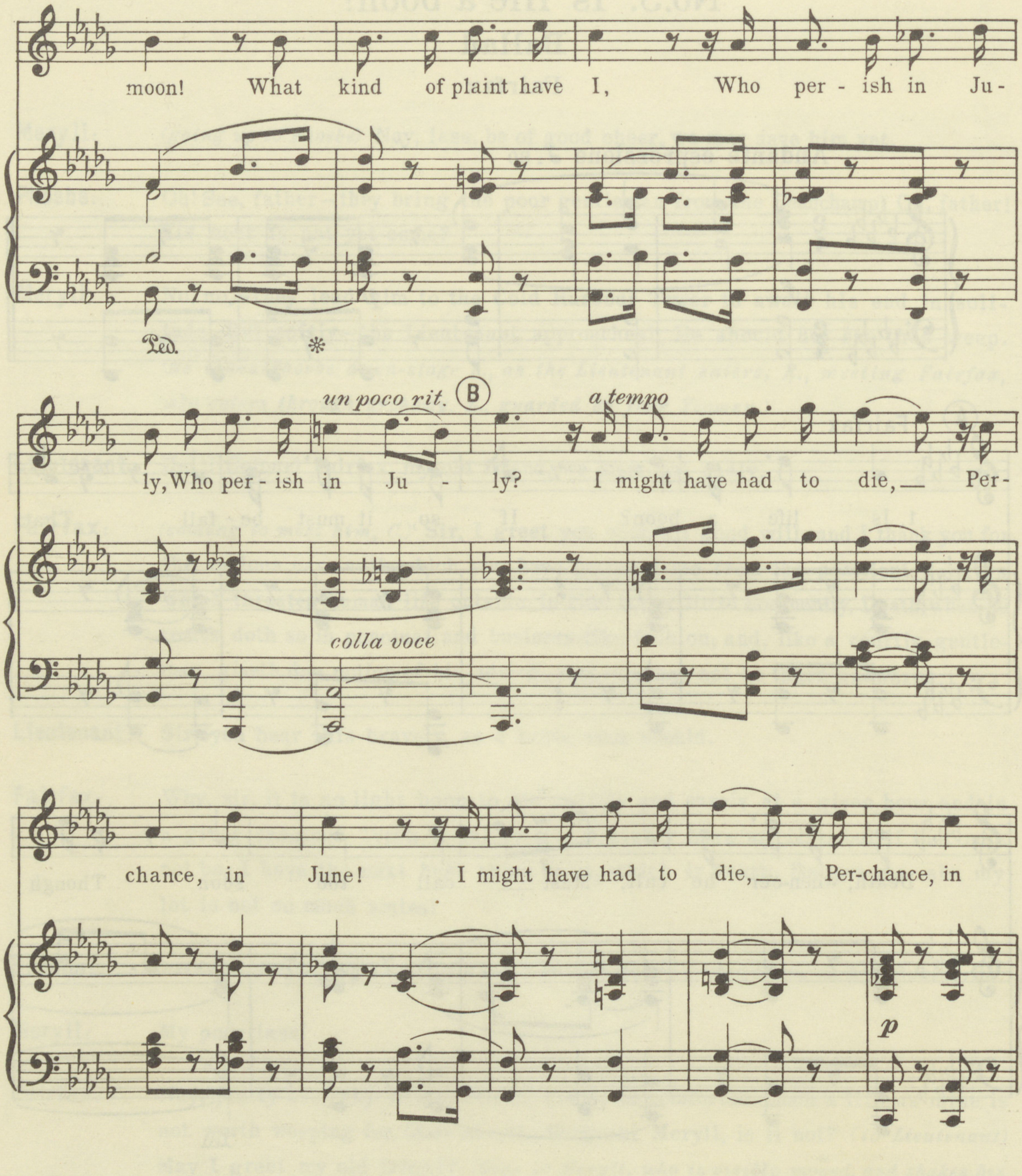
Fairfax: Nay, pretty one, why weepest thou? Come, be comforted. Such a life as mine is not worth weeping for. *(Sees Meryll.)* Sergeant Meryll, is it not? *(to Lieutenant)* May I greet my old friend? *(Goes to Meryll, who is visibly moved, and shakes his hand.)* Why, man, what's all this? Thou and I have faced the grim old king a dozen times, and never has his majesty come to me in such goodly-fashion. Keep a stout heart, good fellow—we are soldiers, and we know how to die, thou and I. Take my word for it, it is easier to die well than to live well—for, in sooth, I have tried both.

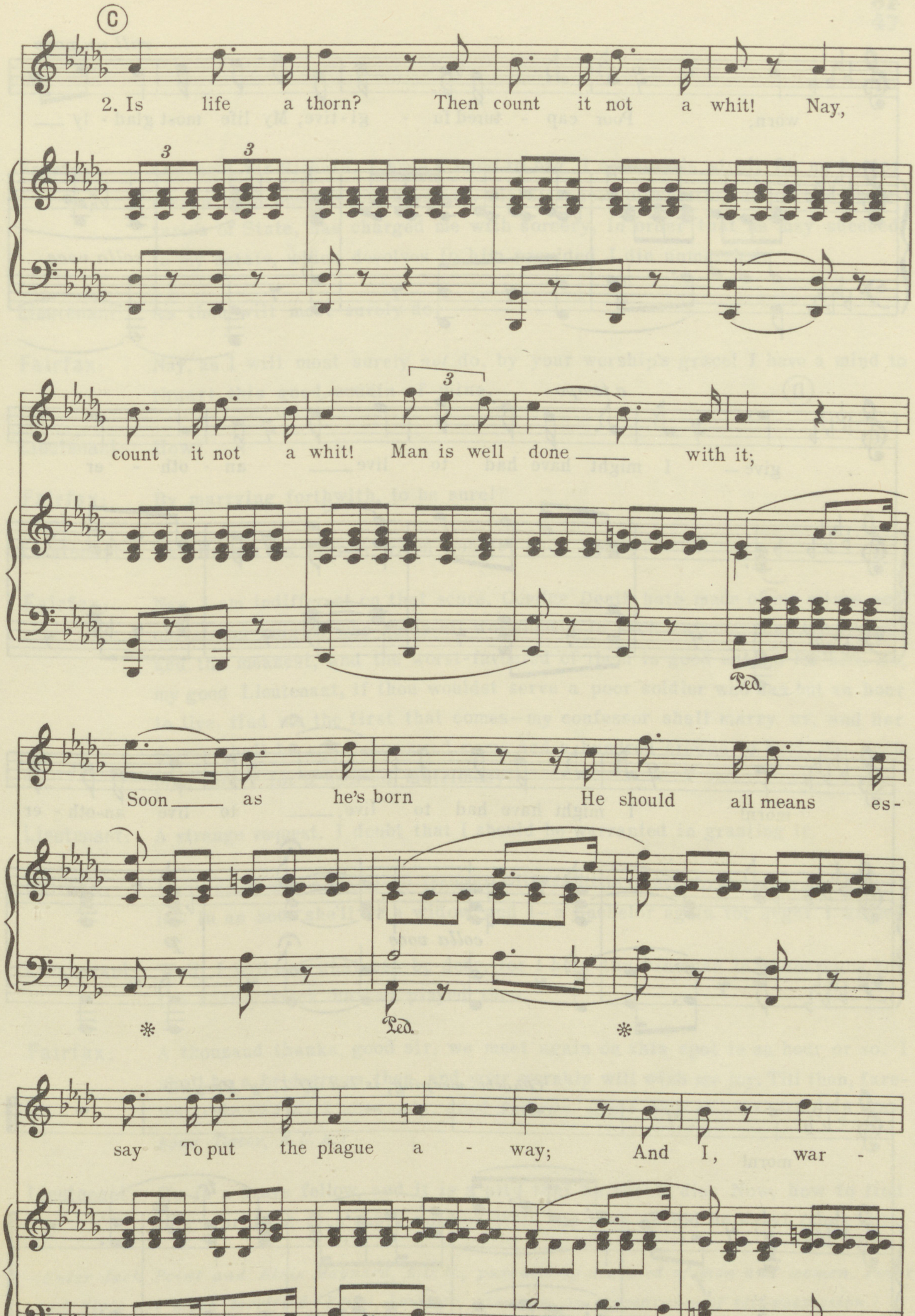
No.5. Is life a boon?

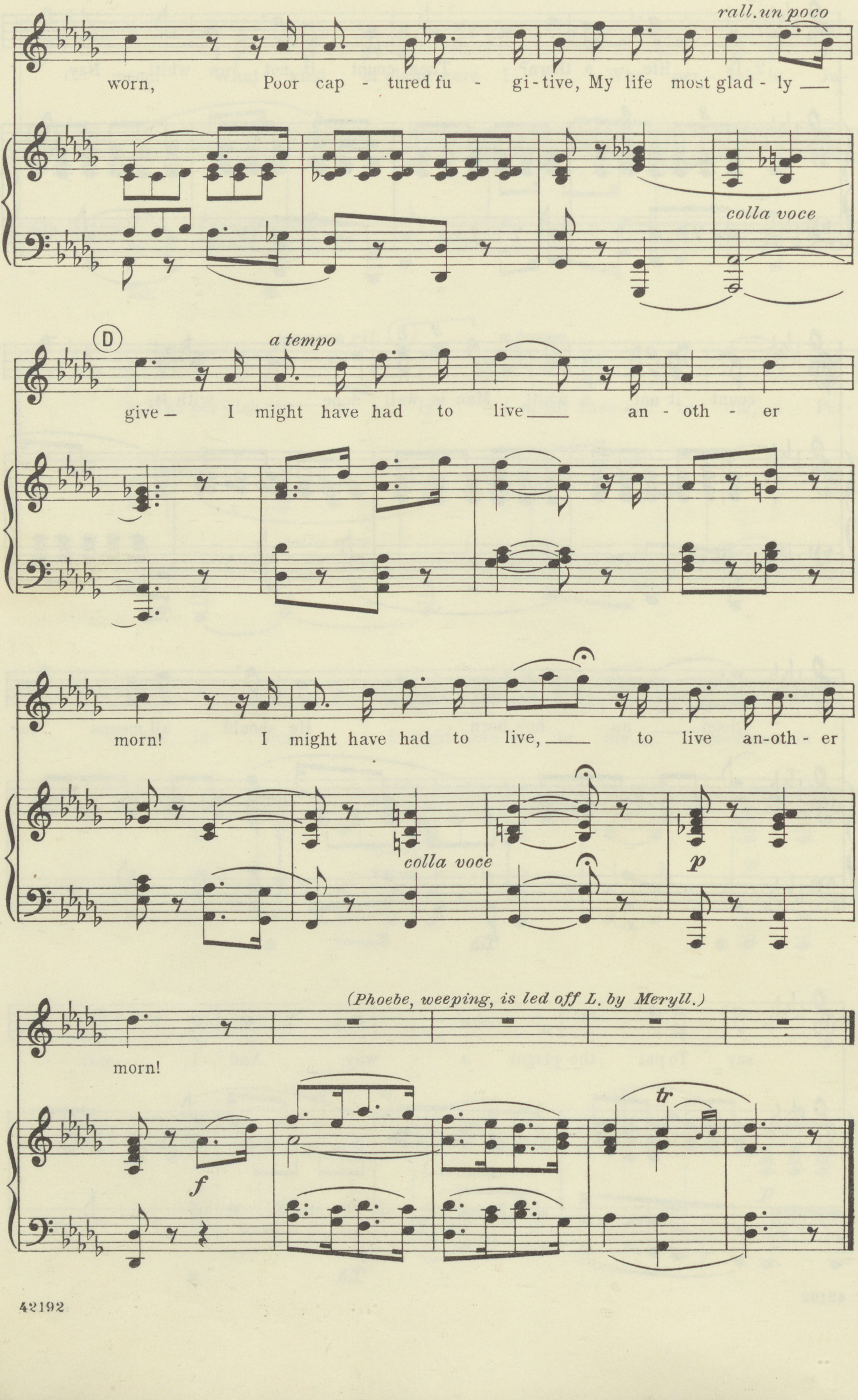
Ballad

Fairfax


Andante espressione ♩= 80
f
p
A
Fairfax
1. Is life a boon? If so, it must be-fall That
Death, when-e'er he call, Must call too soon. Though
3
Ped.
four-score years he give, Yet one would pray to live Another
✻
Ped.
✻


moon! What kind of plaint have I, Who per - ish in Ju -
Ped.
*
un poco rit.
B
a tempo
ly, Who per - ish in Ju - ly? I might have had to die, — Per -
colla voce
chance, in June! I might have had to die, — Per-chance, in
p
June!
f
tr
3
p


C
2. Is life a thorn? Then count it not a whit! Nay,
count it not a whit! Man is well done with it;
Soon as he's born He should all means es-
say To put the plague a - way; And I, war -
3
3
3
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*


rall. un poco
worn, Poor cap - tured fu - gi - tive, My life most glad - ly
colla voce
D
a tempo
give — I might have had to live — an - oth - er
morn! I might have had to live, — to live an - oth - er
colla voce
p
(Phoebe, weeping, is led off L. by Meryll.)
morn!
f
tr

Fairfax: And now, Sir Richard, I have a boon to beg. I am in this strait for no better reason than because my kinsman, Sir Clarence Poltwhistle, one of the Secretaries of State, has charged me with sorcery, in order that he may succeed to my estate, which devolves to him provided I die unmarried.

Lieutenant: As thou wilt most surely do.

Fairfax: Nay, as I will most surely *not* do, by your worship's grace! I have a mind to thwart this good cousin of mine.

Lieutenant: How?

Fairfax: By marrying forthwith, to be sure!

Lieutenant: But Heaven ha' mercy, whom wouldst thou marry?

Fairfax: Nay, I am indifferent on that score. Coming Death hath made of me a true and chivalrous knight, who holds all womanhood in such esteem that the oldest, and the meanest, and the worst-favoured of them is good enough for him. So, my good Lieutenant, if thou wouldst serve a poor soldier who has but an hour to live, find me the first that comes—my confessor shall marry us, and her dower shall be my dishonoured name and a hundred crowns to boot. No such poor dower for a hour of matrimony!

Lieutenant: A strange request. I doubt that I should be warranted in granting it.

Fairfax: There never was a marriage fraught with so little of evil to the contracting parties. In an hour she'll be a widow, and I—a bachelor again for aught I know!

Lieutenant: Well, I will see what can be done, for I hold thy kinsman in abhorrence for the scurvy trick he has played thee.

Fairfax: A thousand thanks, good sir; we meet again on this spot in an hour or so. I shall be a bridegroom then, and your worship will wish me joy. Till then, farewell! *(to Guard)* I am ready, good fellows. *(Exit with Guard into Cold Harbour Tower, R. U. E.)*

Lieutenant: He is a brave fellow, and it is a pity that he should die. Now, how to find him a bride at such short notice? Well, the task should be easy! *(Exit, R.)*

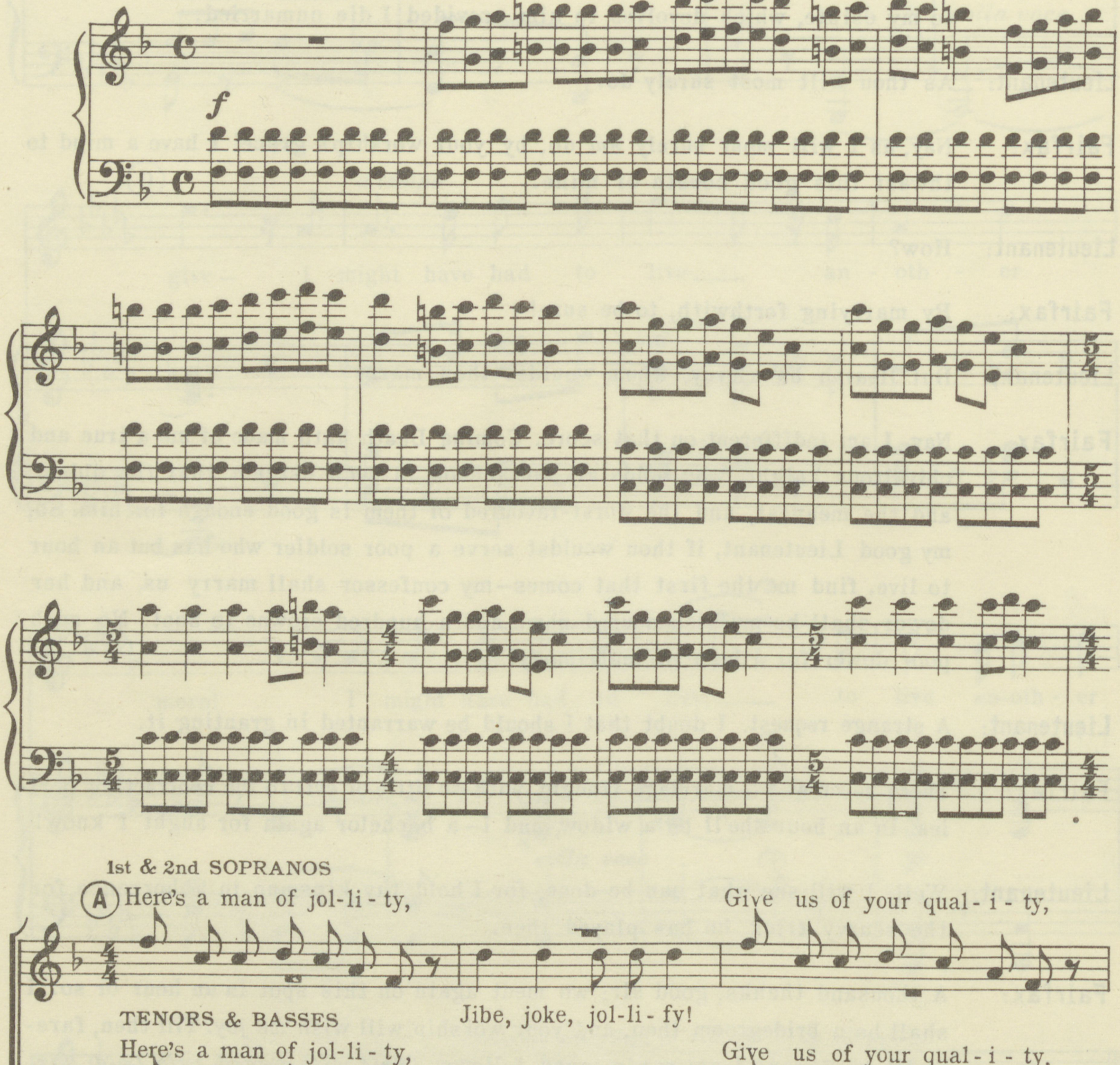
(Enter Jack Point and Elsie Maynard, L. U. E., pursued by a crowd of men and women. Point and Elsie are much terrified; Point, however, assumes an appearance of self-possession.)

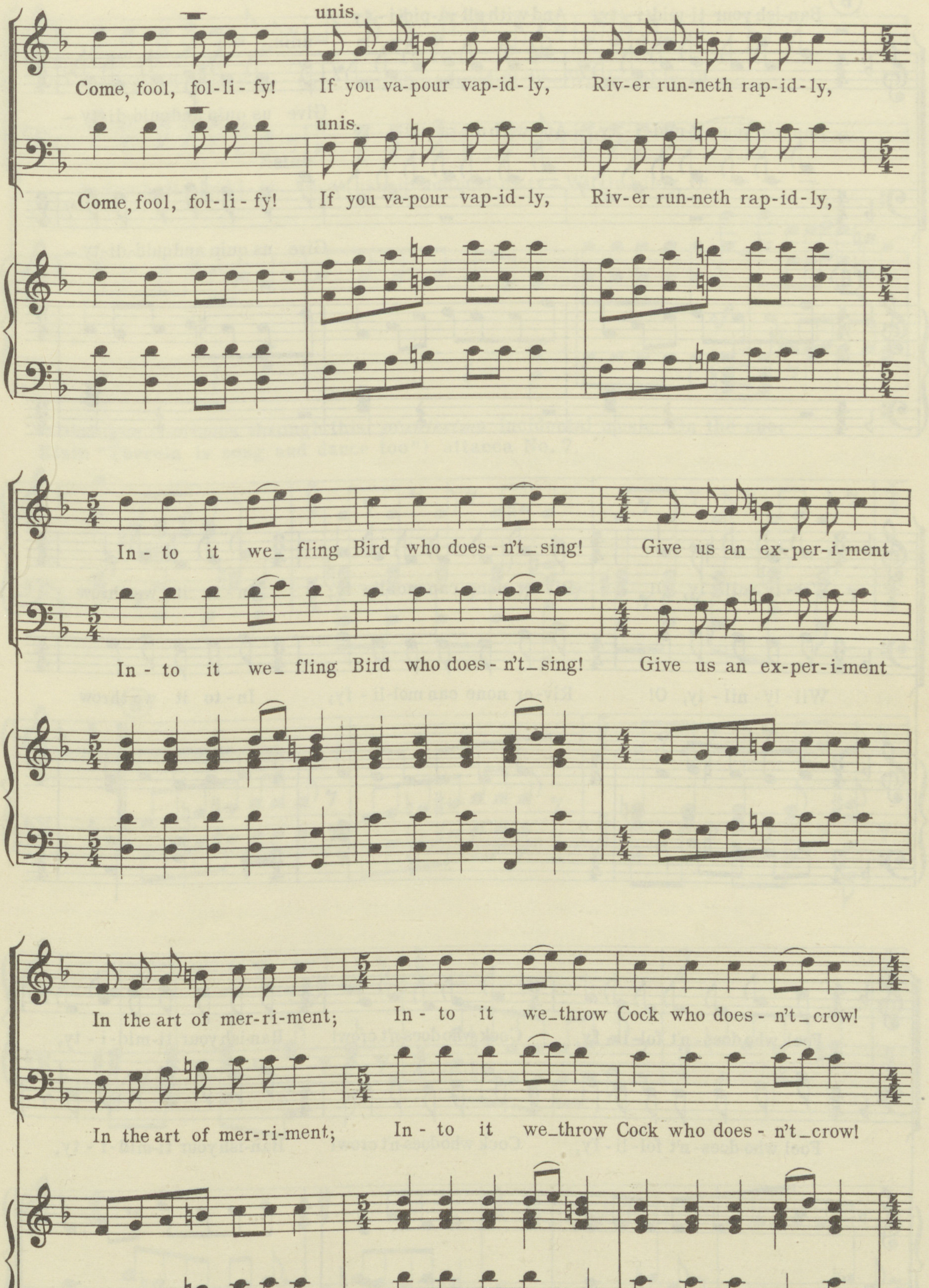
No. 6. Here's a man of jollity

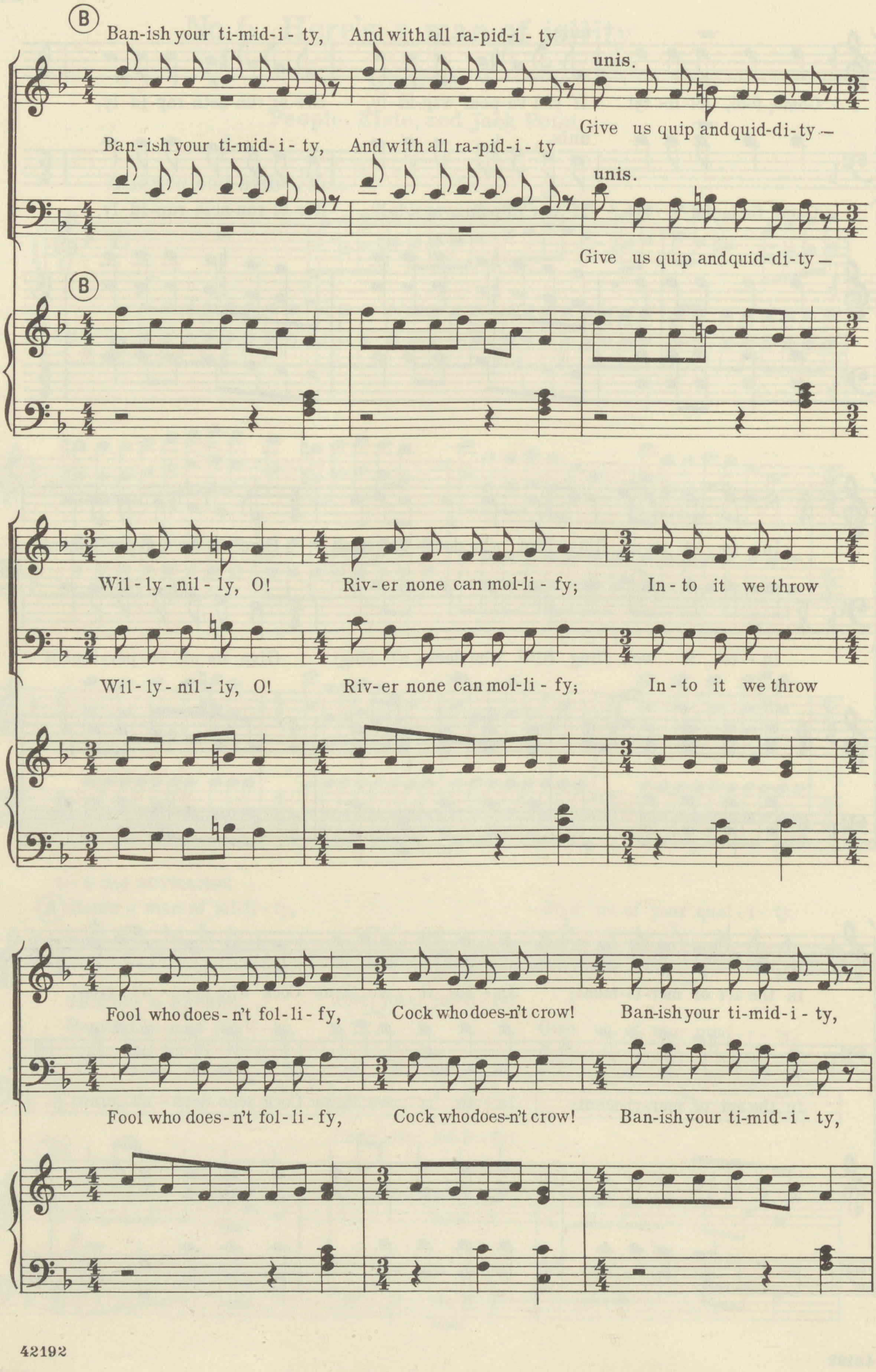
Chorus

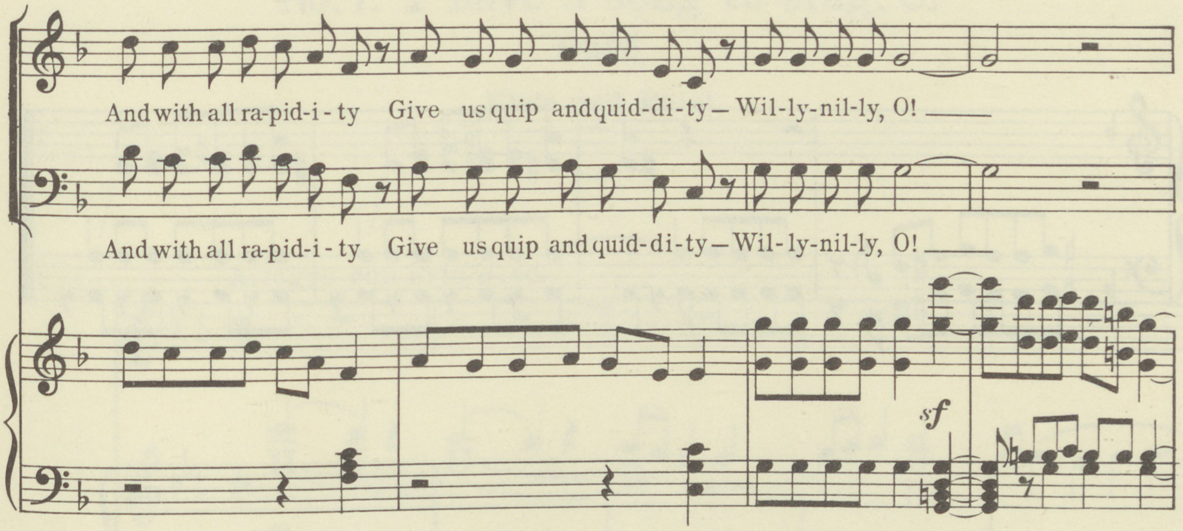
People, Elsie, and Jack Point

Allegro con brio ♩ = 184

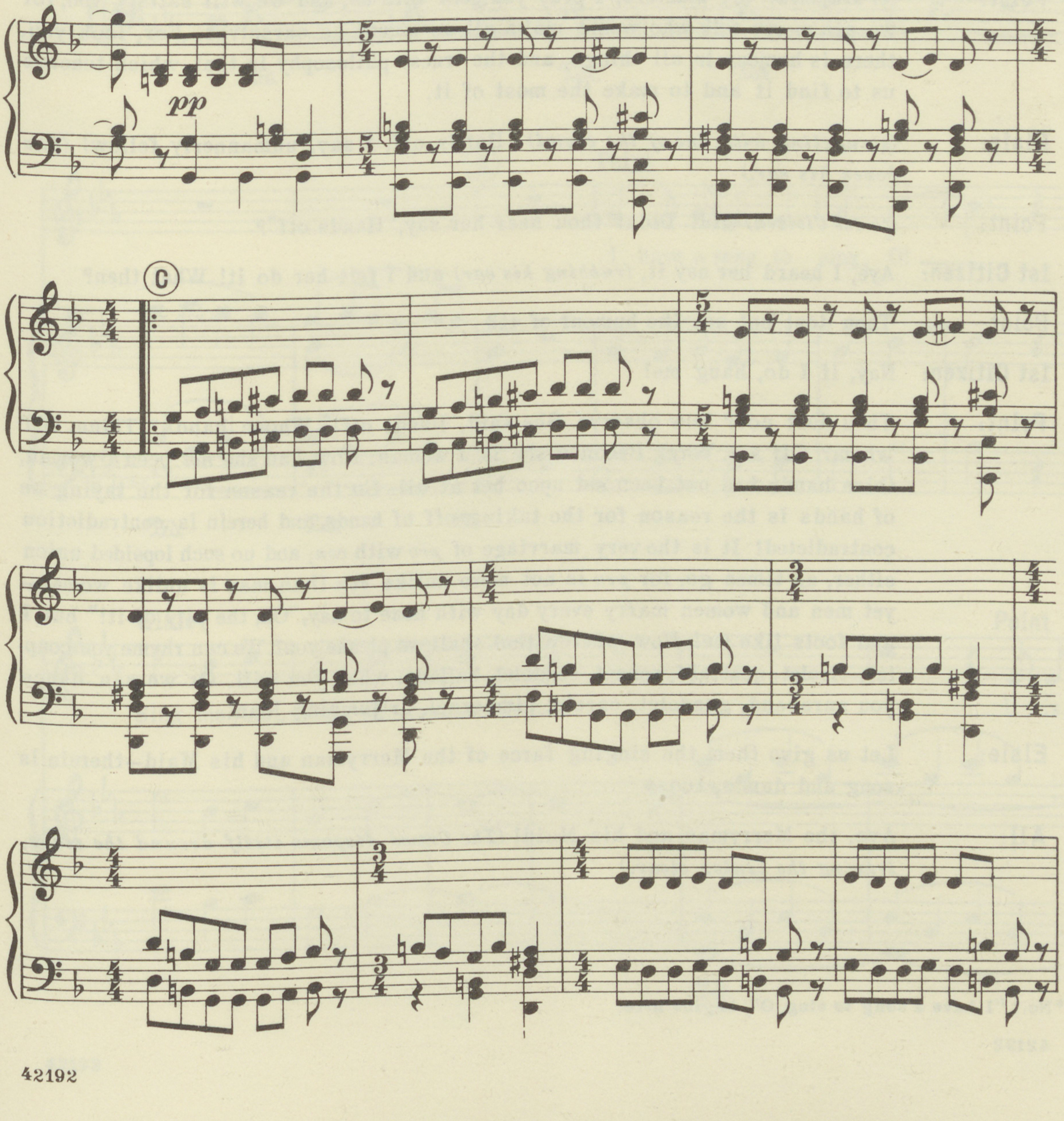

f
Ⓐ
1st & 2nd SOPRANOS
Here's a man of jol-li-ty,
Jibe, joke, jol-li-fy!
Give us of your qual-i-ty,
TENORS & BASSES
Here's a man of jol-li-ty,
Jibe, joke, jol-li-fy!
Give us of your qual-i-ty,
Ⓐ
f

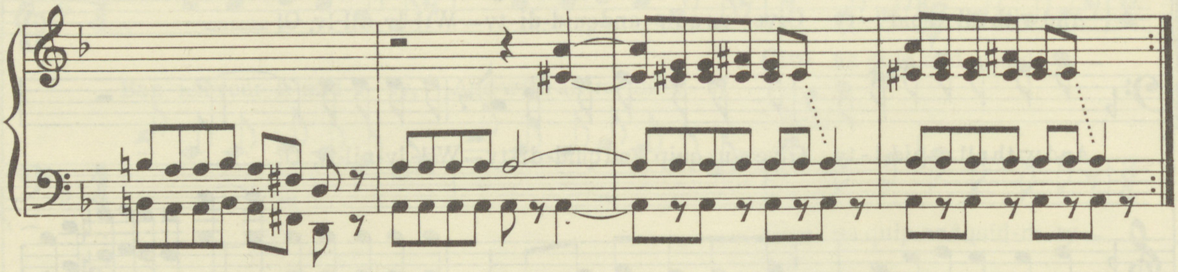

unis.
Come, fool, fol-li-fy! If you va-pour vap-id-ly, Riv-er run-neth rap-id-ly,
unis.
Come, fool, fol-li-fy! If you va-pour vap-id-ly, Riv-er run-neth rap-id-ly,
In-to it we_ fling Bird who does-n't_sing! Give us an ex-per-i-ment
In-to it we_ fling Bird who does-n't_sing! Give us an ex-per-i-ment
In the art of mer-ri-ment; In-to it we_throw Cock who does-n't_crow!
In the art of mer-ri-ment; In-to it we_throw Cock who does-n't_crow!


B
Ban-ish your ti-mid-i-ty, And with all ra-pid-i-ty
unis.
Give us quip and quid-di-ty—
Ban-ish your ti-mid-i-ty, And with all ra-pid-i-ty
unis.
Give us quip and quid-di-ty—
B
Wil-ly-nil-ly, O! Riv-er none can mol-li-fy; In-to it we throw
Wil-ly-nil-ly, O! Riv-er none can mol-li-fy; In-to it we throw
Fool who does-n't fol-li-fy, Cock who does-n't crow! Ban-ish your ti-mid-i-ty,
Fool who does-n't fol-li-fy, Cock who does-n't crow! Ban-ish your ti-mid-i-ty,


And with all ra-pid-i-ty Give us quip and quid-di-ty — Wil-ly-nil-ly, O!
And with all ra-pid-i-ty Give us quip and quid-di-ty — Wil-ly-nil-ly, O!
sf

(Dialogue continues through this *pianissimo* incidental music. On the cue: Elsie "Therein is song and dance too") attacca No. 7.





Point: *(C. alarmed)* My masters, I pray you bear with us, and we will satisfy you, for we are merry folk who would make all as merry as ourselves. For, look you, there is humour in all things, and the truest philosophy is that which teaches us to find it and to make the most of it.

Elsie: *(struggling with one of the crowd)* Hands off, I say, unmannerly fellow! *(She boxes his ear.)*

Point: *(to 1st Citizen)* Ha! Didst thou hear her say, "Hands off"?

1st Citizen: Aye, I heard her say it, *(rubbing his ear)* and I felt her do it! What then?

Point: Thou dost not see the humour of it?

1st Citizen: Nay, if I do, hang me!

Point: Thou dost not? Now observe. She said, "Hands off!" Whose hands? Thine. Off whom? Off *her*. Why? Because she is a woman. Now, had she *not* been a woman, thine hands had not been set upon her at all. So the reason for the laying on of hands is the reason for the taking off of hands, and herein is contradiction contradicted! It is the very marriage of *pro* with *con*; and no such lopsided union either, as times go, for *pro* is not more unlike *con* than man is unlike woman—yet men and women marry every day with none to say, "Oh, the pity of it!" but I and fools like me! Now wherewithal shall we please you? We can rhyme you couplet, triolet, quatrain, sonnet, rondelet, ballade, what you will. Or we can dance you saraband, gondolet, carole, pimpernel, or Jumping Joan.

Elsie: Let us give them the singing farce of the Merryman and his Maid—therein is song and dance, too.*

All: Aye, the Merryman and his Maid! *(The Crowd disposes itself around the stage, leaving the center clear.)*

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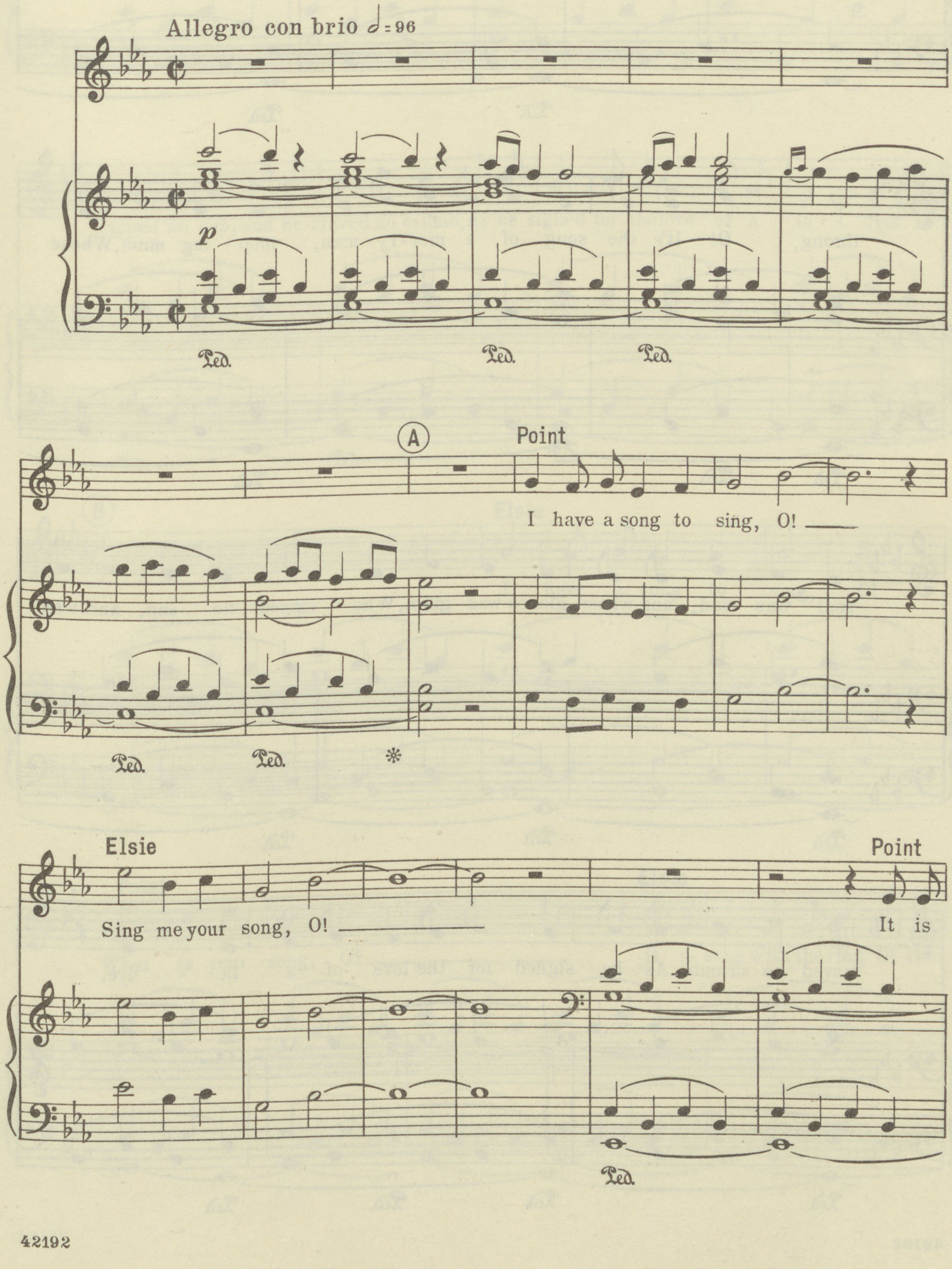
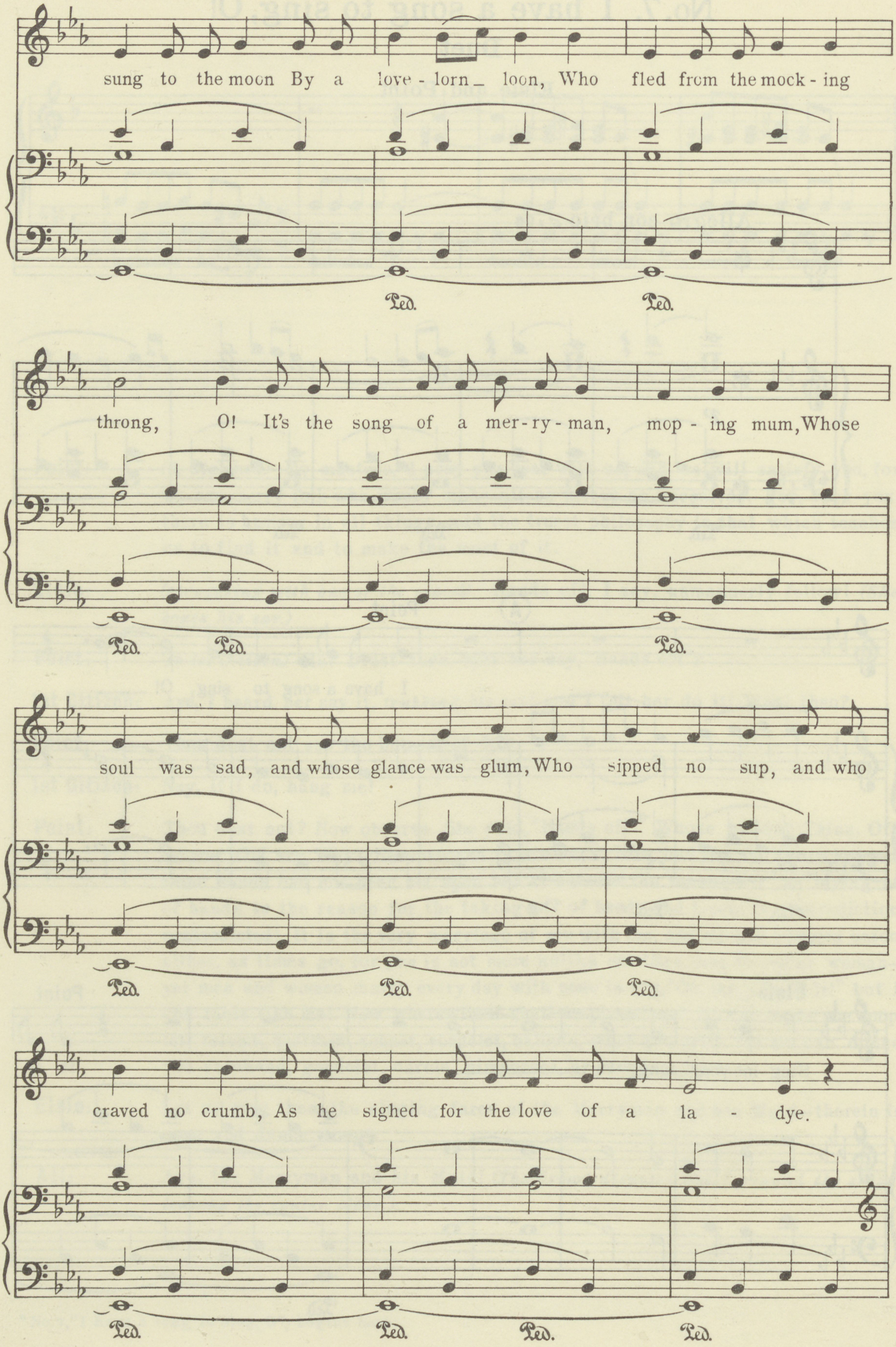
*No.7, "I have a song to sing, O", begins here.

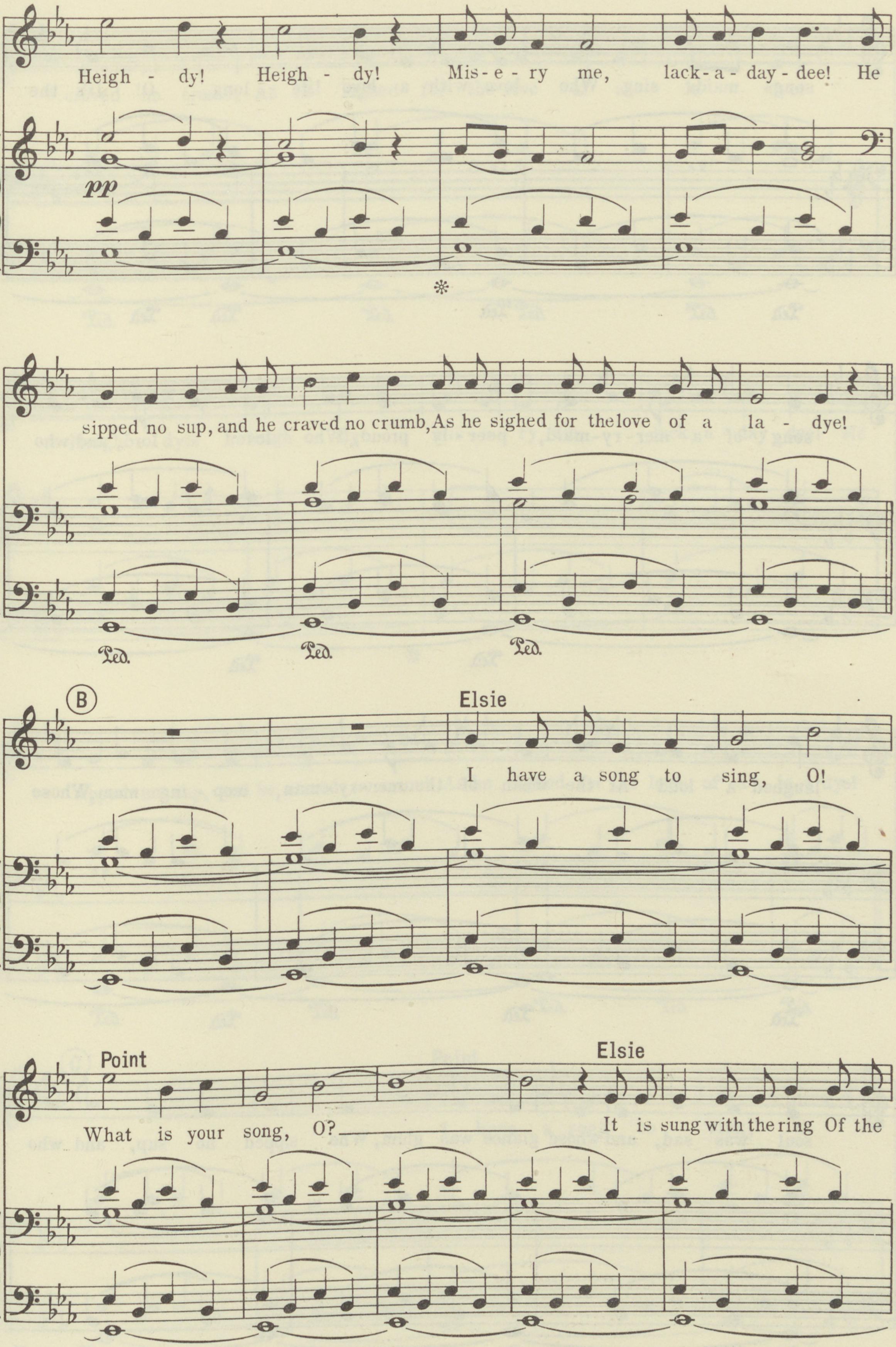
No. 7. I have a song to sing, O!

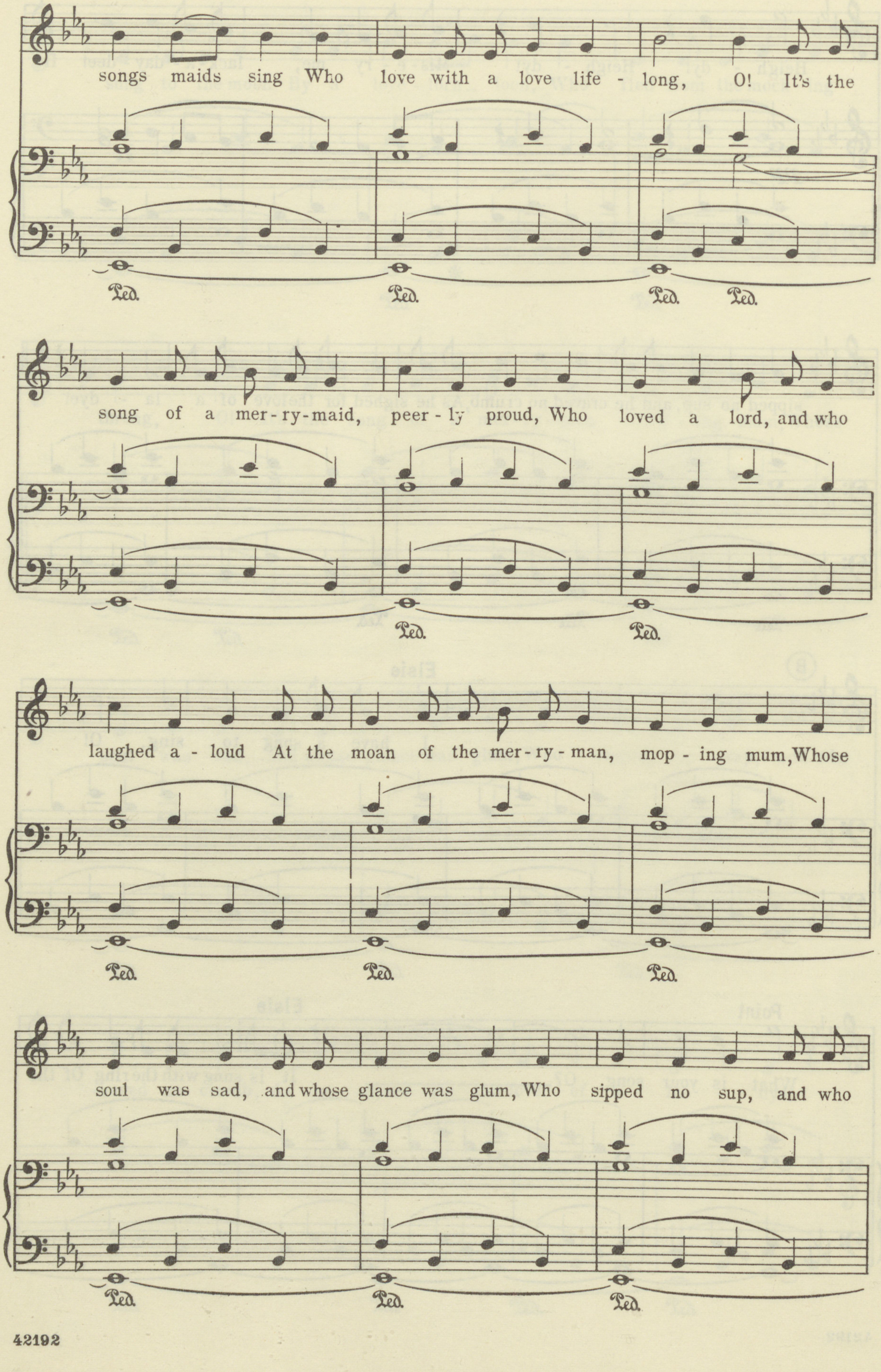
Duet

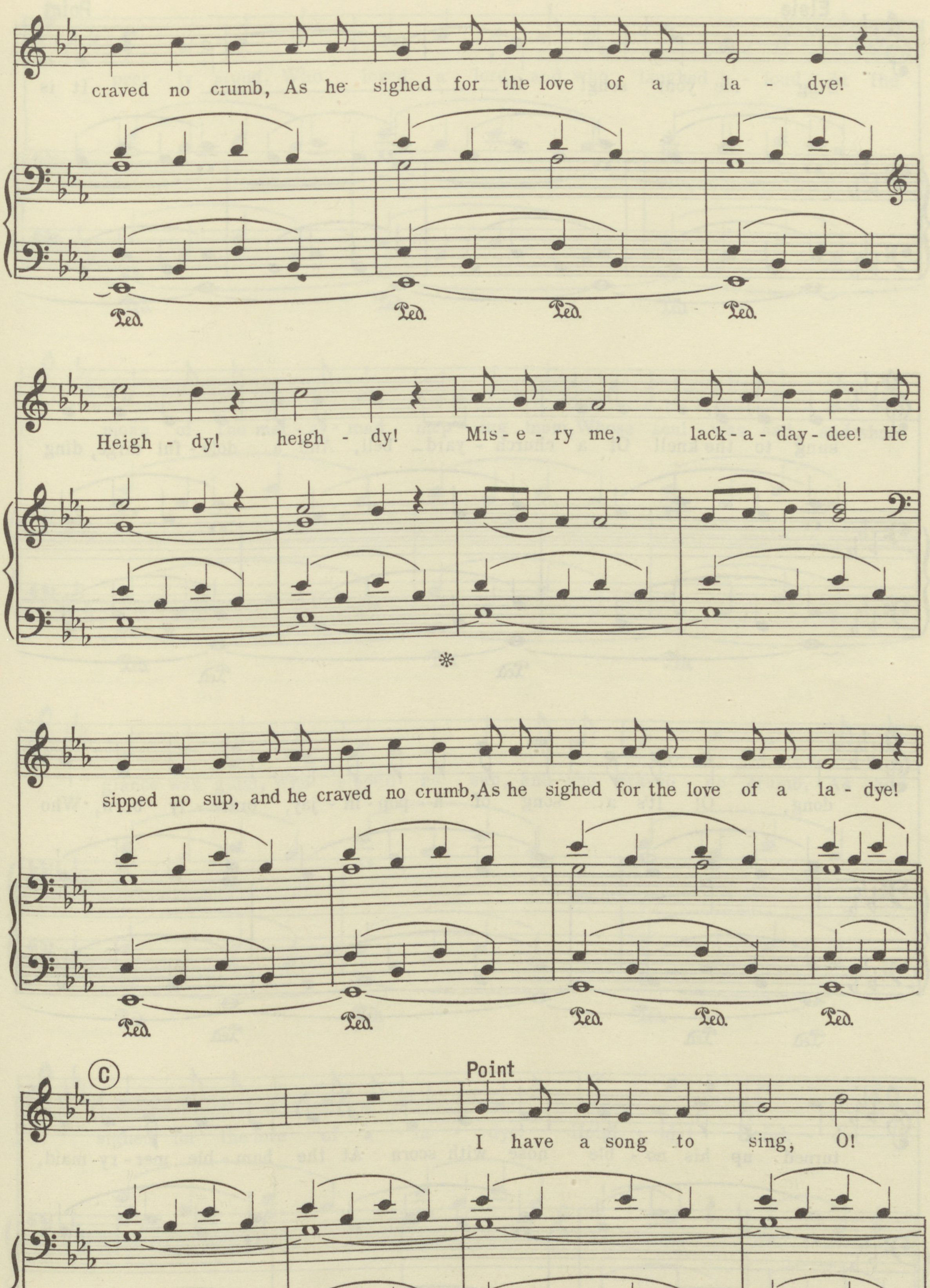
Elsie and Point

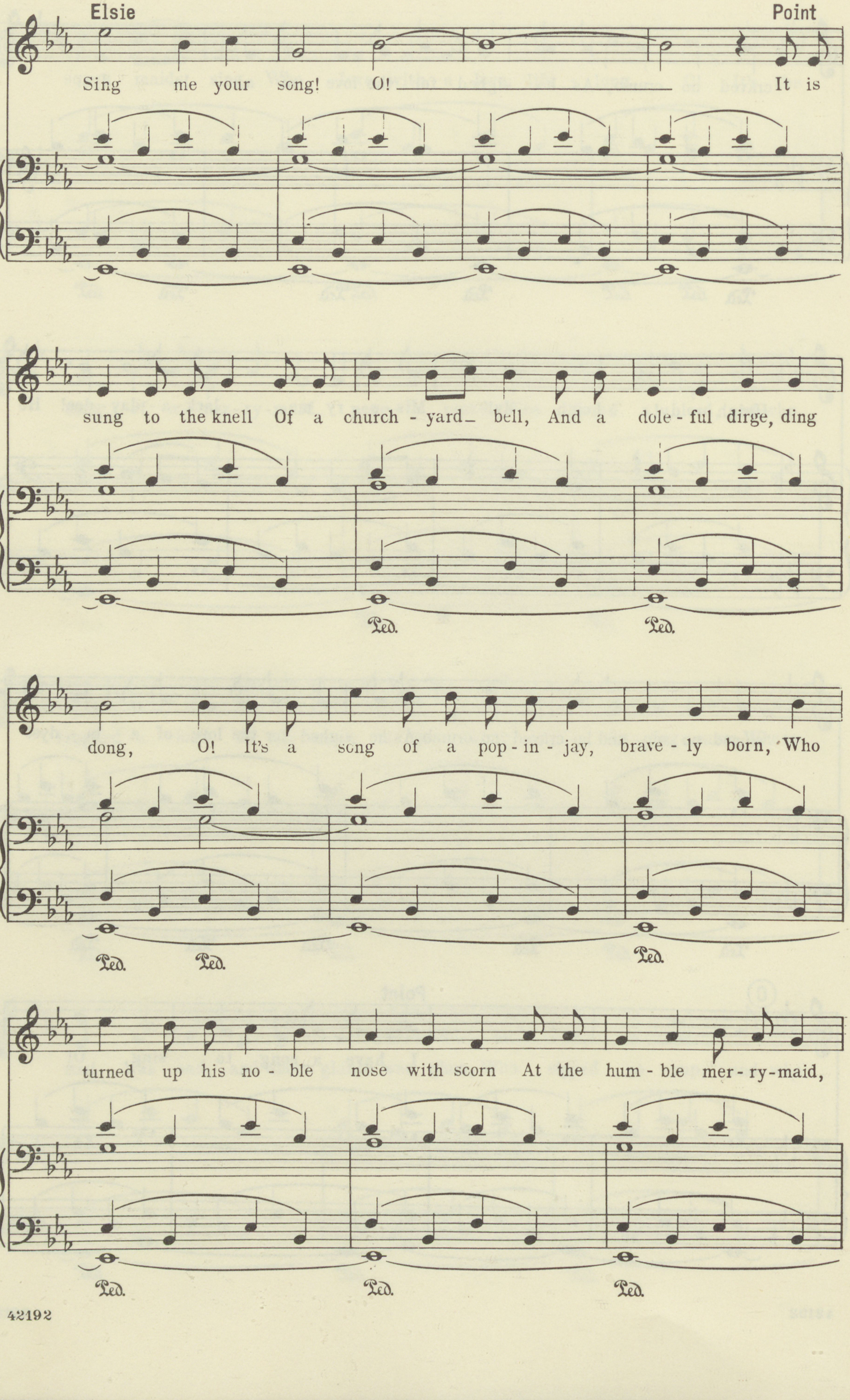

Allegro con brio 𝅗𝅥 = 96
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
A
Point
I have a song to sing, O!
Ped.
Ped.
*
Elsie
Sing me your song, O!
Point
It is
Ped.

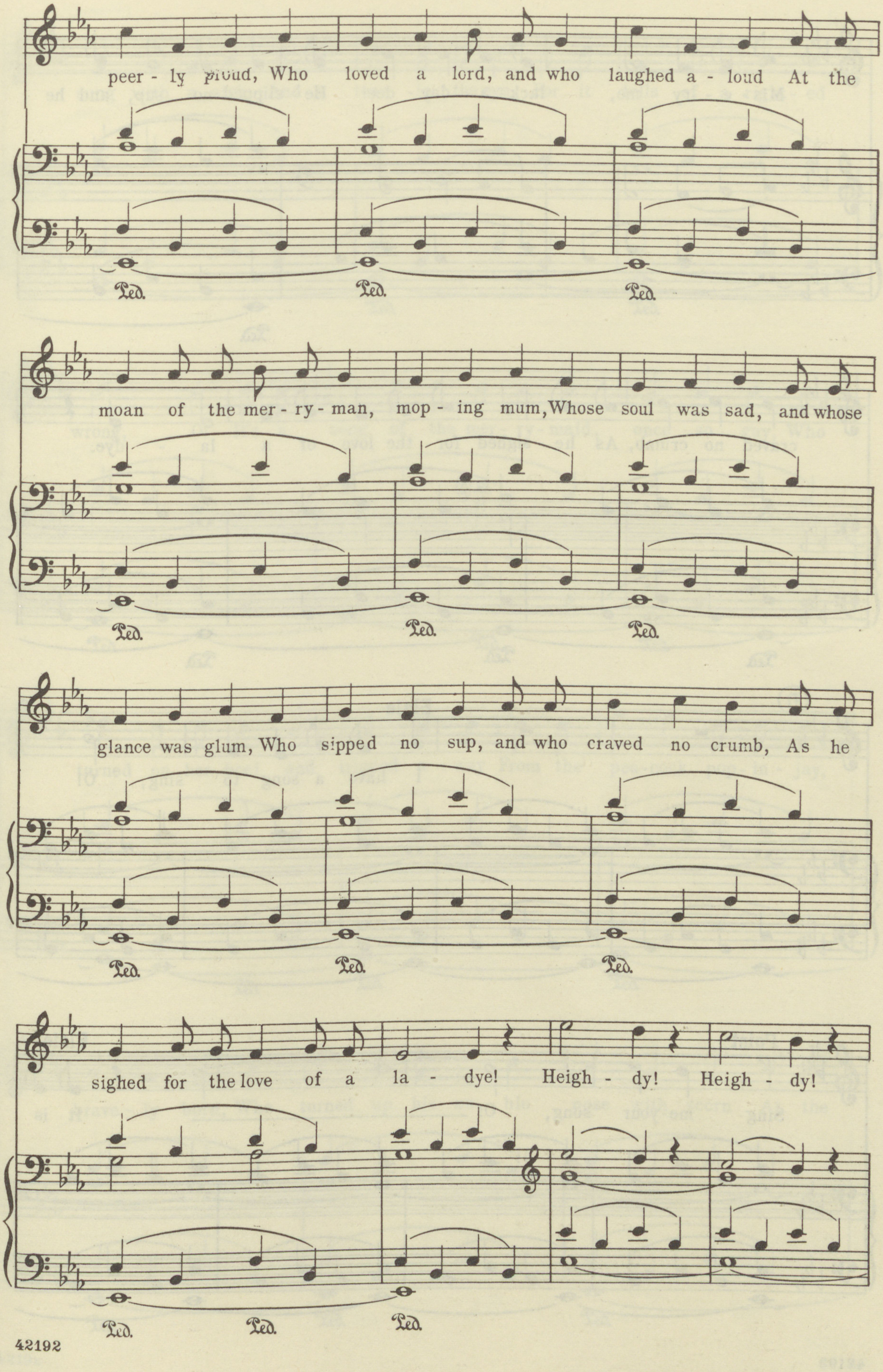

sung to the moon By a love-lorn_ loon, Who fled from the mock-ing
throng, O! It's the song of a mer-ry-man, mop-ing mum, Whose
soul was sad, and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who
craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

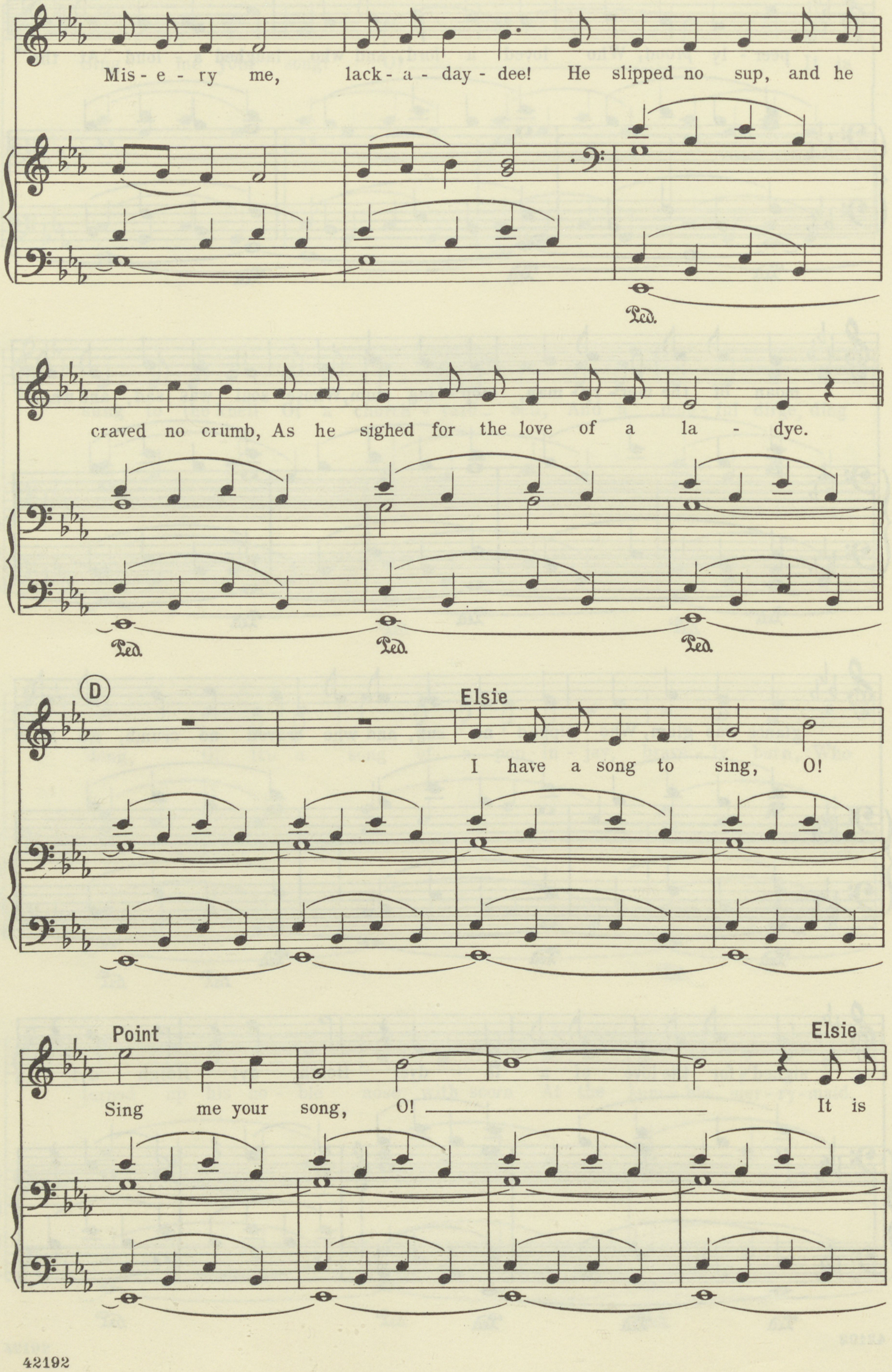

Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Mis-e-ry me, lack-a-day-dee! He
pp
sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye!
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
B
Elsie
I have a song to sing, O!
Point
What is your song, O?
Elsie
It is sung with the ring Of the

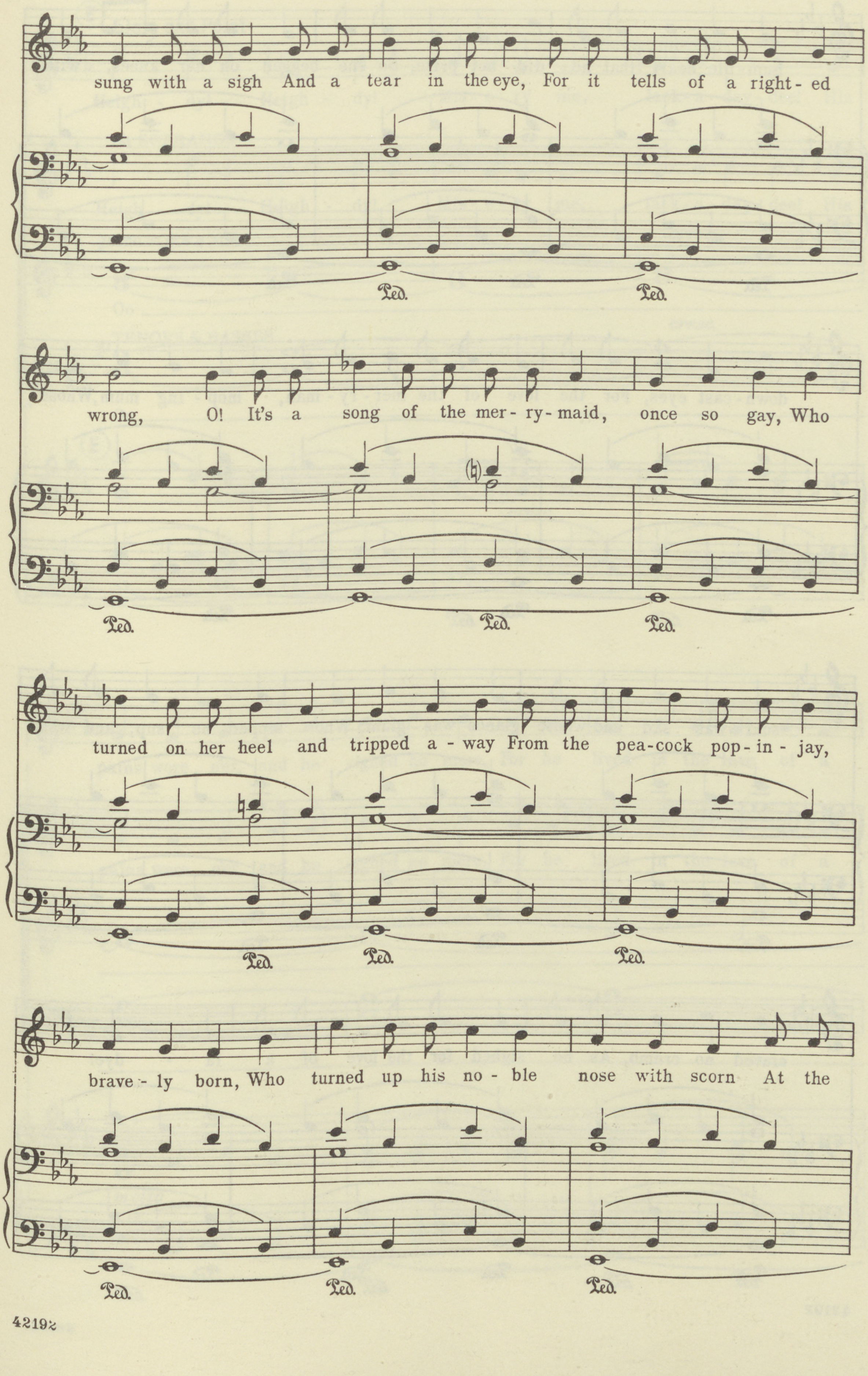

songs maids sing Who love with a love life - long, O! It's the
song of a mer-ry-maid, peer - ly proud, Who loved a lord, and who
laughed a - loud At the moan of the mer-ry-man, mop - ing mum, Whose
soul was sad, and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who
Ped.

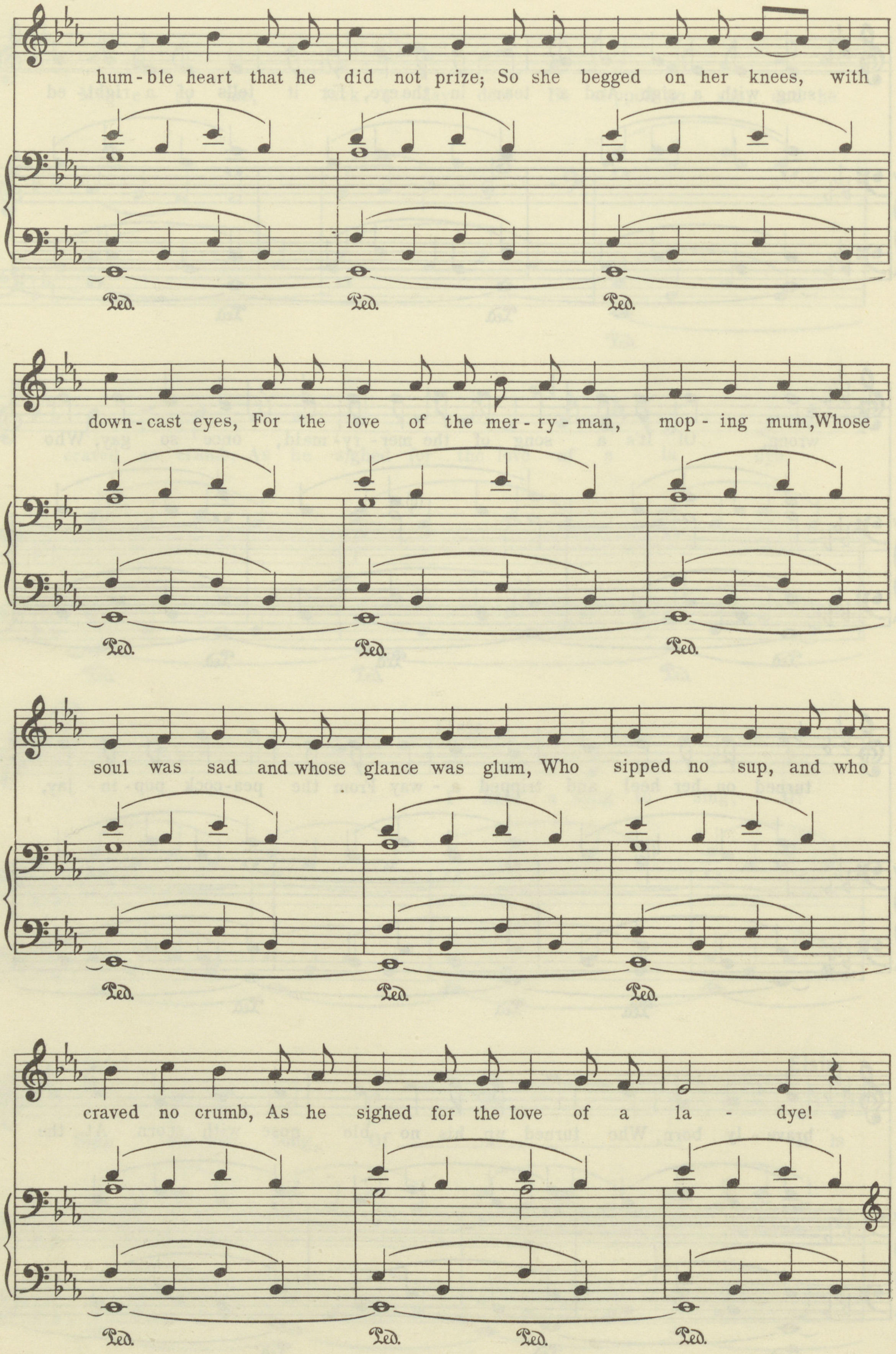

craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye!
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
Heigh - dy! heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! He
*
sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye!
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
C
Point
I have a song to sing, O!

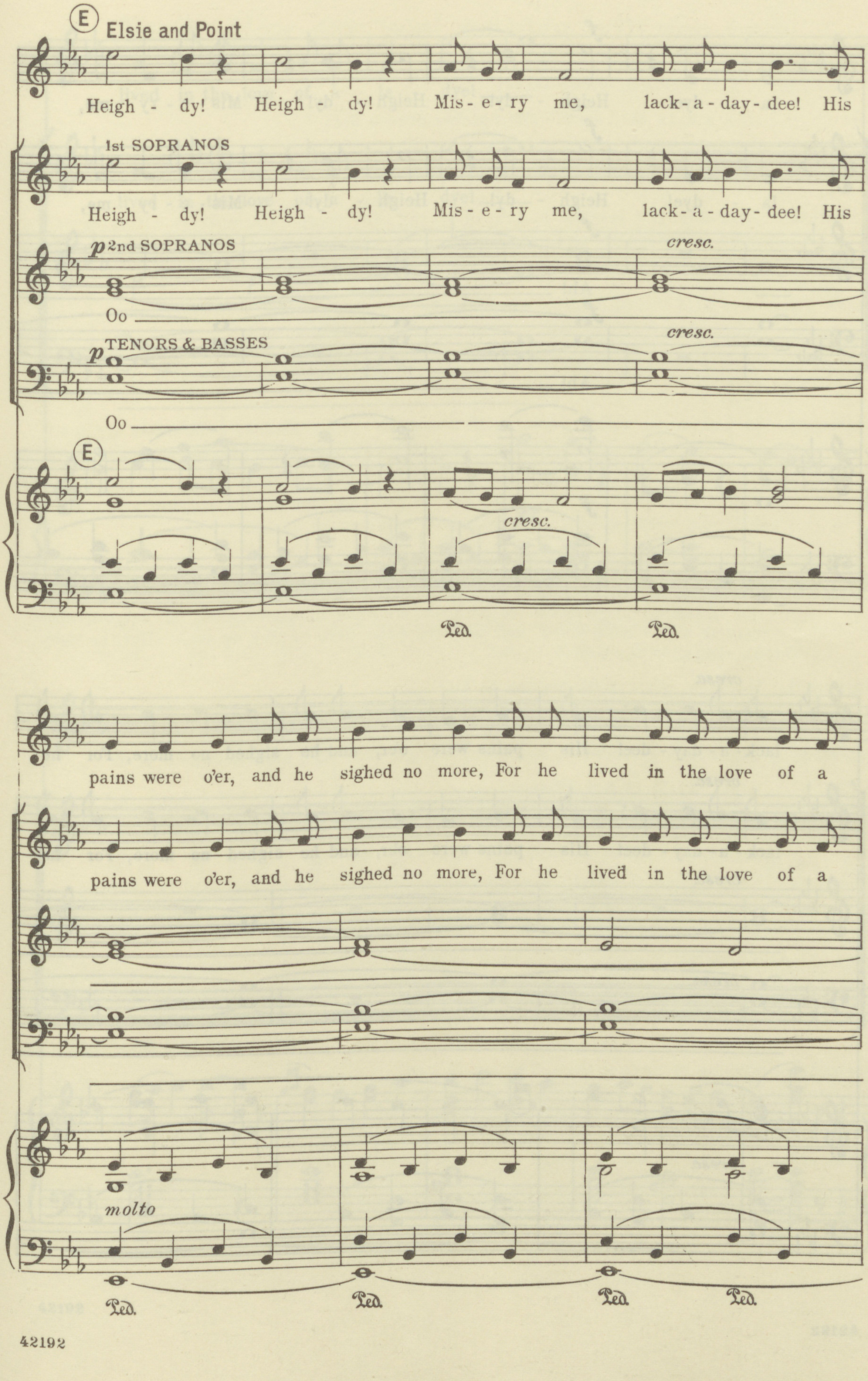

Elsie
Point
Sing me your song! O! It is
sung to the knell Of a church - yard_ bell, And a dole - ful dirge, ding
dong, O! It's a song of a pop - in - jay, brave - ly born, Who
turned up his no - ble nose with scorn At the hum - ble mer - ry - maid,
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

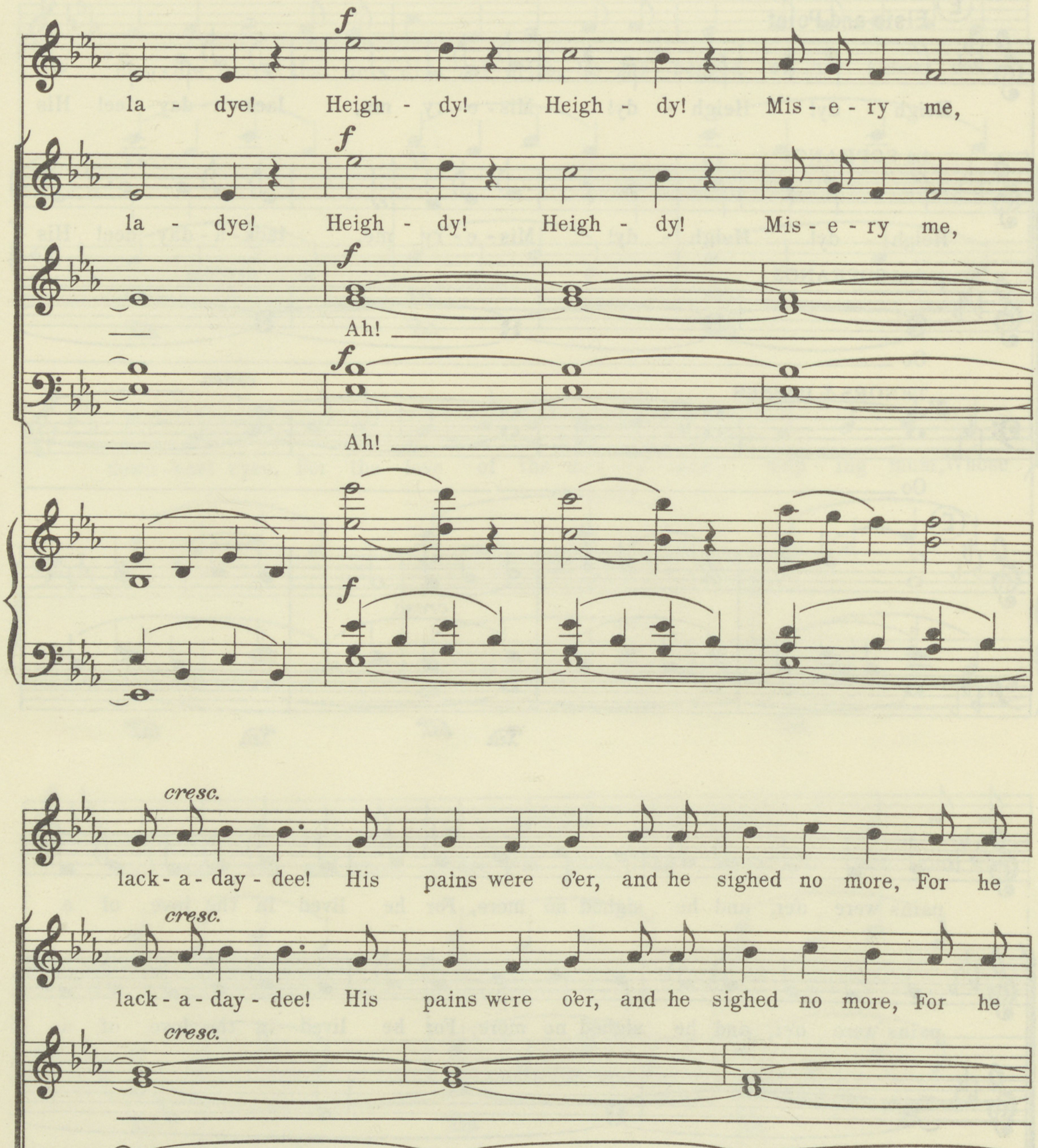

peer - ly proud, Who loved a lord, and who laughed a - loud At the
Ped. Ped. Ped.
moan of the mer - ry - man, mop - ing mum, Whose soul was sad, and whose
Ped. Ped. Ped.
glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crumb, As he
Ped. Ped. Ped.
sighed for the love of a la - dye! Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy!
Ped. Ped. Ped.

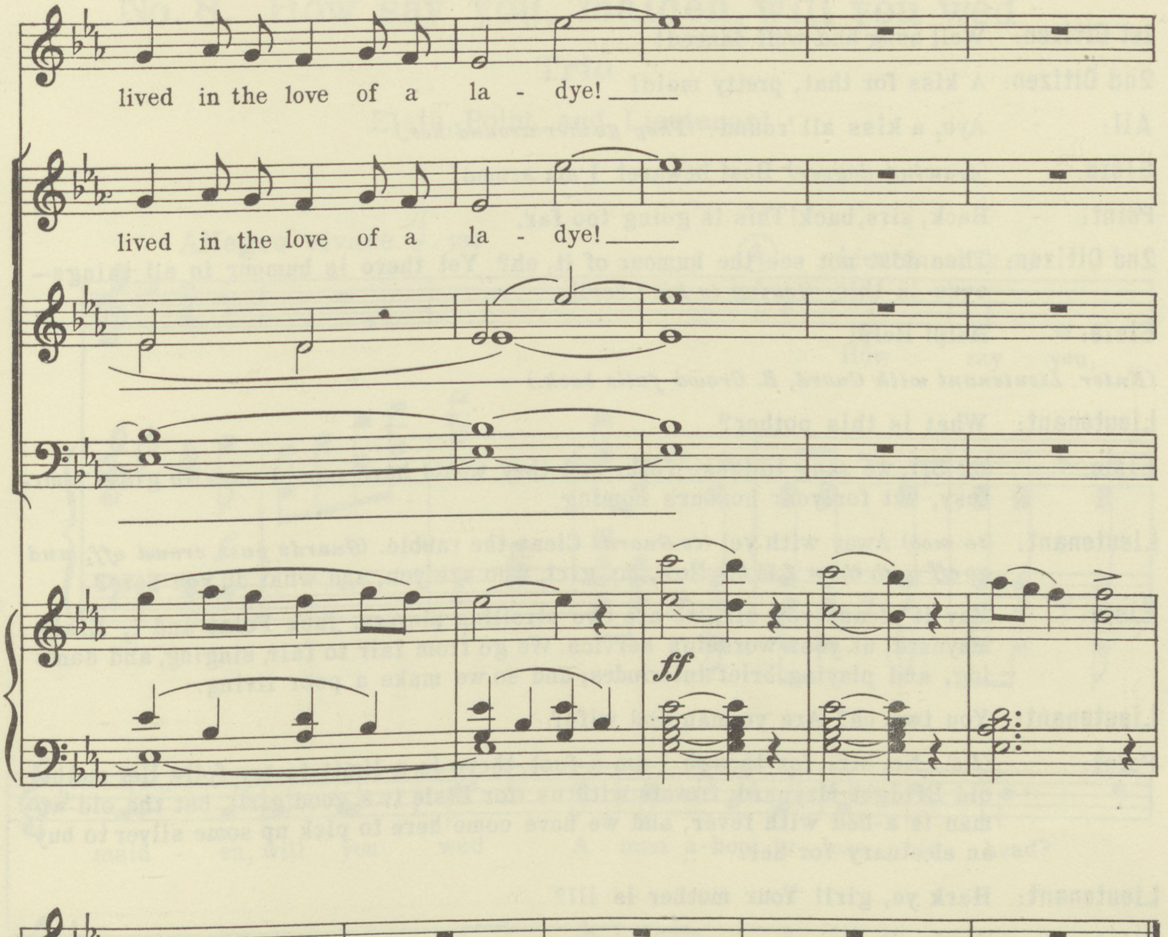

Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! He slipped no sup, and he
craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye.
D
Elsie
I have a song to sing, O!
Point
Sing me your song, O!
Elsie
It is
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


sung with a sigh And a tear in the eye, For it tells of a right-ed
wrong, O! It's a song of the mer-ry-maid, once so gay, Who
turned on her heel and tripped a-way From the pea-cock pop-in-jay,
brave-ly born, Who turned up his no-ble nose with scorn At the
Ped.


hum-ble heart that he did not prize; So she begged on her knees, with
down-cast eyes, For the love of the mer-ry-man, mop-ing mum, Whose
soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup, and who
craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye!
Ped.


E
Elsie and Point
Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! His
1st SOPRANOS
Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me, lack - a - day - dee! His
p 2nd SOPRANOS
cresc.
Oo
p TENORS & BASSES
cresc.
Oo
E
cresc.
Ped.
Ped.
pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he lived in the love of a
pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he lived in the love of a
molto
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


f
la - dye! Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me,
f
la - dye! Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me,
f
Ah!
f
Ah!
f
cresc.
lack - a - day - dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he
cresc.
lack - a - day - dee! His pains were o'er, and he sighed no more, For he
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.


lived in the love of a la - dye!
lived in the love of a la - dye!
ff

1st Citizen: Well sung and well danced!

2nd Citizen: A kiss for that, pretty maid!

All: Aye, a kiss all 'round. *(They gather around her.)*

Elsie: *(drawing dagger)* Best beware! I am armed!

Point: Back, sirs, back! This is going too far.

2nd Citizen: Thou dost not see the humour of it, eh? Yet there is humour in all things—even in this. *(trying to kiss her)*

Elsie: Help! Help!

(Enter Lieutenant with Guard, R. Crowd falls back.)

Lieutenant: What is this pother?

Elsie: *(C.)* Sir, we sang to these folk, and they would have repaid us with gross courtesy, but for your honour's coming.

Lieutenant: *(to mob)* Away with ye! *(to Guard)* Clear the rabble. *(Guards push crowd off, and go off with them L.U.E.)* Now, my girl, who are you, and what do you here?

Elsie: May it please you, sir, we are two strolling players, Jack Point and I, Elsie Maynard, at your worship's service. We go from fair to fair, singing, and dancing, and playing brief interludes; and so we make a poor living.

Lieutenant: You two, eh? Are ye man and wife?

Point: *(L.C.)* No, sir; for though I am a fool, there is a limit to my folly. Her mother, old Bridget Maynard, travels with us (for Elsie is a good girl), but the old woman is a-bed with fever, and we have come here to pick up some silver to buy an electuary for her.

Lieutenant: Hark ye, girl! Your mother is ill?

Elsie: Sorely ill, sir.

Lieutenant: And needs good food, and many things that thou canst not buy?

Elsie: Alas! sir, it is too true.

Lieutenant: Wouldst thou earn an hundred crowns?

Elsie: An hundred crowns! They might save her life!

Lieutenant: Then listen! A worthy but unhappy gentleman is to be beheaded in an hour on this very spot. For sufficient reasons, he desires to marry before he dies, and he hath asked me to find him a wife. Wilt thou be that wife?

Elsie: The wife of a man I have never seen?

Point: Why, sir, look you, I am concerned in this; for though I am not yet wedded to Elsie Maynard, time works wonders, and there's no knowing what may be in store for us. Have we your worship's word for it that this gentleman will die today?

Lieutenant: Nothing is more certain, I grieve to say.

Point: And that the maiden will be allowed to depart the very instant the ceremony is at an end?

Lieutenant: The very instant. I pledge my honour that it shall be so.

Point: An hundred crowns?

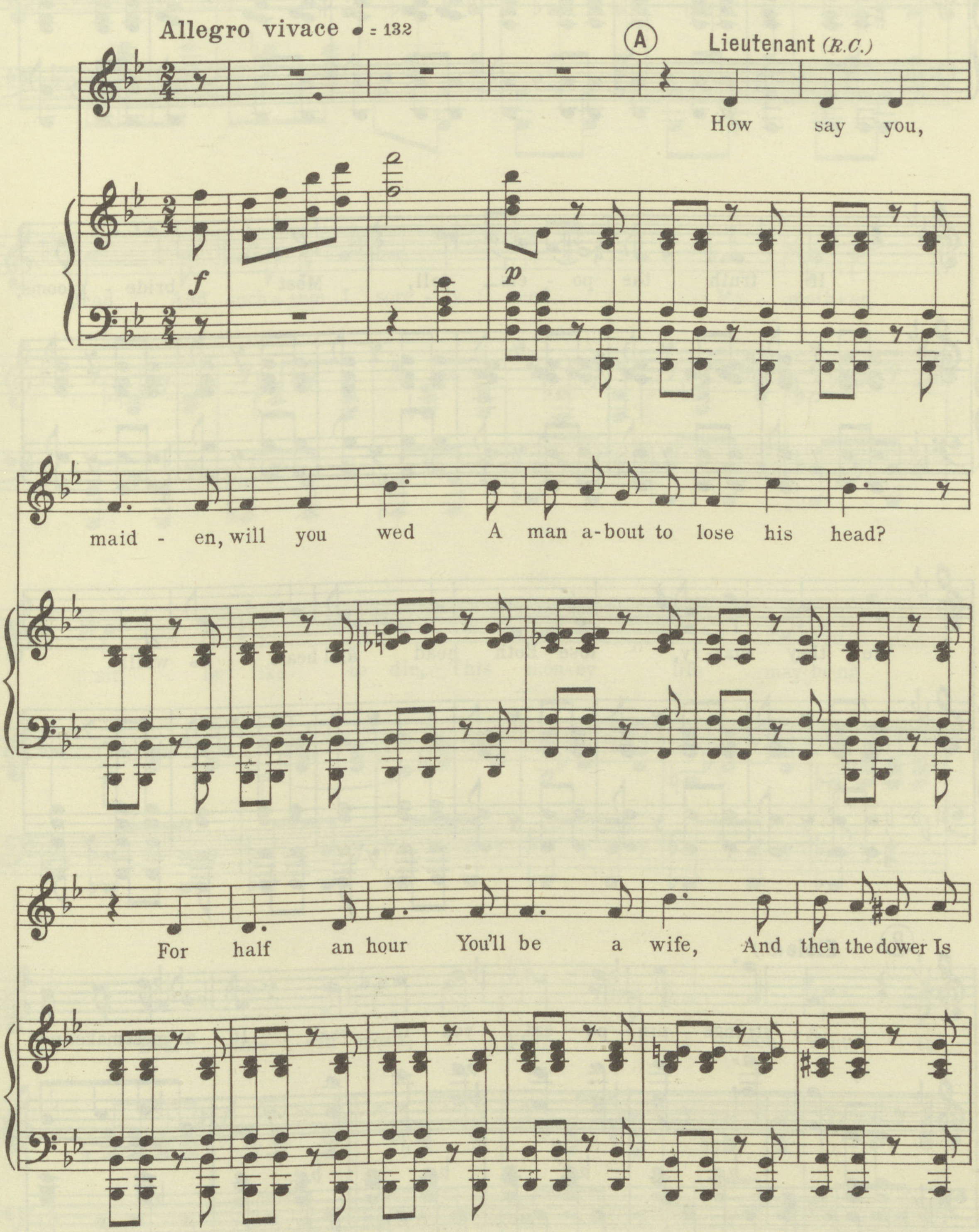
Lieutenant: An hundred crowns!

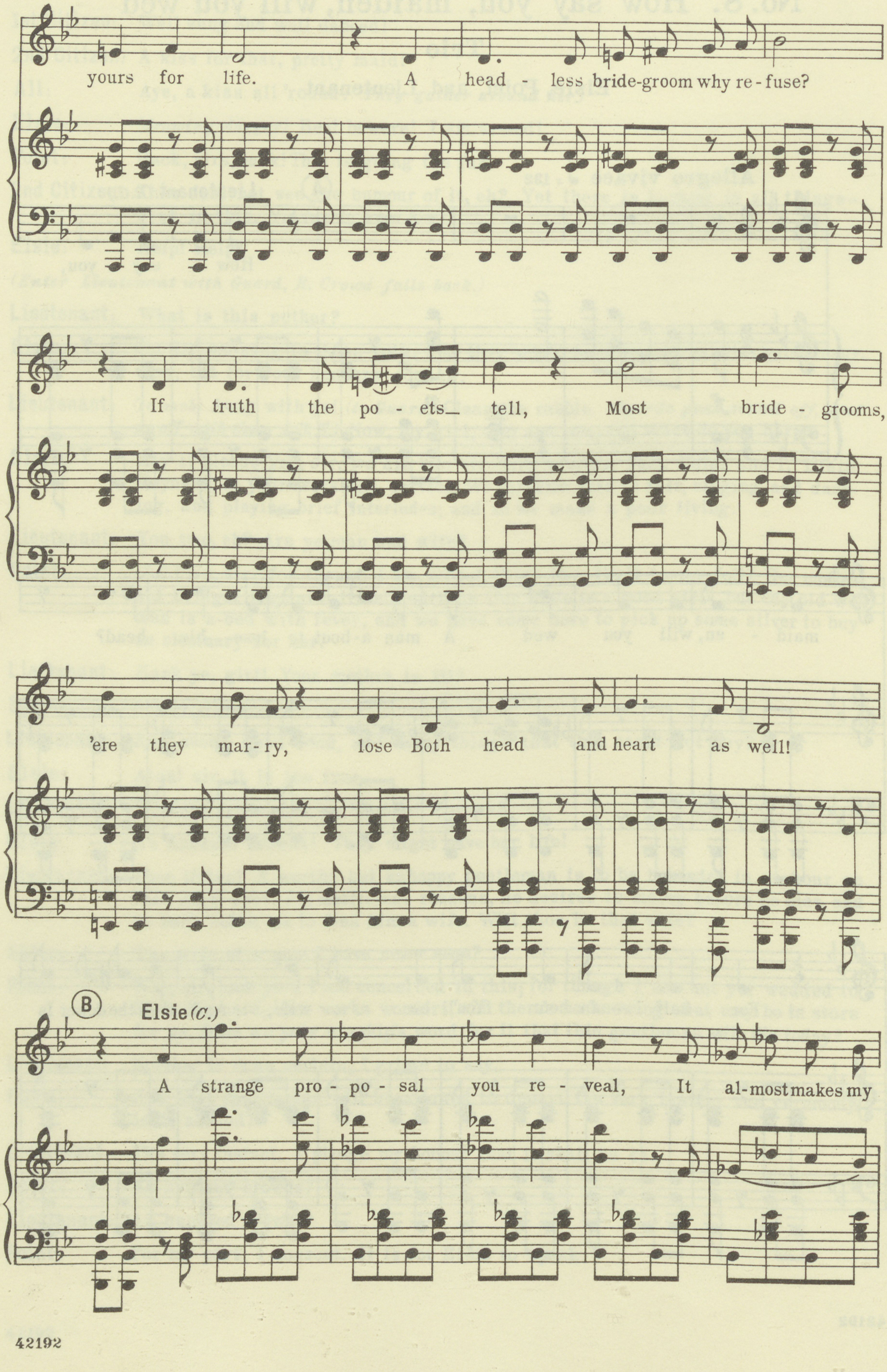
Point: For my part, I consent. It is for Elsie to speak.

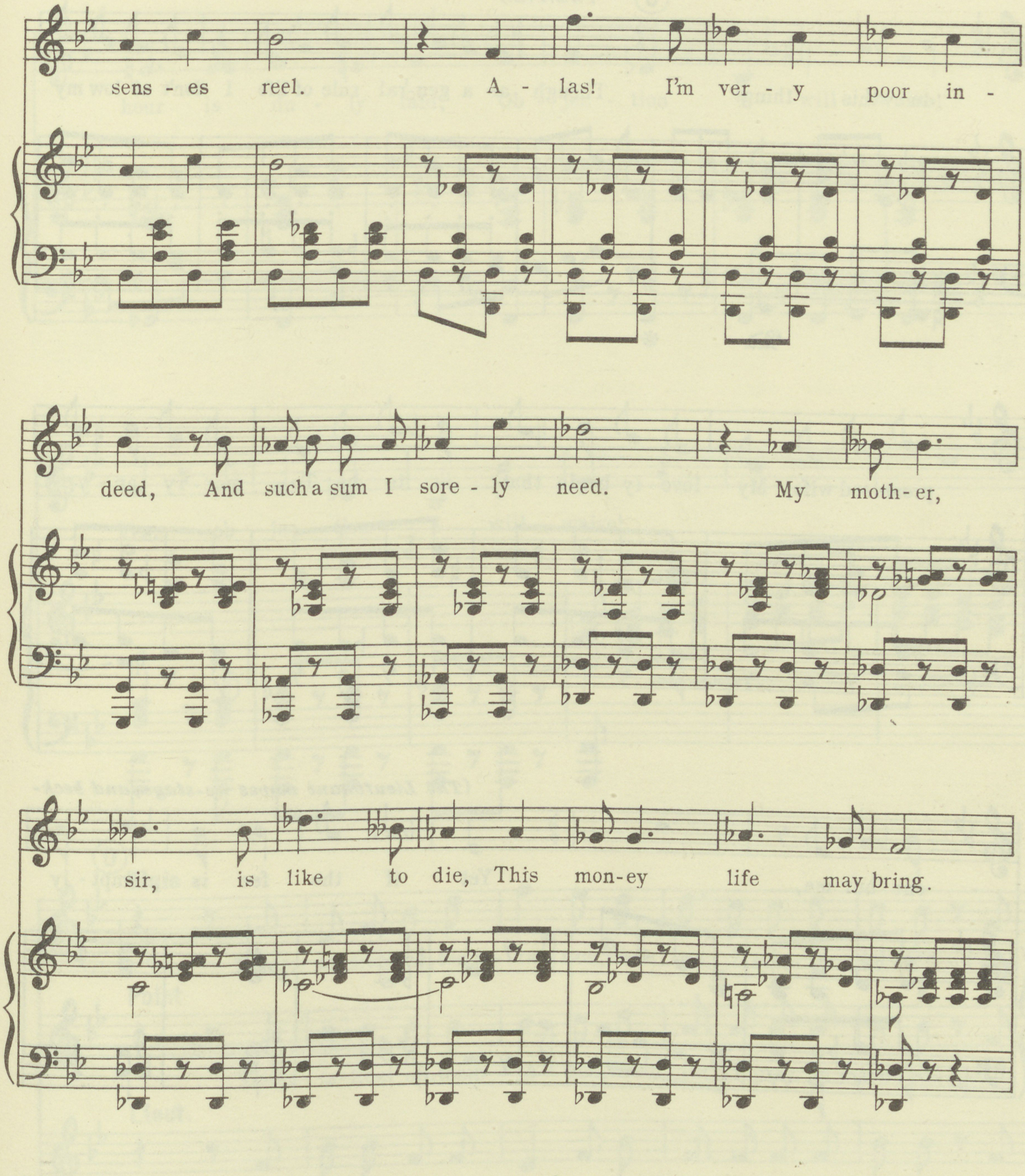
No. 8. How say you, maiden, will you wed

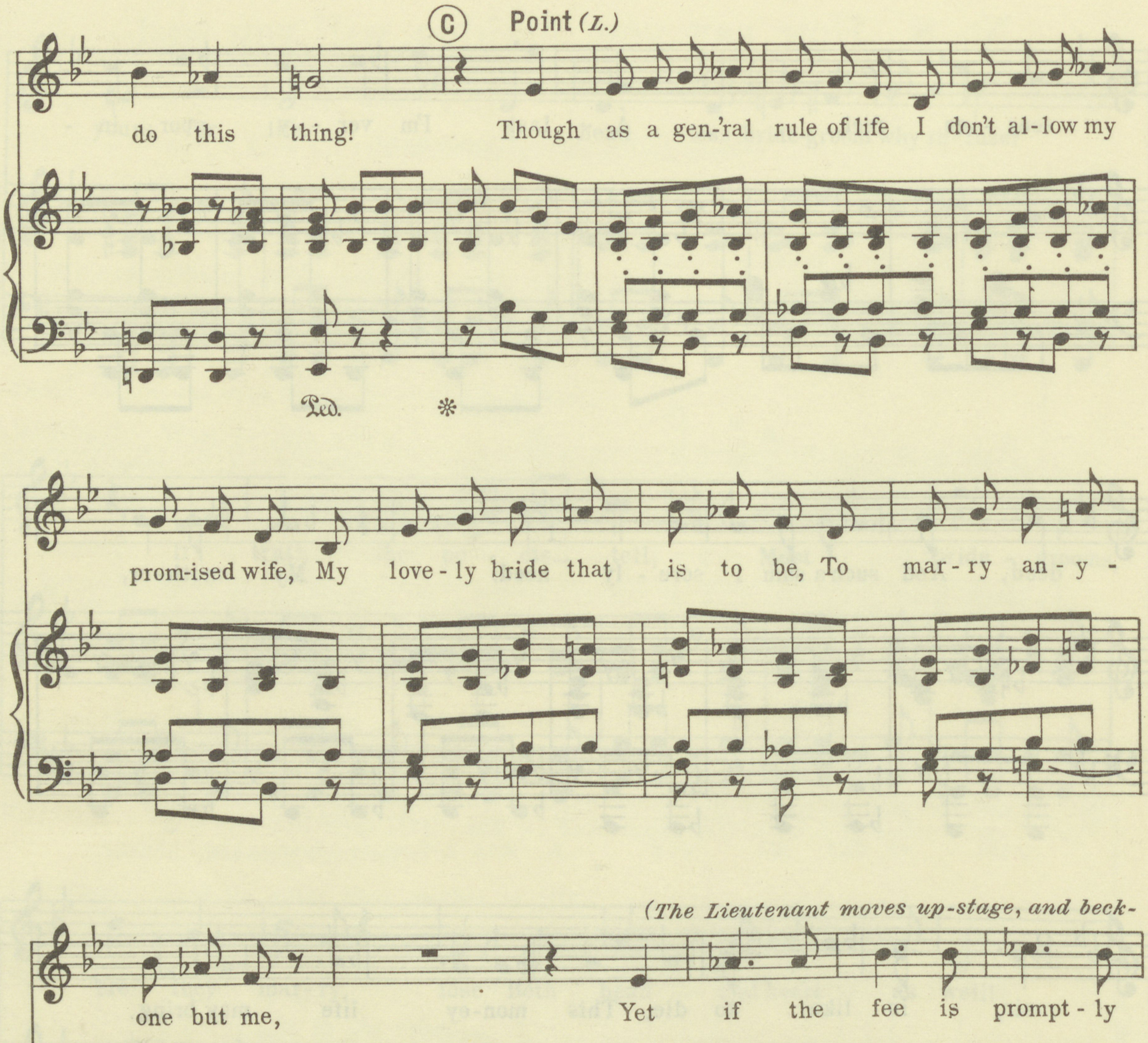
Trio

Elsie, Point, and Lieutenant

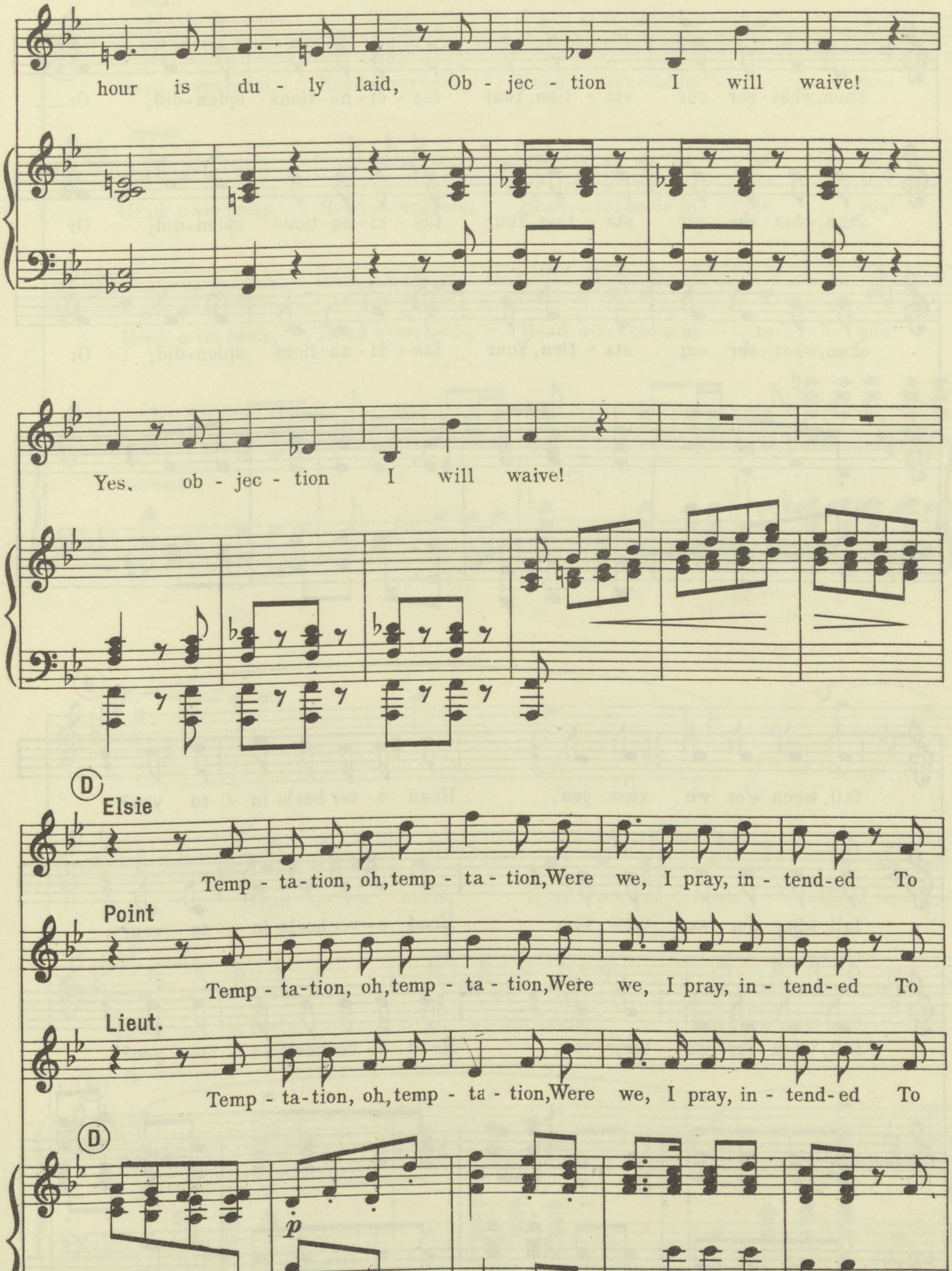

Allegro vivace ♩= 132
A
Lieutenant (R.C.)
f
p
How say you,
maid - en, will you wed A man a-bout to lose his head?
For half an hour You'll be a wife, And then the dower Is

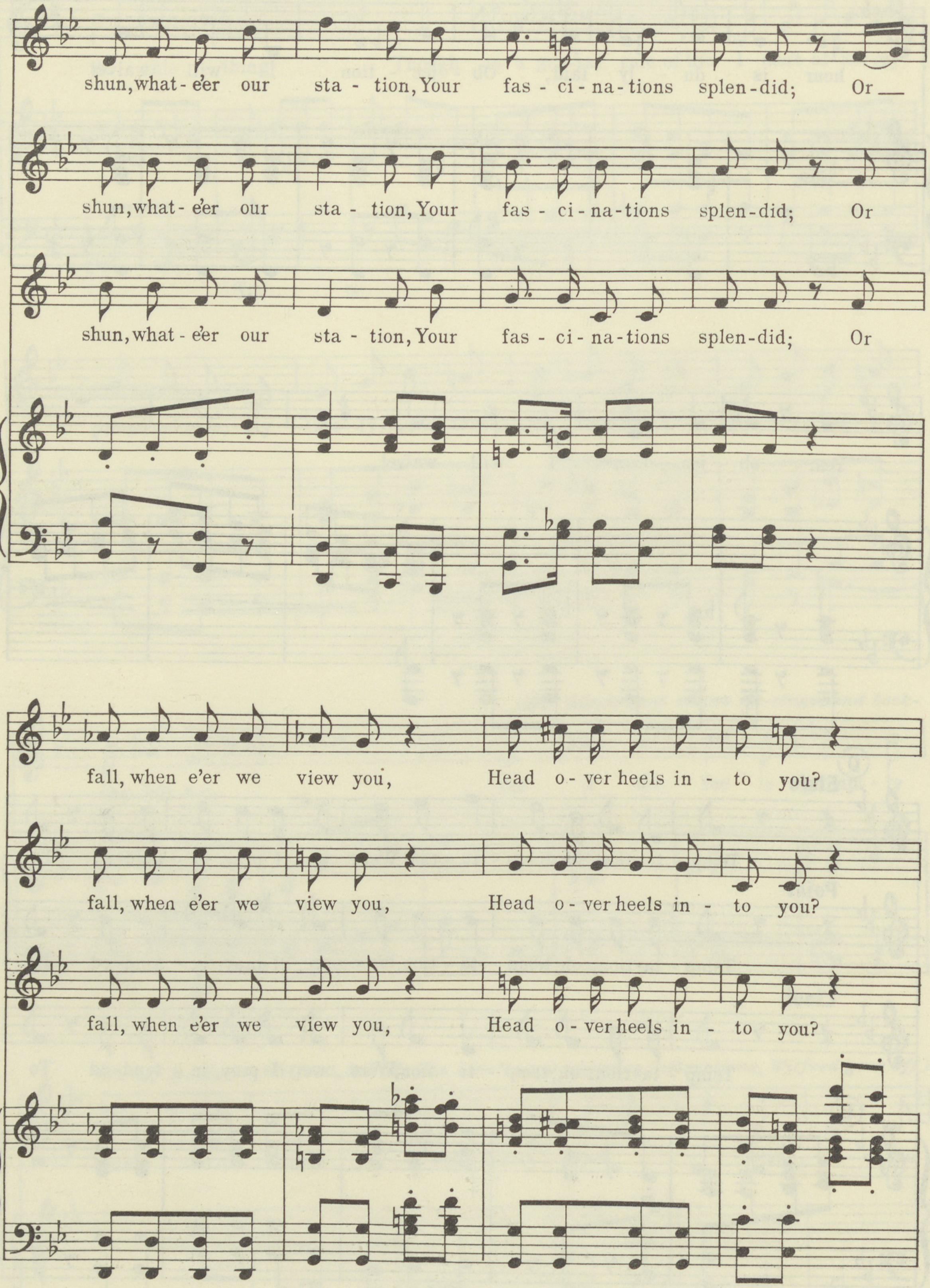

yours for life. A head - less bride-groom why re - fuse?
If truth the po - ets tell, Most bride - grooms,
'ere they mar - ry, lose Both head and heart as well!
B
Elsie (C.)
A strange pro - po - sal you re - veal, It al - most makes my

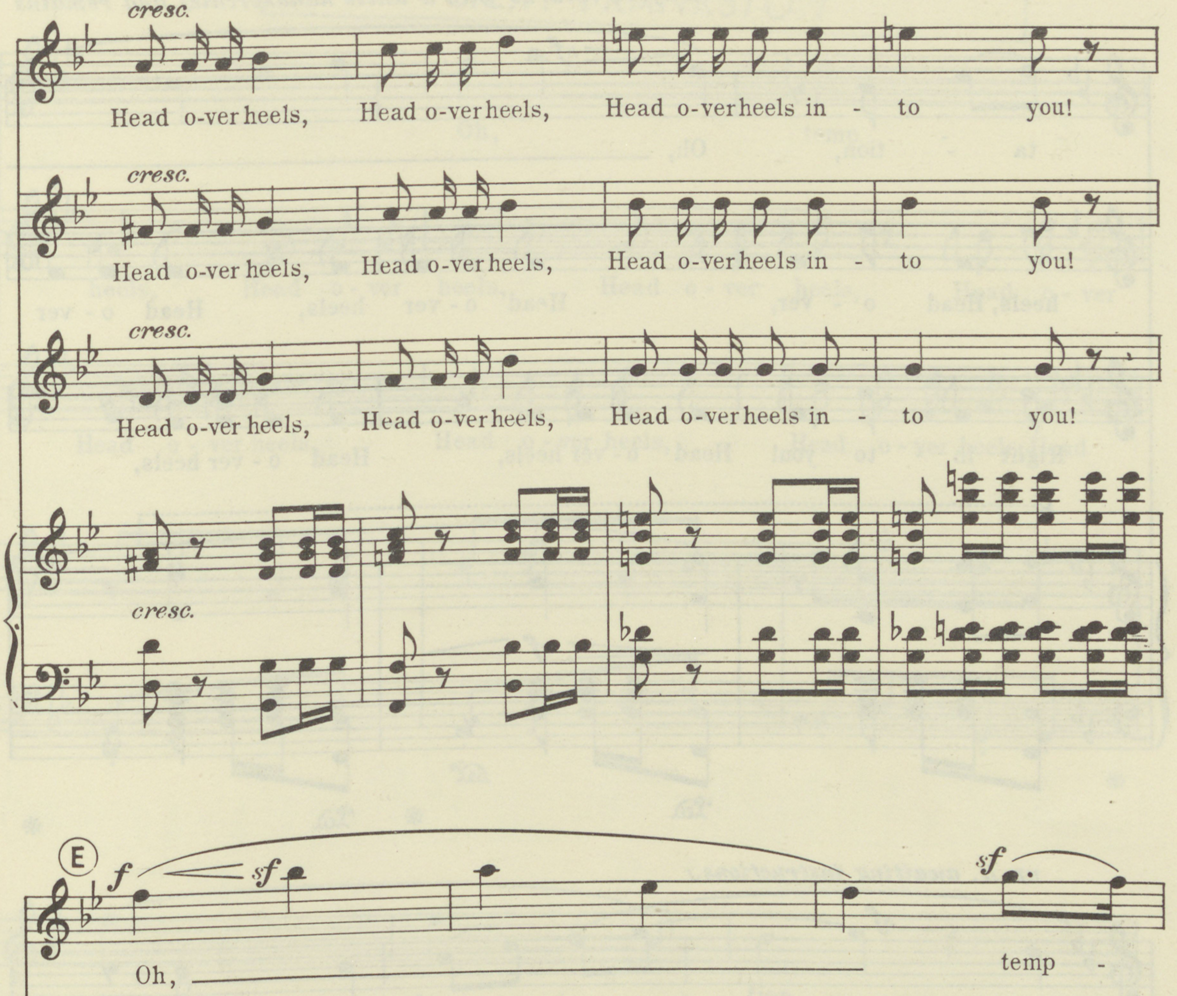

sens - es reel. A - las! I'm ver - y poor in -
deed, And such a sum I sore - ly need. My moth - er,
sir, is like to die, This mon - ey life may bring.
Bear this in mind, I pray, if I con - sent to


Ⓒ Point (L.)
do this thing! Though as a gen-'ral rule of life I don't al-low my
Ped. *
prom-ised wife, My love-ly bride that is to be, To mar-ry an-y-
one but me, Yet if the fee is prompt-ly
paid, And he, in well-earned grave, With-in the

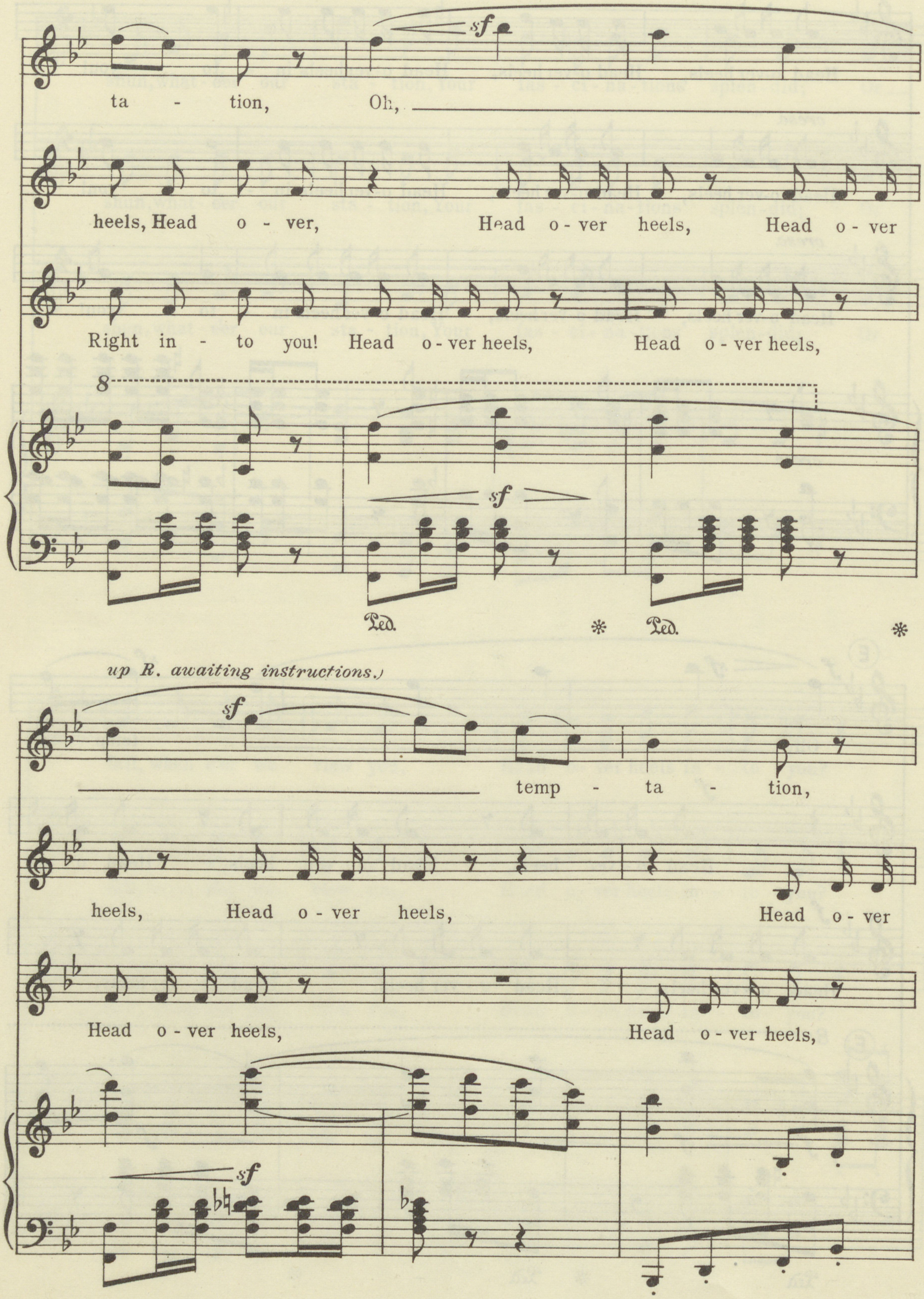
(The Lieutenant moves up-stage, and beckons off R. Enter Wilfred, R. U. E. The Lieutenant whispers instructions, Wilfred goes off.)


hour is du - ly laid, Ob - jec - tion I will waive!
Yes, ob - jec - tion I will waive!
D
Elsie
Temp - ta-tion, oh, temp - ta - tion, Were we, I pray, in - tend-ed To
Point
Temp - ta-tion, oh, temp - ta - tion, Were we, I pray, in - tend-ed To
Lieut.
Temp - ta-tion, oh, temp - ta - tion, Were we, I pray, in - tend-ed To
D
p

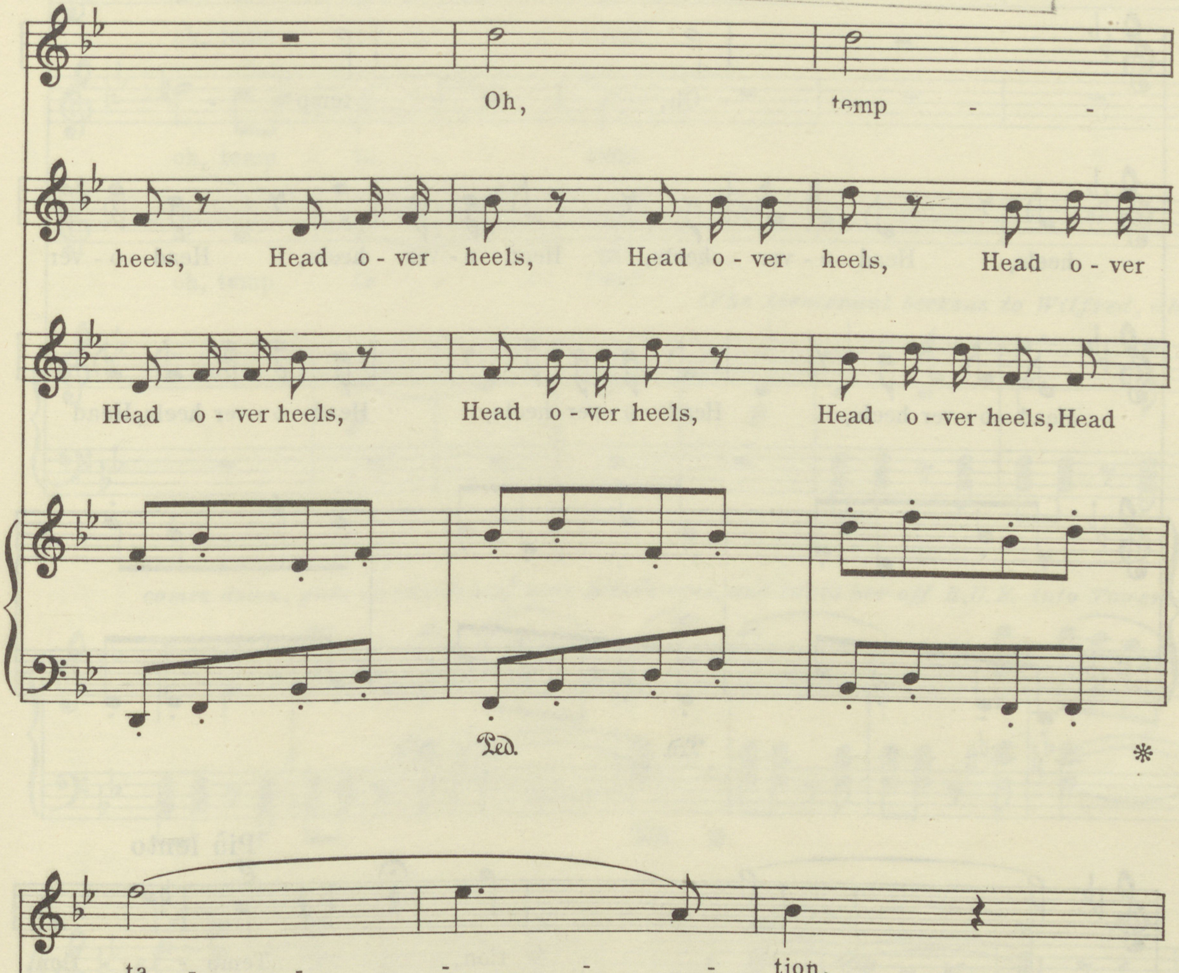

shun, what-e'er our sta-tion, Your fas-ci-na-tions splen-did; Or
shun, what-e'er our sta-tion, Your fas-ci-na-tions splen-did; Or
shun, what-e'er our sta-tion, Your fas-ci-na-tions splen-did; Or
fall, when e'er we view you, Head o-ver heels in-to you?
fall, when e'er we view you, Head o-ver heels in-to you?
fall, when e'er we view you, Head o-ver heels in-to you?

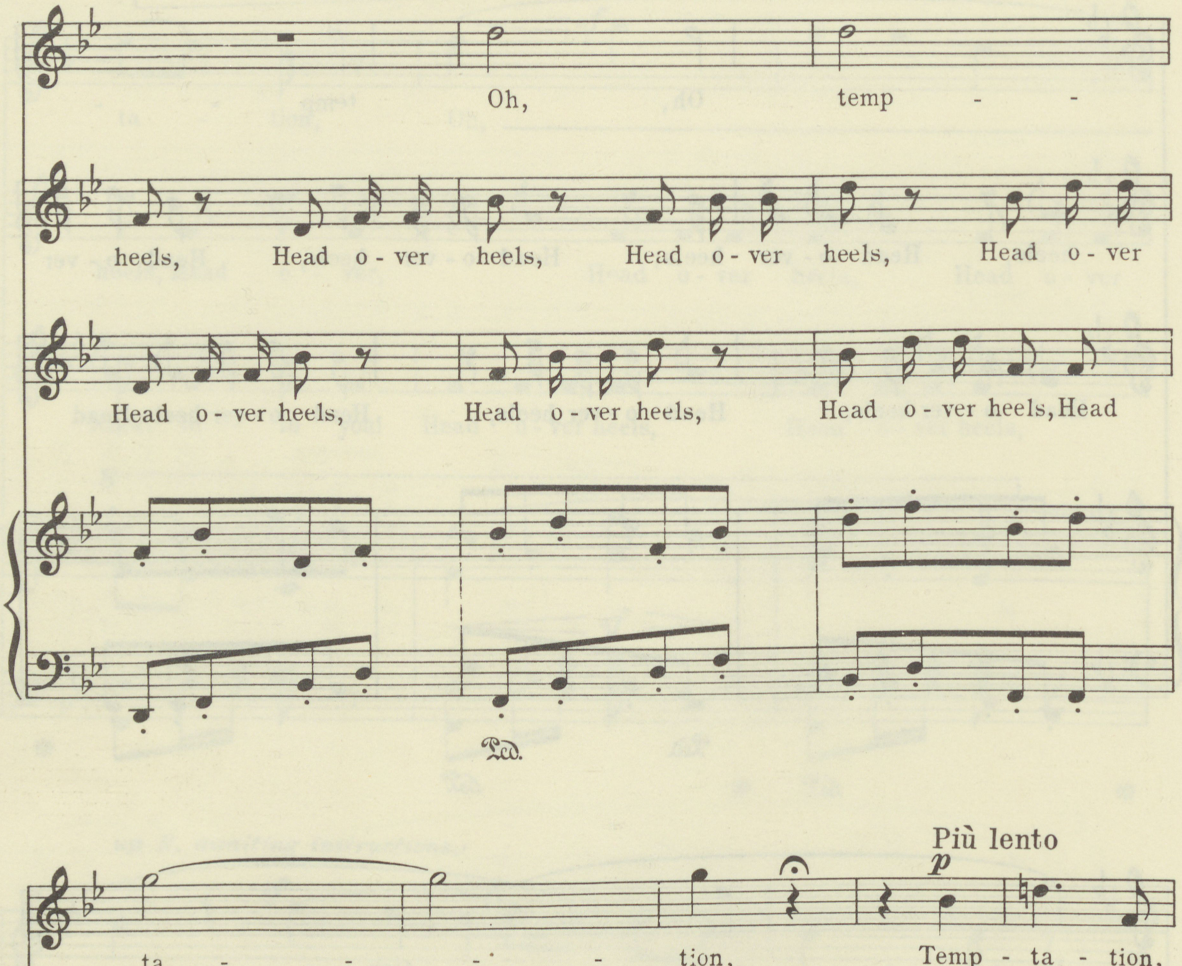

cresc.
Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels in - to you!
cresc.
Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels in - to you!
cresc.
Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels, Head o-ver heels in - to you!
cresc.
E
f
sf
Oh, temp -
f
Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver
f
Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels,
E
8
f
sf
sf
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

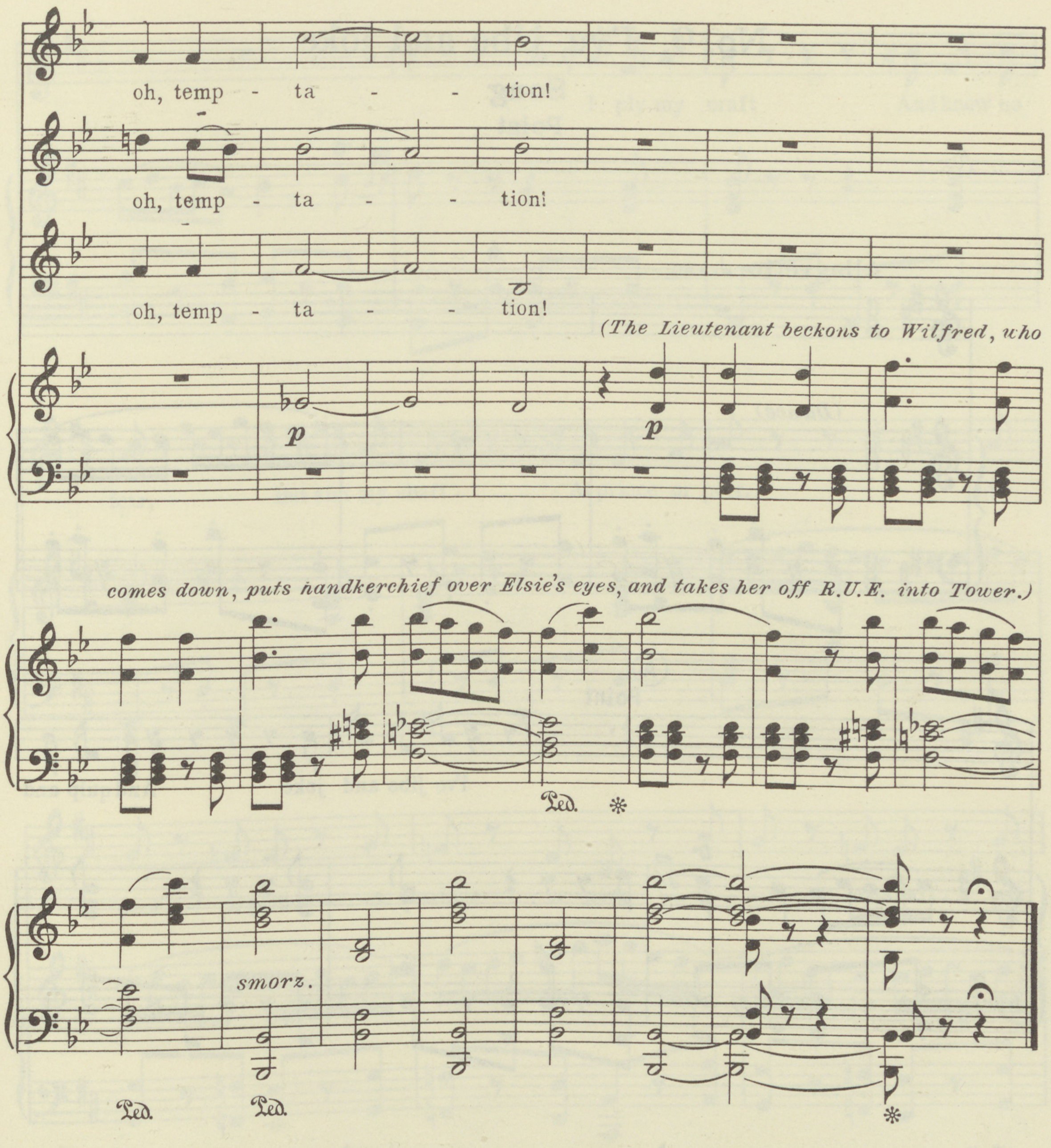
(Wilfred returns with a white handkerchief, and remains up R. awaiting instructions.)


ta - tion, Oh, ——— temp - ta - tion,
heels, Head o - ver, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver
Right in - to you! Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels,
sf
8
Ped. * Ped. *

THE VERA BRADFORD
MUSIC COLLECTION
S.C.V. FRANKSTON


Oh, temp - -
heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver
Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head
Ped.
*
ta - - - - tion,
heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver
o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels,
Ped.
*


Oh, temp - - ta - - - tion,
heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels!
Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver heels, Head o - ver, o - ver heels!
Più lento
p
Temp - ta - tion,
Temp - ta - tion,
Temp - ta - tion,
Più lento
p
Ped.
Ped.
*



(The Lieutenant beckons to Wilfred, who comes down, puts handkerchief over Elsie's eyes, and takes her off R.U.E. into Tower.)

Lieutenant: And so, good fellow, you are a jester?

Point: Aye, sir, and like some of my jests, out of place.

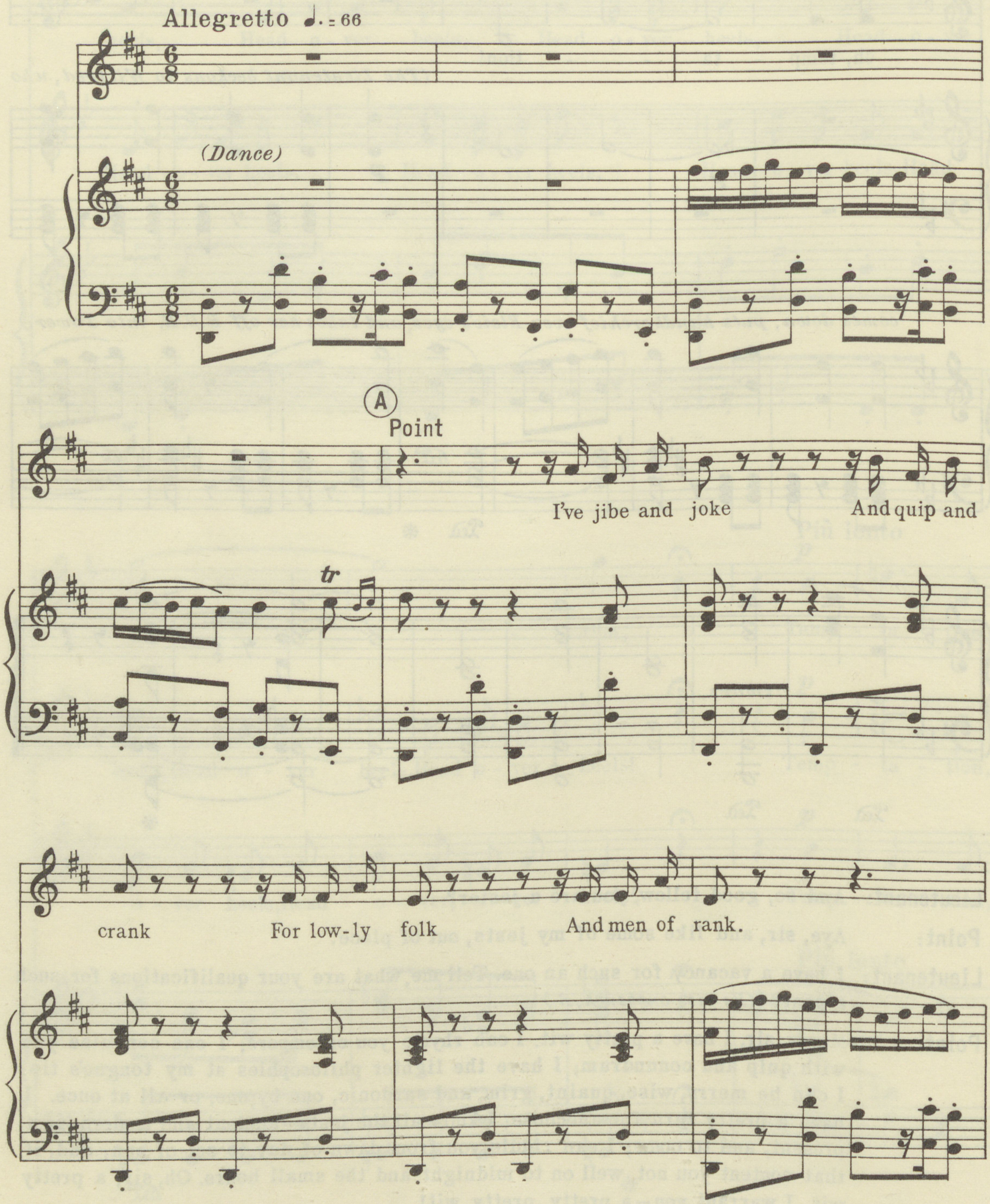
Lieutenant: I have a vacancy for such an one. Tell me, what are your qualifications for such a post? *(He sits on bench, R.)*

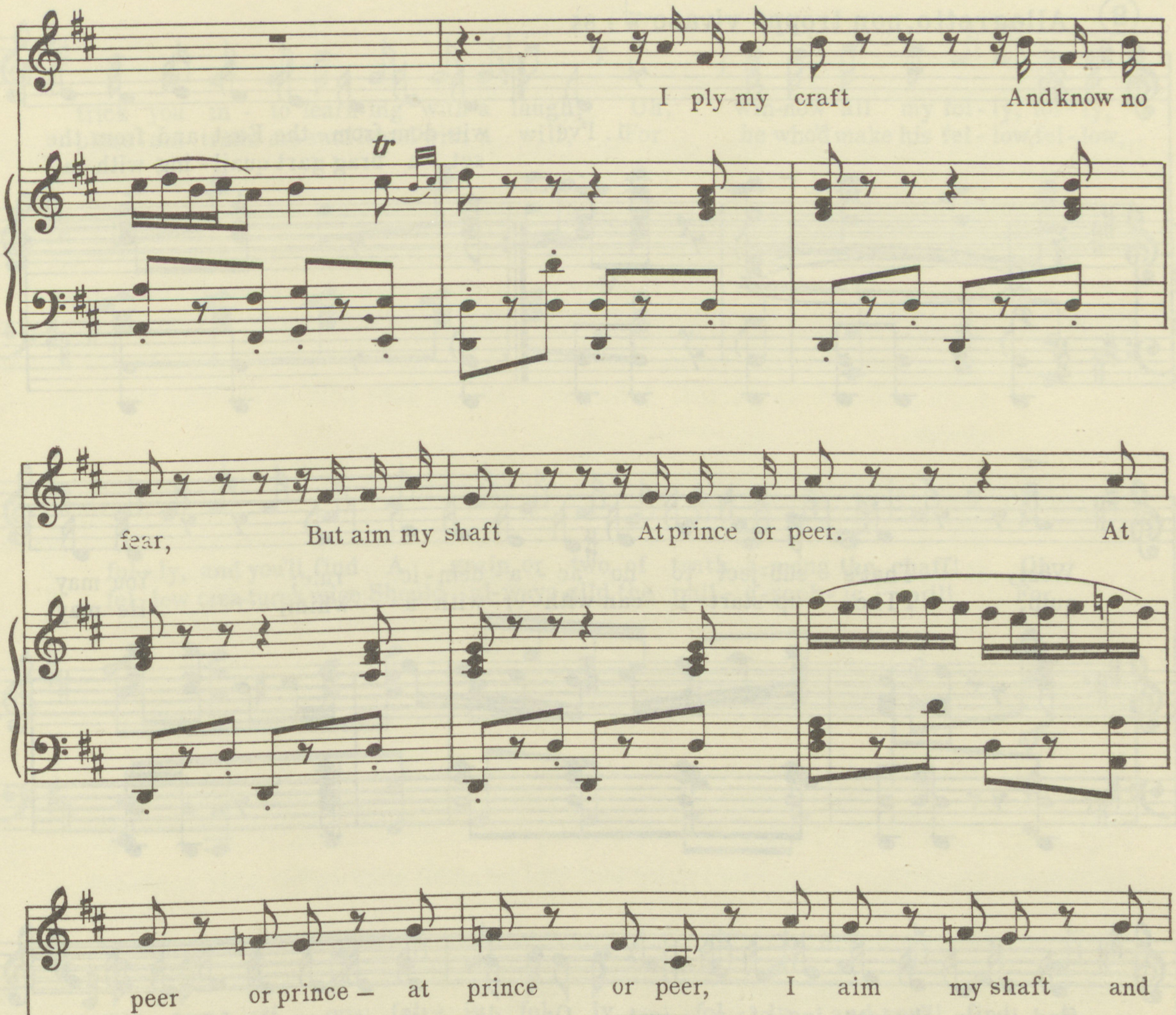
Point: Marry, sir, I have a pretty wit. I can rhyme you extempore; I can convulse you with quip and conundrum; I have the lighter philosophies at my tongue's tip; I can be merry, wise, quaint, grim, and sardonic, one by one, or all at once. I have a pretty turn for anecdote; I know all the jests—ancient and modern—past, present, and to come; I can riddle you from dawn of day to set of sun, and, if that content you not, well on to midnight and the small hours. Oh, sir, a pretty wit, I warrant you—a pretty, pretty wit!

No. 9. I've jibe and joke

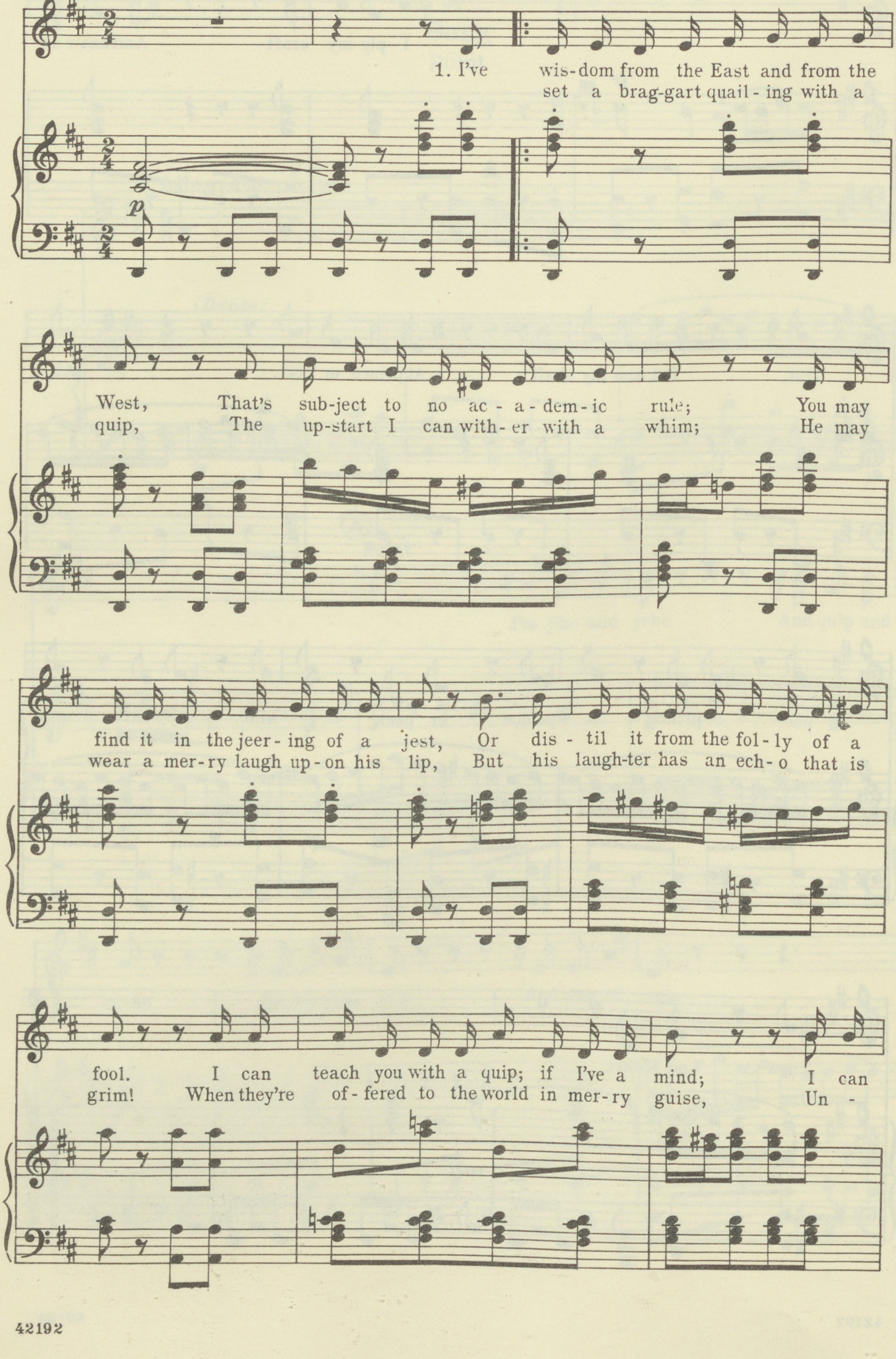
Song

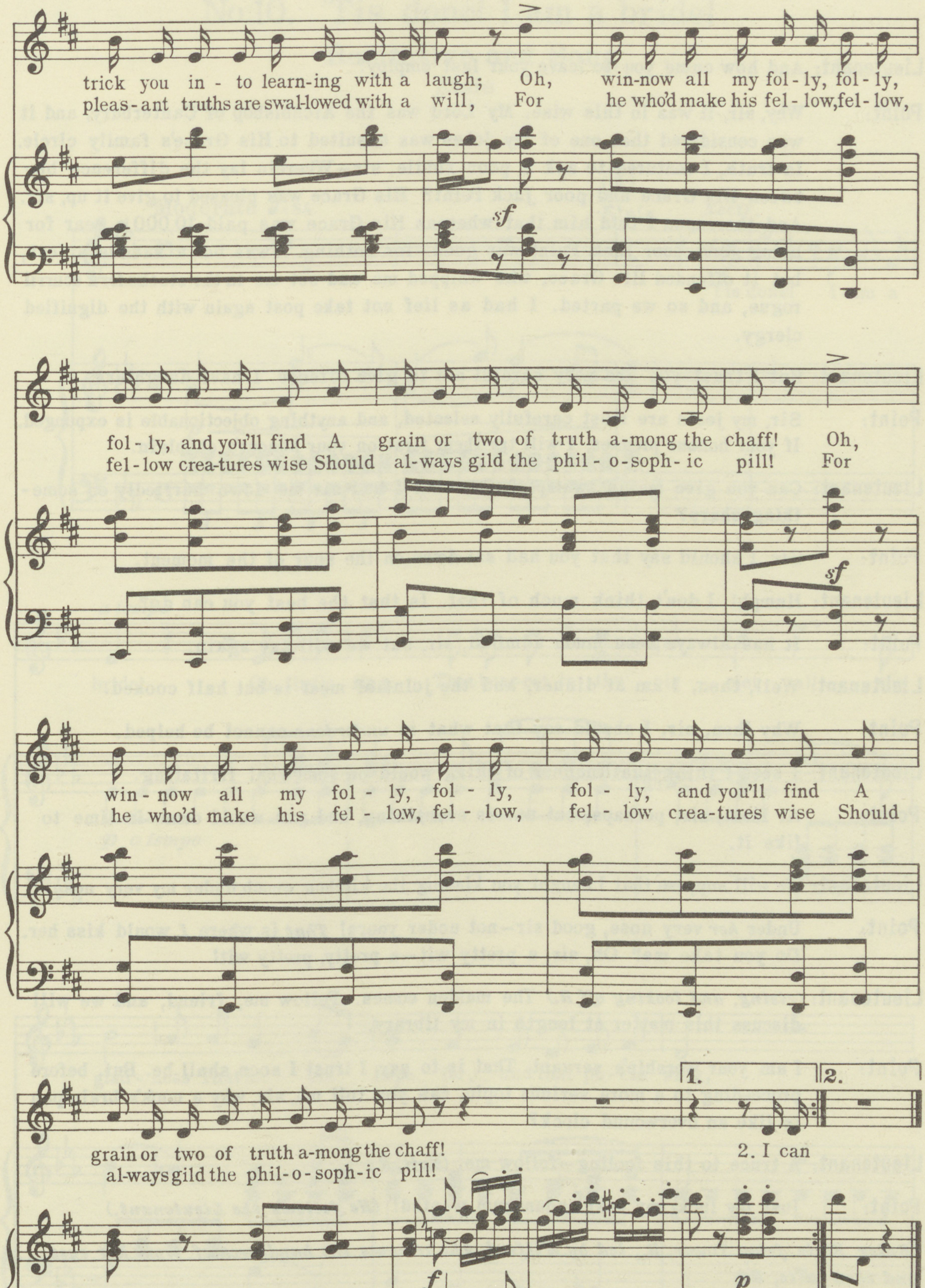
Point


Allegretto ♩. = 66
(Dance)
tr
A
Point
I've jibe and joke
And quip and
crank
For low-ly
folk
And men of rank.


tr
I ply my craft And know no
fear, But aim my shaft At prince or peer. At
peer or prince – at prince or peer, I aim my shaft and
know no fear!
rall.

Ⓑ Allegretto, non troppo vivace ♩ = 84


1. I've wis-dom from the East and from the
set a brag-gart quail-ing with a
p
West, That's sub-ject to no ac-a-dem-ic rule; You may
quip, The up-start I can with-er with a whim; He may
find it in the jeer-ing of a jest, Or dis-til it from the fol-ly of a
wear a mer-ry laugh up-on his lip, But his laugh-ter has an ech-o that is
fool. I can teach you with a quip; if I've a mind; I can
grim! When they're of-fered to the world in mer-ry guise, Un-


trick you in - to learn-ing with a laugh; Oh, win-now all my fol - ly, fol - ly,
pleas - ant truths are swal-lowed with a will, For he who'd make his fel - low, fel - low,
fol - ly, and you'll find A grain or two of truth a-mong the chaff! Oh,
fel - low crea-tures wise Should al-ways gild the phil - o-soph - ic pill! For
win - now all my fol - ly, fol - ly, fol - ly, and you'll find A
he who'd make his fel - low, fel - low, fel - low crea-tures wise Should
grain or two of truth a-mong the chaff!
al-ways gild the phil - o - soph - ic pill!
1.
2.
2. I can
sf
sf
f
p

Lieutenant: And how came you to leave your last employ?

Point: Why, sir, it was in this wise. My Lord was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it was considered that one of my jokes was unsuited to His Grace's family circle. In truth, I ventured to ask a poor riddle, sir—Wherein lay the difference between His Grace and poor Jack Point? His Grace was pleased to give it up, sir. And thereupon I told him that whereas His Grace was paid 10,000 a year for being good, poor Jack Point was good—for nothing. 'Twas but a harmless jest, but it offended His Grace, who whipped me and set me in the stocks for a scurril rogue, and so we parted. I had as lief not take post again with the dignified clergy.

Lieutenant: But I trust you are very careful not to give offence. I have daughters.

Point: Sir, my jests are most carefully selected, and anything objectionable is expunged. If your honour pleases, I will try them first on your honour's chaplain.

Lieutenant: Can you give me an example? Say that I had sat me down hurriedly on something sharp?

Point: Sir, I should say that you had sat down on the spur of the moment.

Lieutenant: Humph! I don't think much of that. Is that the best you can do?

Point: It has always been much admired, sir, but we will try again.

Lieutenant: Well, then, I am at dinner, and the joint of meat is but half cooked.

Point: Why then, sir, I should say that what is *underdone* cannot be helped.

Lieutenant: I see. I think that manner of thing would be somewhat irritating.

Point: At first, sir, perhaps; but use is everything, and you would come in time to like it.

Lieutenant: We will suppose that I caught you kissing the kitchen wench under my very nose.

Point: Under *her* very nose, good sir—not under yours! *That* is where *I* would kiss her. Do you take me? Oh, sir, a pretty wit—a pretty, pretty wit!

Lieutenant: *(rising, and looking off R.)* The maiden comes. Follow me, friend, and we will discuss this matter at length in my library.

Point: I am your worship's servant. That is to say, I trust I soon shall be. But, before proceeding to a more serious topic, can you tell me, sir, why a cook's brain-pan is like an overwound clock?

Lieutenant: A truce to this fooling—follow me. *(Exit, R.)*

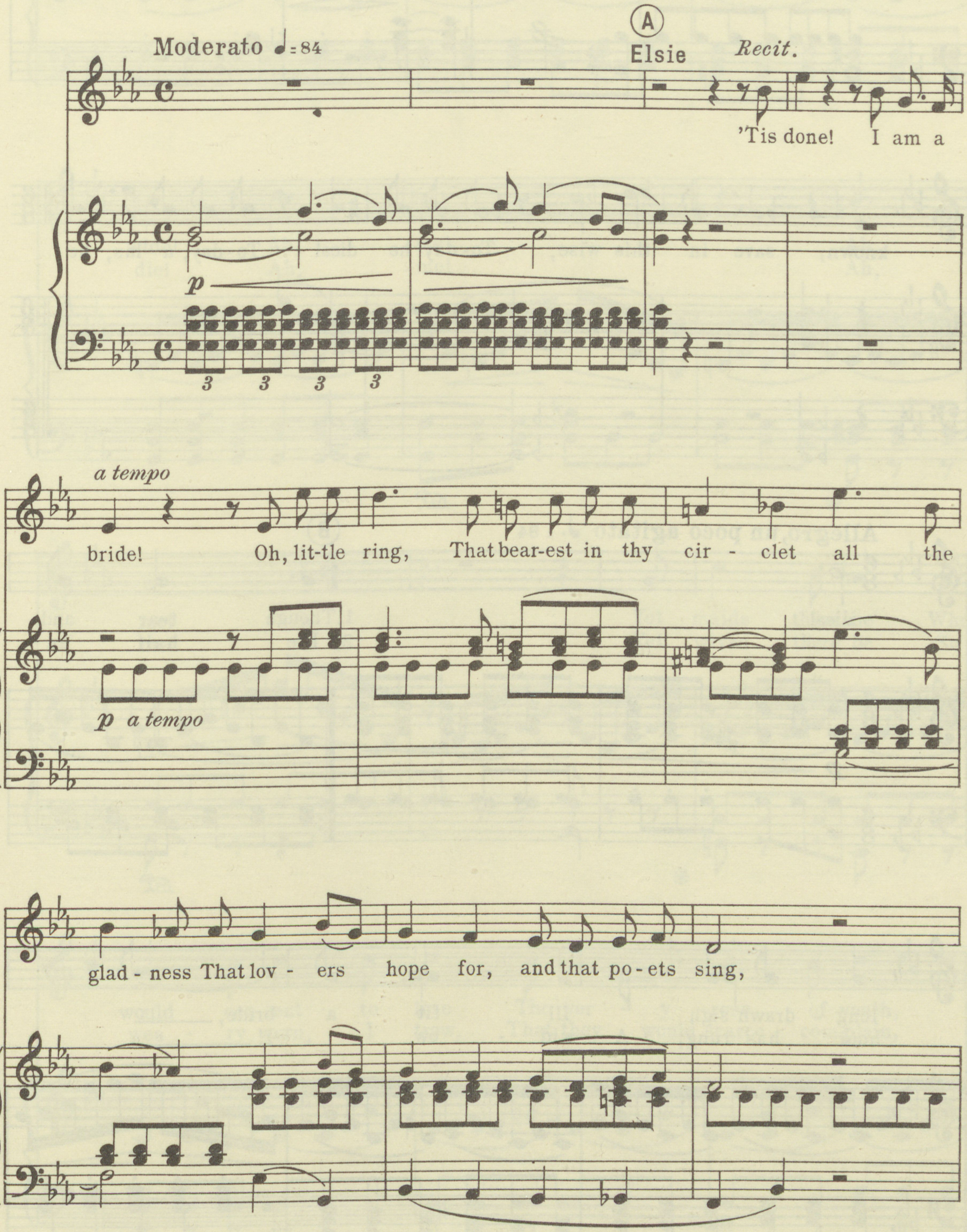
Point: Just my luck; my best conundrum wasted! *(He follows the Lieutenant.)*

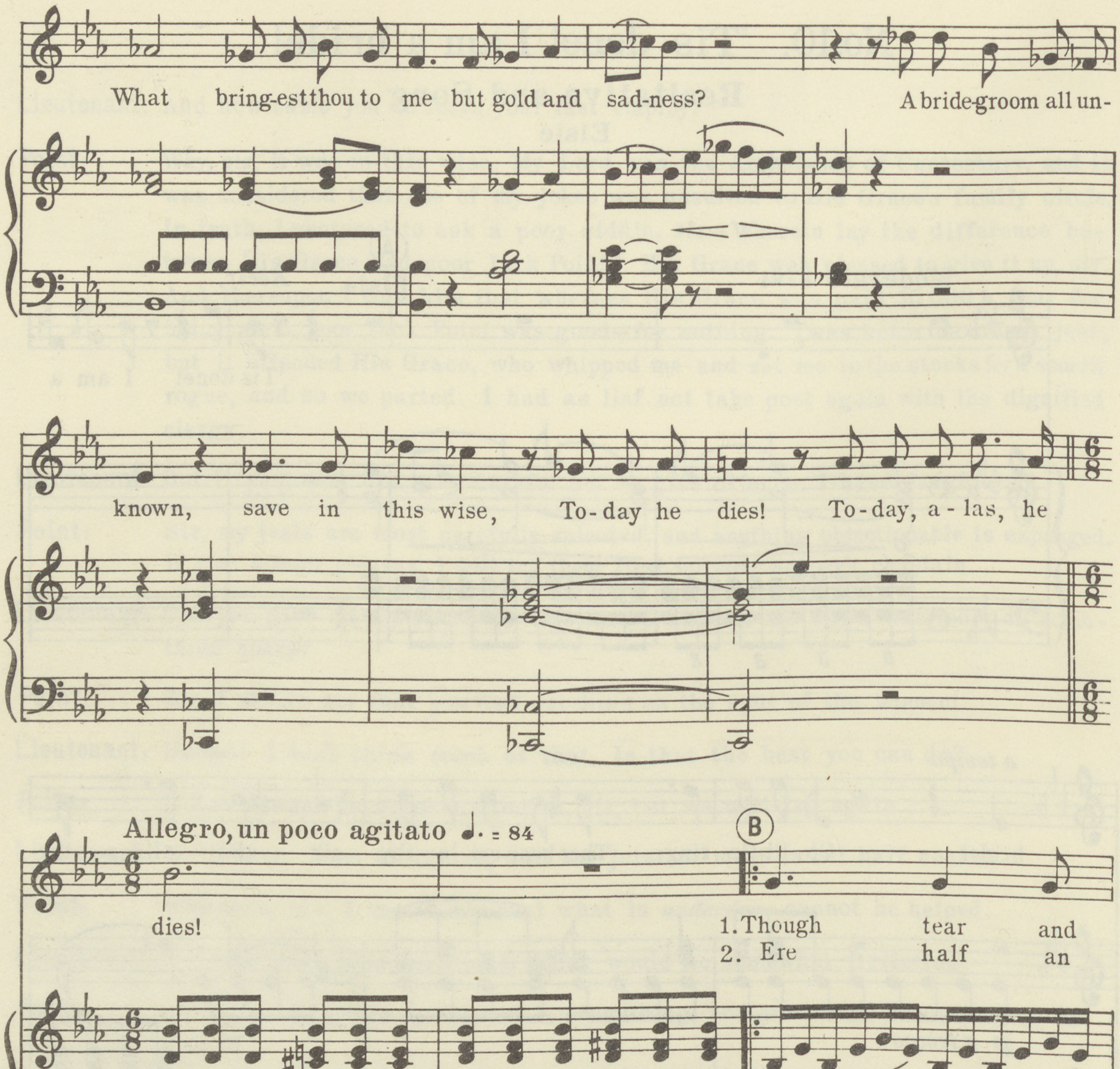
(Enter Elsie from Tower, R., led by Wilfred, who removes the handkerchief from her eyes, and then exits, R.)

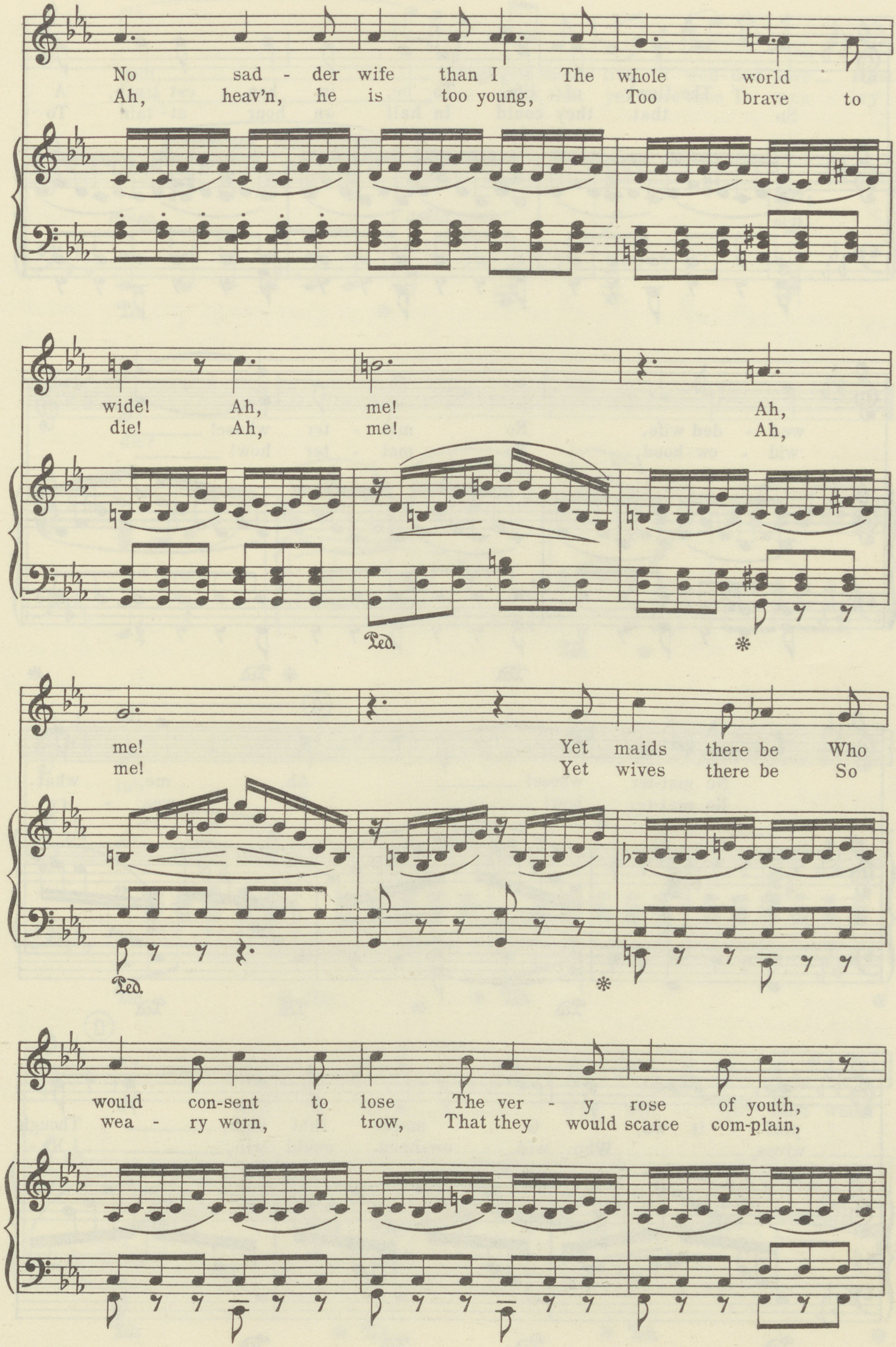
No.10. 'Tis done! I am a bride!

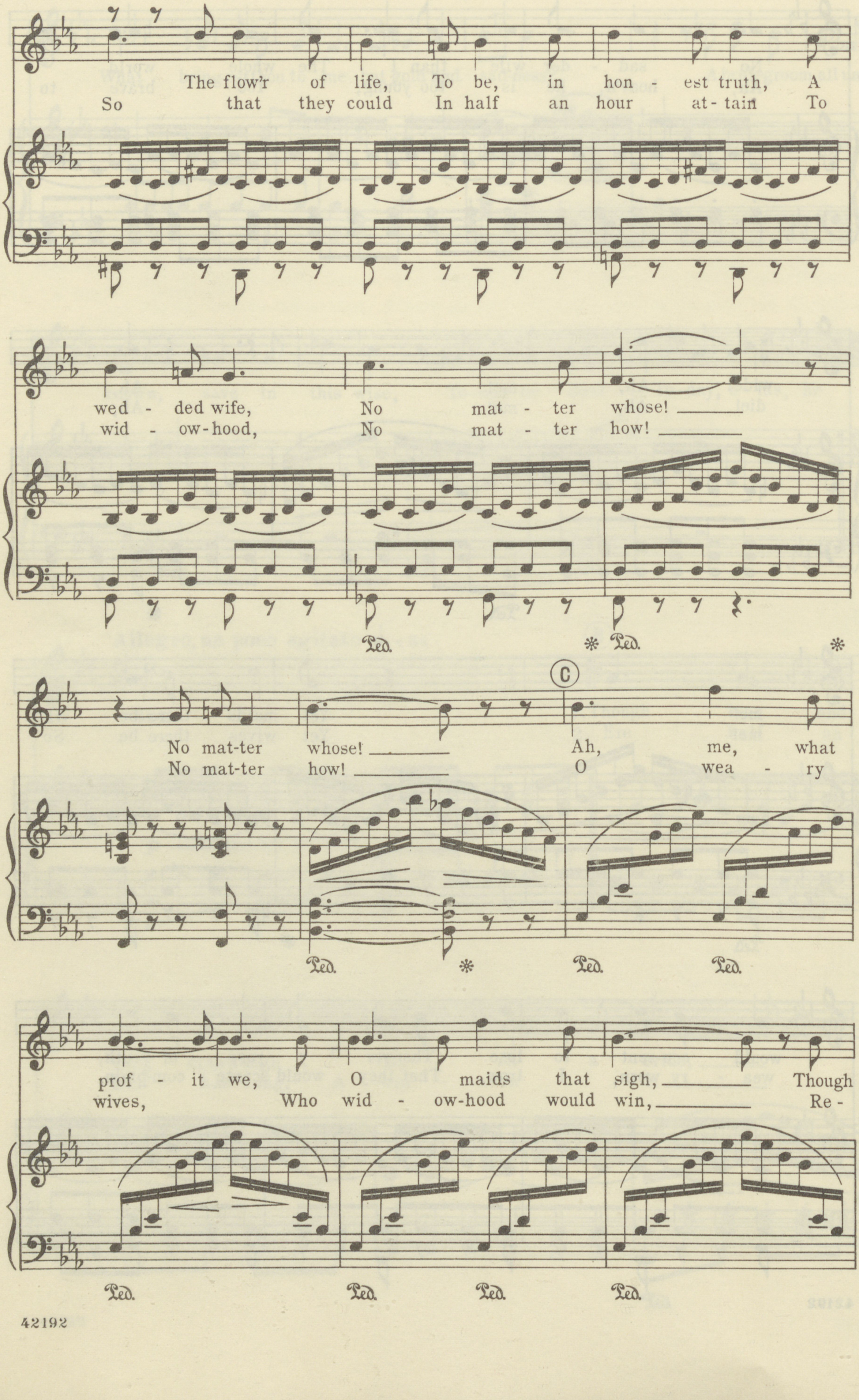
Recitative and Song

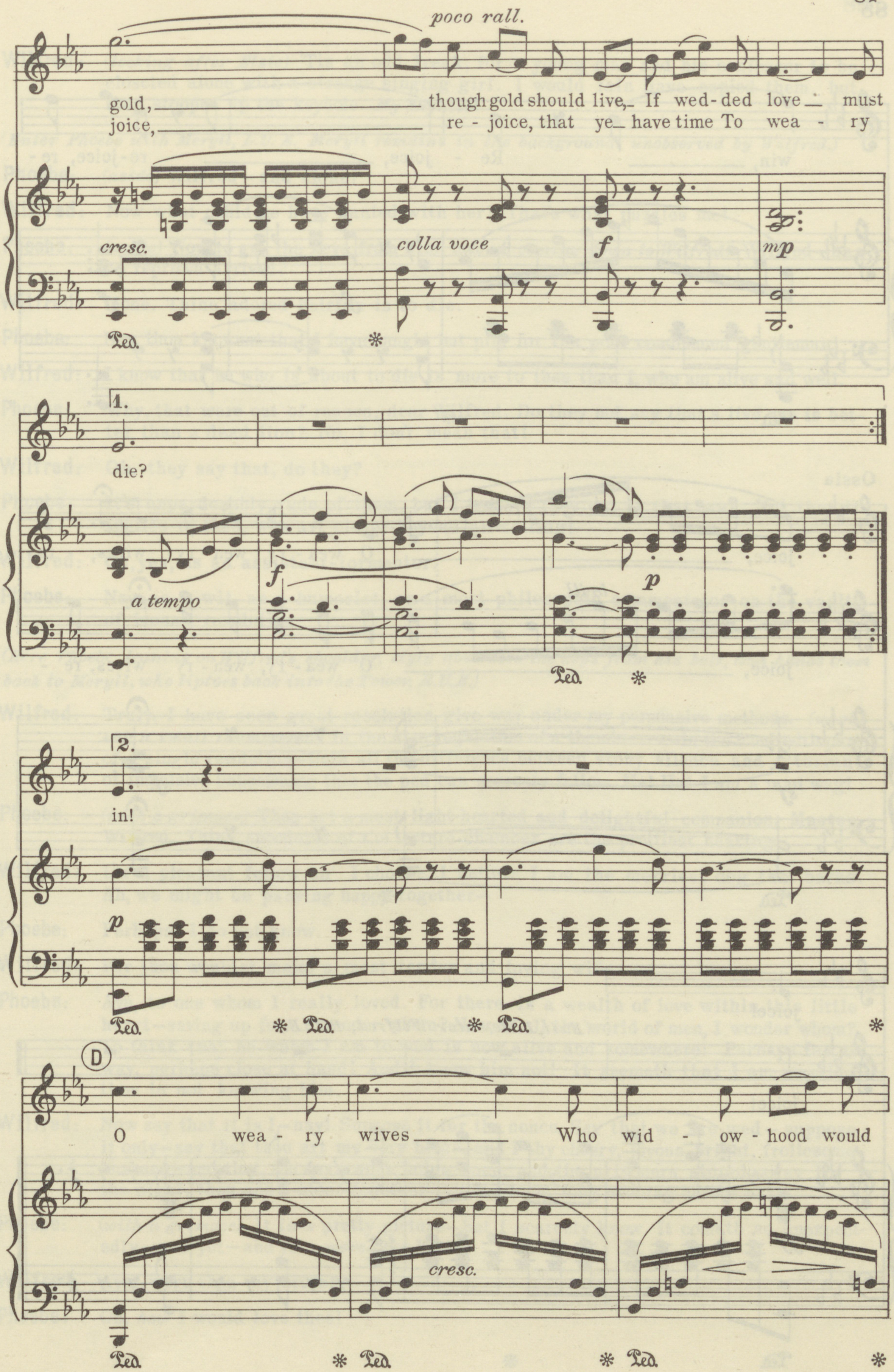
Elsie

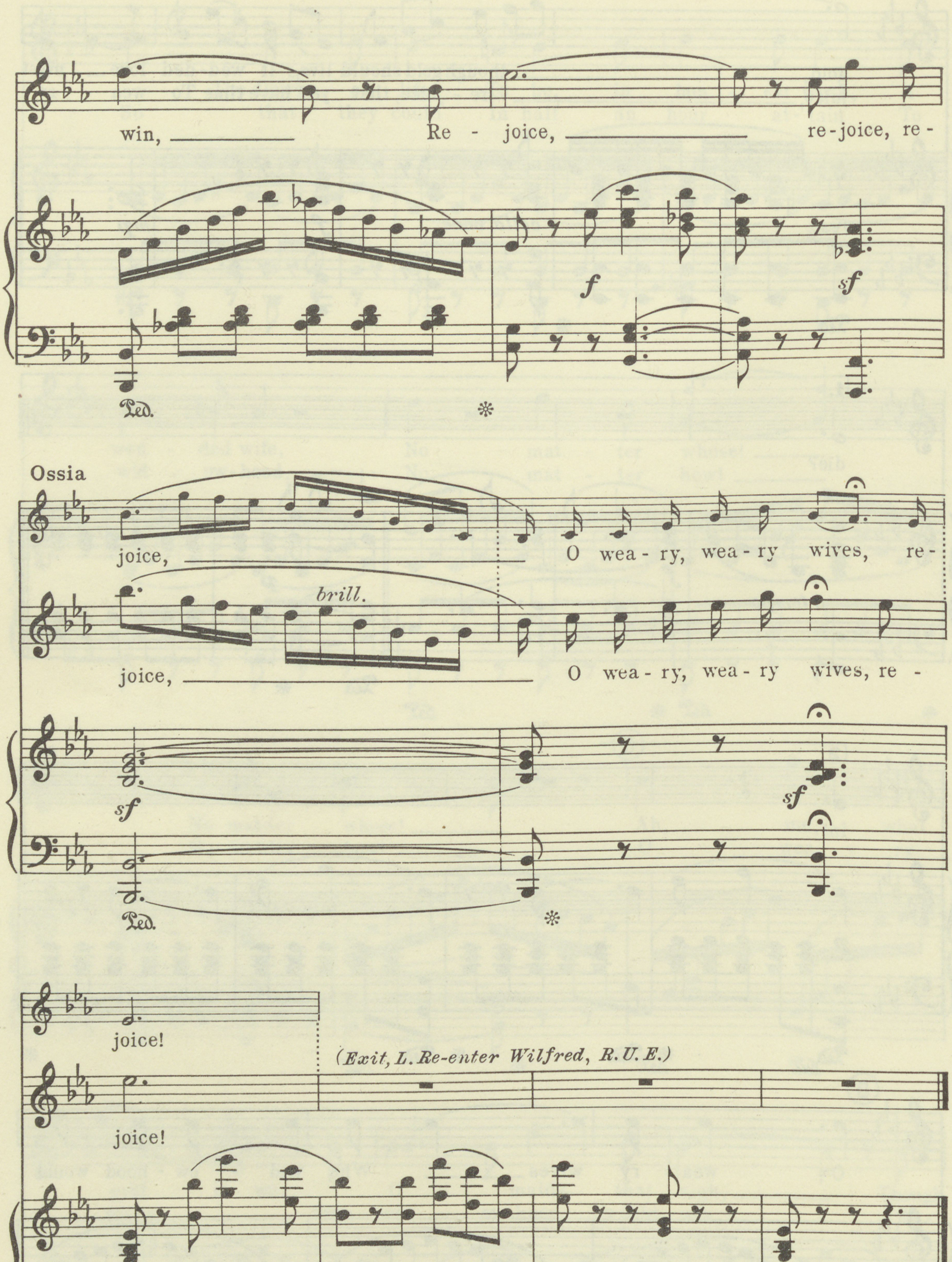

Moderato ♩=84
A
Elsie
Recit.
'Tis done! I am a
p
3 3 3 3
a tempo
bride! Oh, lit-tle ring, That bear-est in thy cir - clet all the
p a tempo
glad - ness That lov - ers hope for, and that po - ets sing,


What bring-est thou to me but gold and sad-ness? A bride-groom all un-
known, save in this wise, To-day he dies! To-day, a-las, he
Allegro, un poco agitato ♩. = 84
B
dies!
1. Though tear and long-drawn sigh Ill fit a bride,
2. Ere half an hour has rung, A wid - ow I!
p
Ped.
*


No sad - der wife than I The whole world wide! Ah, me! Ah, me! Yet maids there be Who would con-sent to lose The ver - y rose of youth,
Ah, heav'n, he is too young, Too brave to die! Ah, me! Ah, me! Yet wives there be So wea - ry worn, I trow, That they would scarce com-plain,
Ped.
*
Ped.
*


The flow'r of life, To be, in hon - est truth, A
So that they could In half an hour at - tain To
wed - ded wife, No mat - ter whose!
wid - ow - hood, No mat - ter how!
No mat - ter whose!
No mat - ter how!
C
Ah, me, what
O wea - ry
prof - it we, O maids that sigh, Though
wives, Who wid - ow - hood would win, Re -
Ped.
*


poco rall.
gold, though gold should live, If wed-ded love must
joice, re-joice, that ye have time To wea-ry
cresc.
colla voce
f
mp
1.
die?
a tempo
f
p
2.
in!
p
D
O wea-ry wives Who wid-ow-hood would
cresc.


win, Re - joice, re-joice, re-
Ped.
f
sf
Ossia
joice, O wea-ry, wea-ry wives, re-
brill.
joice, O wea-ry, wea-ry wives, re-
sf
Ped.
joice!
(Exit, L. Re-enter Wilfred, R. U. E.)
joice!
ff
Ped.

Wilfred: *(looking after Elsie)* 'Tis an odd freak, for a young man and his confessor to be closeted alone with a strange singing girl. I would fain have espied them, but they stopped up the keyhole. *My* keyhole!

(Enter Phoebe with Meryll, L.U.E. Meryll remains in the background. unobserved by Wilfred.)

Phoebe: *(aside)* Wilfred — and alone!

Wilfred: Now what could he have wanted with her? That's what puzzles me!

Phoebe: *(aside)* Now to get the keys from him. *(aloud, coming down to Wilfred)* Wilfred—has no reprieve arrived?

Wilfred: None. Thine adored Fairfax is to die.

Phoebe: Nay, thou knowest that I have naught but pity for the poor condemned gentleman.

Wilfred: I know that he who is about to die is more to thee than I, who am alive and well.

Phoebe: Why, that were out of reason, dear Wilfred. Do they not say that a live ass is better than a dead lion? No, I don't mean that!

Wilfred: Oh, they say that, do they?

Phoebe: It's unpardonably rude of them, but I believe they put it that way. Not that it applies to thee, who art clever beyond all telling!

Wilfred: Oh, yes, as an assistant-tormentor.

Phoebe: Nay, as a wit, as a humorist, as a most philosophic commentator on the vanity of human resolution.

(Here Phoebe, leaning on Wilfred's shoulder, slyly abstracts the keys from his belt, and hands them back to Meryll, who tiptoes back into the Tower, R.U.E.)

Wilfred: Truly, I have seen great resolution give way under my persuasive methods. *(working a small thumbscrew)* In the nice regulation of a thumbscrew—in the hundredth part of a single revolution—lieth all the difference between stony silence and a torrent of impulsive unbosoming that the pen can scarcely follow. Ha! Ha! I am a mad wag!

Phoebe: *(with a grimace)* Thou art a most light-hearted and delightful companion, Master Wilfred. Thine anecdotes of the torture-chamber are the prettiest hearing.

Wilfred: I'm a pleasant fellow an' I choose. I believe I am the merriest dog that barks. Ah, we might be passing happy together—

Phoebe: Perhaps. I do not know.

Wilfred: For thou wouldst make a most tender and loving wife.

Phoebe: Aye, to one whom I really loved. For there is a wealth of love within this little heart—saving up for—I wonder whom? Now, of all the world of men, I wonder whom? To think that he whom I am to wed is now alive and somewhere! Perhaps far away, perhaps close at hand! And I know him not! It seemeth that I am wasting time in not knowing him.

Wilfred: Now say that it is I—nay! Suppose it for the nonce. Say that we are wed — suppose it only—say that thou art my very bride, and I thy cheery, joyous, bright, frolicsome husband—and that, the day's work being done, and the prisoners stored away for the night, thou and I alone together—with a long, long evening before us!

Phoebe: *(with a grimace)* It is a pretty picture—but I scarcely know It cometh so unexpectedly—and yet—and yet—*were* I thy bride—

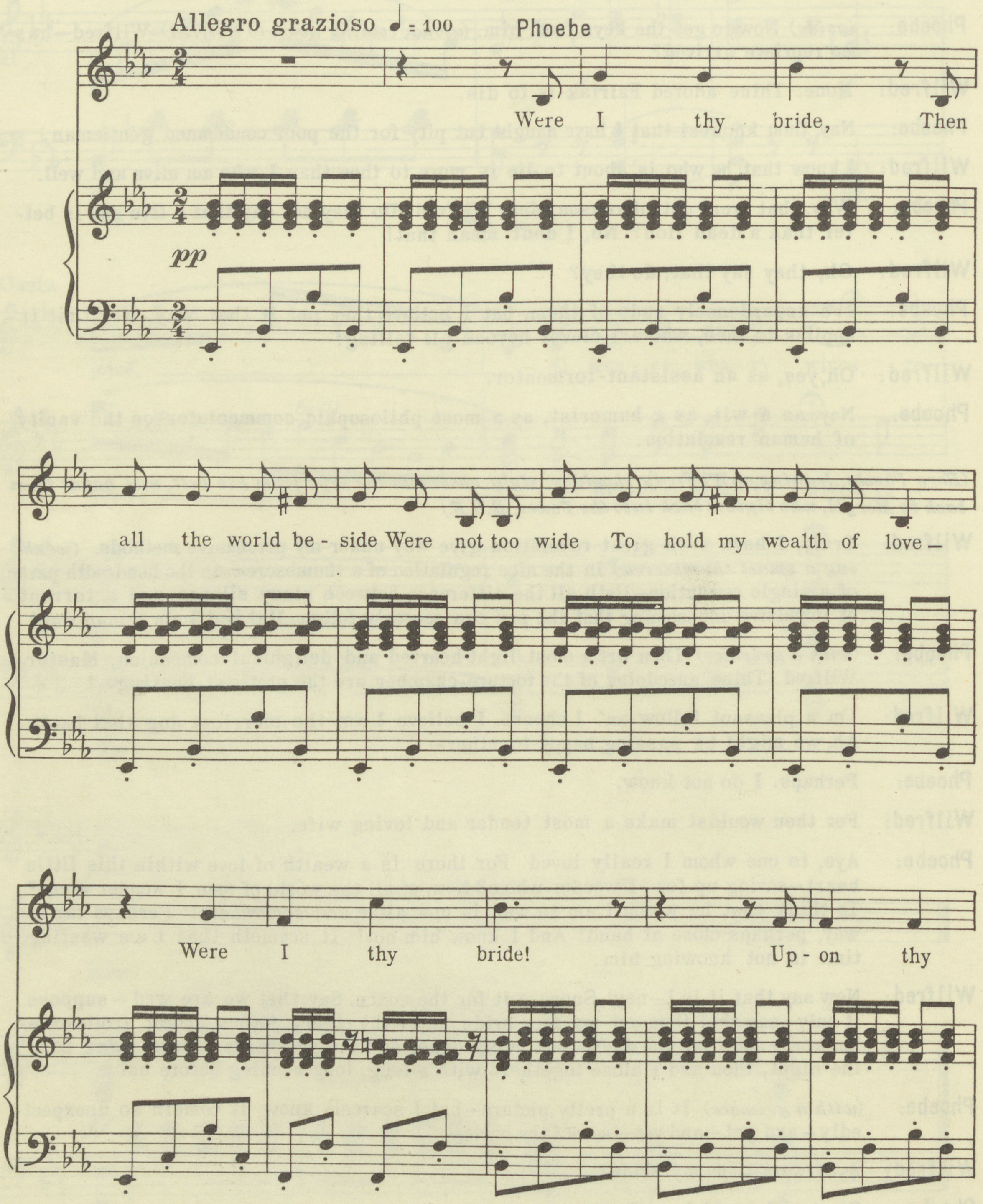
Wilfred: Aye! wert thou my bride?

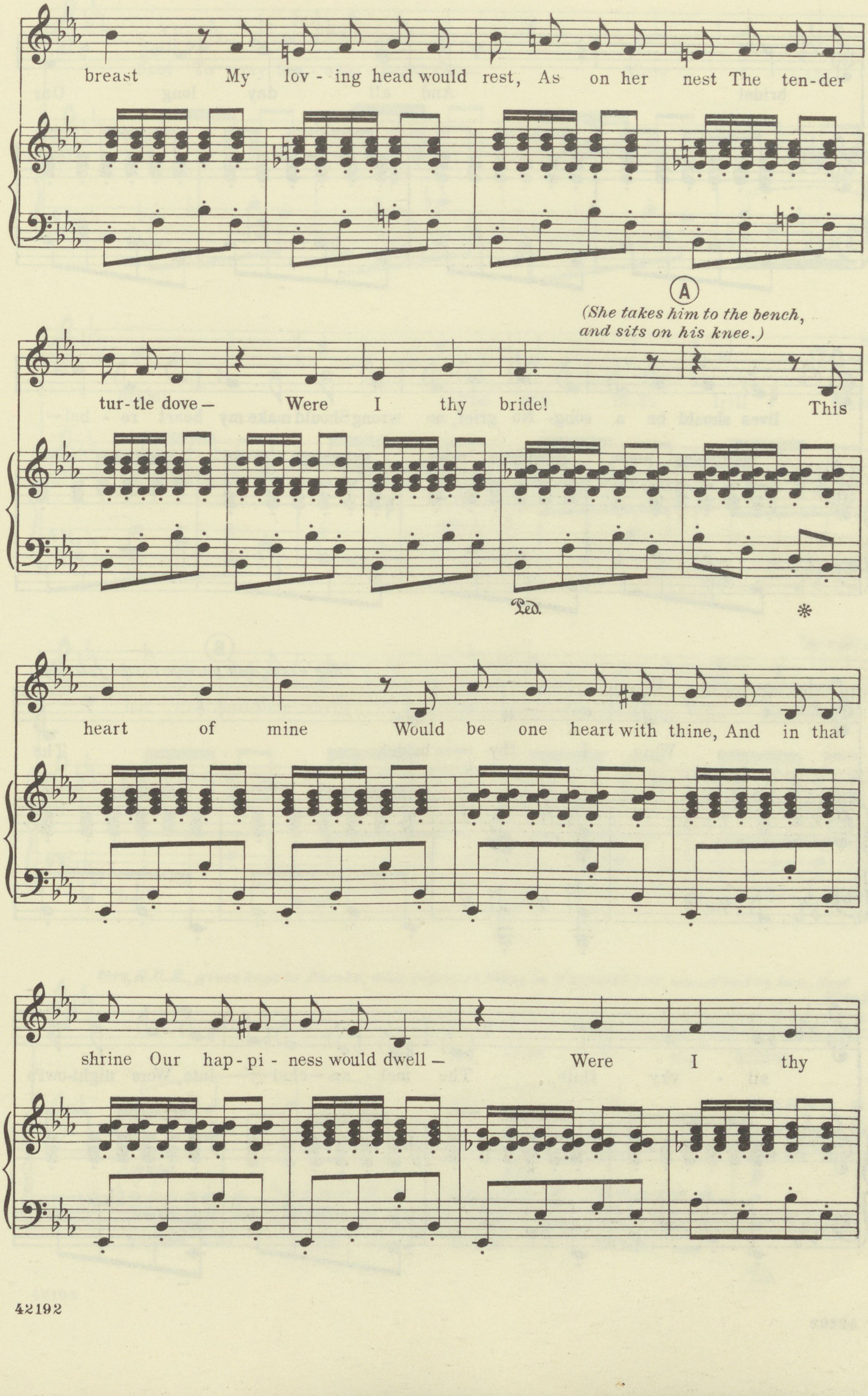
Phoebe: Oh, *how* I would love thee!

No.11. Were I thy bride

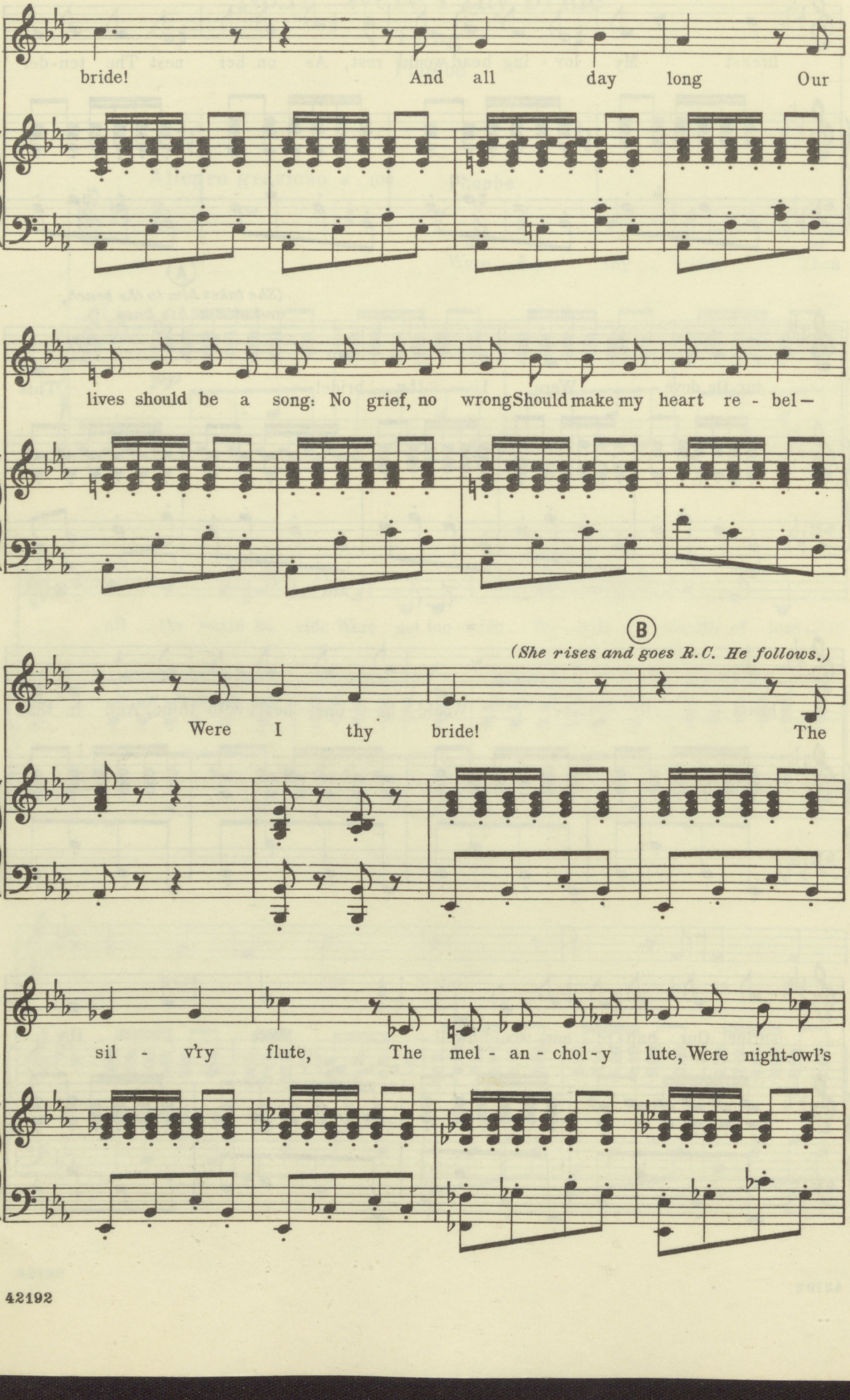
Song

Phoebe

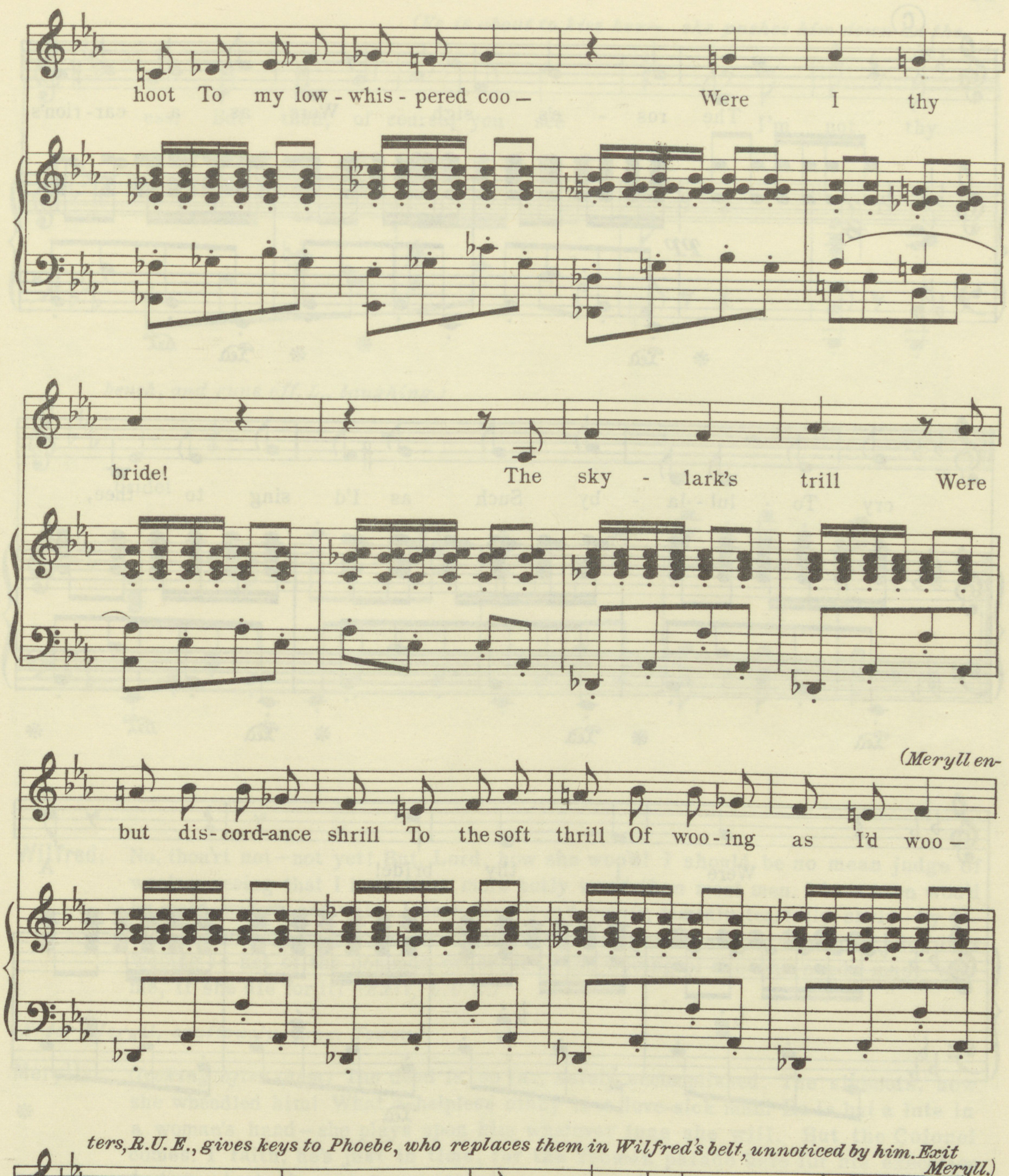

Allegro grazioso ♩ = 100
Phoebe
pp
Were I thy bride, Then
all the world be-side Were not too wide To hold my wealth of love _
Were I thy bride! Up-on thy

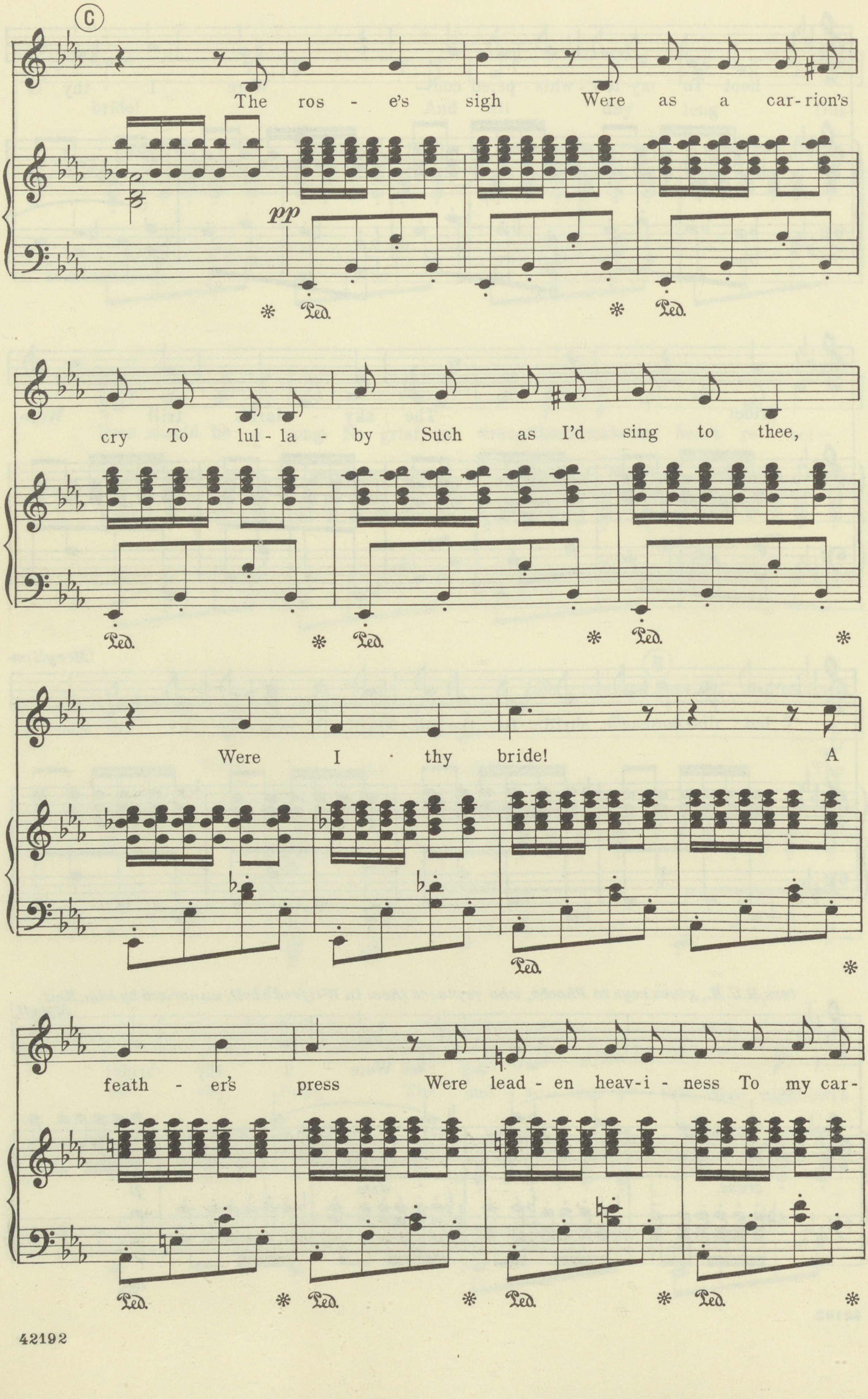

breast My lov - ing head would rest, As on her nest The ten - der
Ⓐ
turtle dove — Were I thy bride! This
𝆮
*
heart of mine Would be one heart with thine, And in that
shrine Our hap - pi - ness would dwell — Were I thy

(She takes him to the bench, and sits on his knee.)

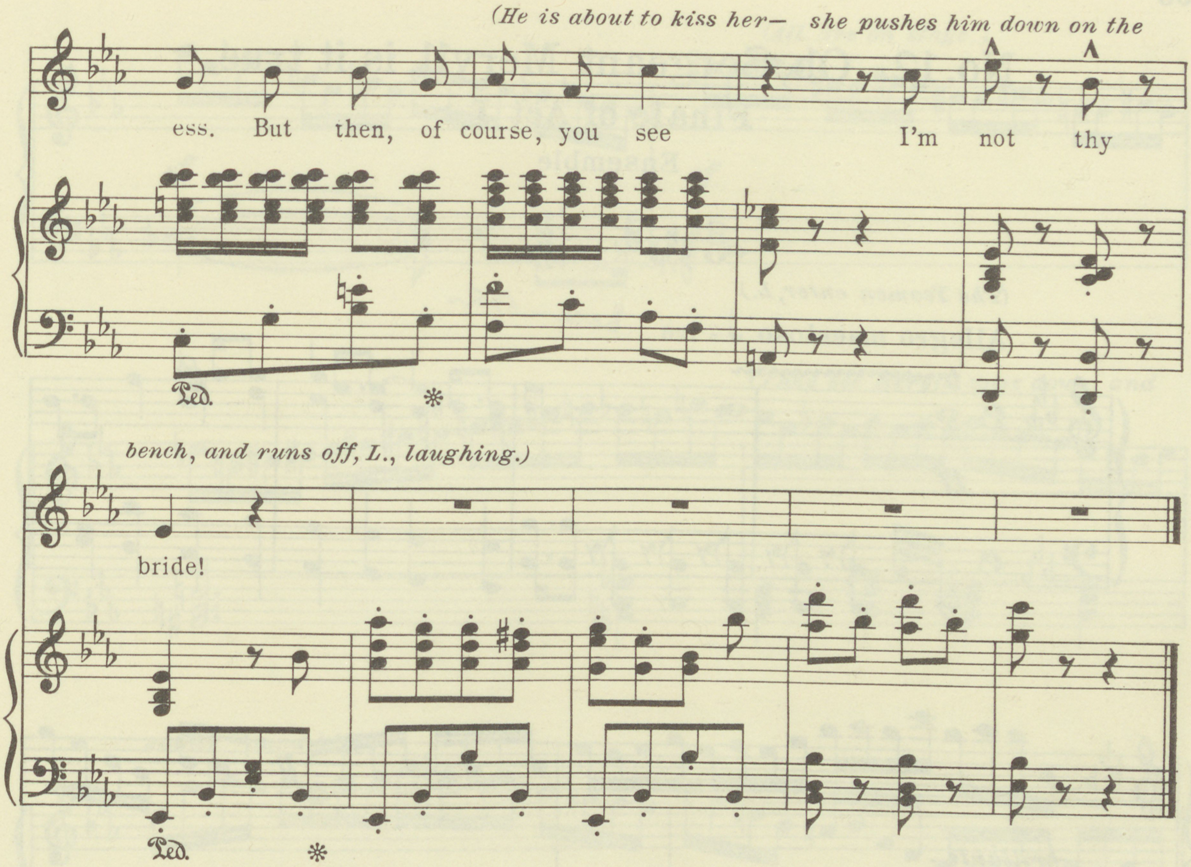

bride! And all day long Our
lives should be a song: No grief, no wrong Should make my heart re - bel -
B
Were I thy bride! The
sil - v'ry flute, The mel - an - chol - y lute, Were night-owl's

(She rises and goes R.C. He follows.)


hoot To my low-whis-pered coo— Were I thy
bride! The sky-lark's trill Were
but dis-cord-ance shrill To the soft thrill Of woo-ing as I'd woo—
(Meryll enters, R.U.E., gives keys to Phoebe, who replaces them in Wilfred's belt, unnoticed by him. Exit Meryll.)
Were I thy bride!
cresc.
dim.
p
Ped.


C
The ros - e's sigh Were as a car-rion's
pp
Ped.
cry To lul - la - by Such as I'd sing to thee,
Ped.
Were I thy bride! A
Ped.
feath - er's press Were lead - en heav-i - ness To my car -
Ped.

(He is about to kiss her— she pushes him down on the bench, and runs off, L., laughing.)



Wilfred: No, thou'rt not—not yet! But, Lord, how she woo'd! I should be no mean judge of wooing, seeing that I have been more hotly woo'd than most men. I have been woo'd by maid, widow, and wife. I have been woo'd boldly, timidly, tearfully, shyly—by direct assault, by suggestion, by implication, by inference, and by innuendo. But this wooing is not of the common order: it is the wooing of one who needs must woo me, if she die for it! *(Exit, L.U.E.)*

(Enter Meryll, cautiously, from Tower.)

Meryll: *(looking after them)* The deed is, so far, safely accomplished. The slyboots, how she wheedled him! What a helpless ninny is a love-sick man! He is but a lute in a woman's hand—she plays upon him whatever tune she will. But the Colonel comes. I' faith, he's just in time, for the Yeomen parade here for his execution in two minutes!

(Enter Fairfax, without beard and mustache, and dressed in Yeoman's uniform. Meryll gets a halbert from L.U.E.)

Fairfax: My good and kind friend, thou runnest a grave risk for me!

Meryll: Tut, sir, no risk. I'll warrant none here will recognise you. You make a brave Yeoman, sir! So—this ruff is too high; so—and the sword should hang thus. Here is your halbert, sir; carry it thus. The Yeomen come. Now remember, you are my brave son, Leonard Meryll.

Fairfax: If I may not bear mine own name, there is none other I would bear so readily.

Meryll: Now, sir, put a bold face on it, for they come.

No. 12. Oh, Sergeant Meryll, is it true

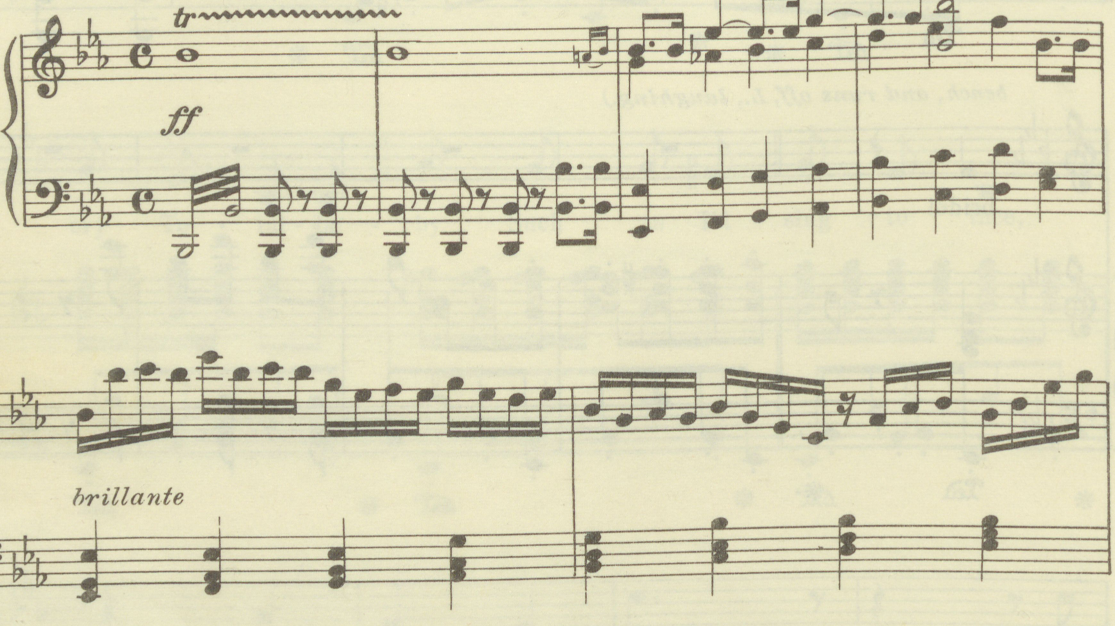
Finale of Act I

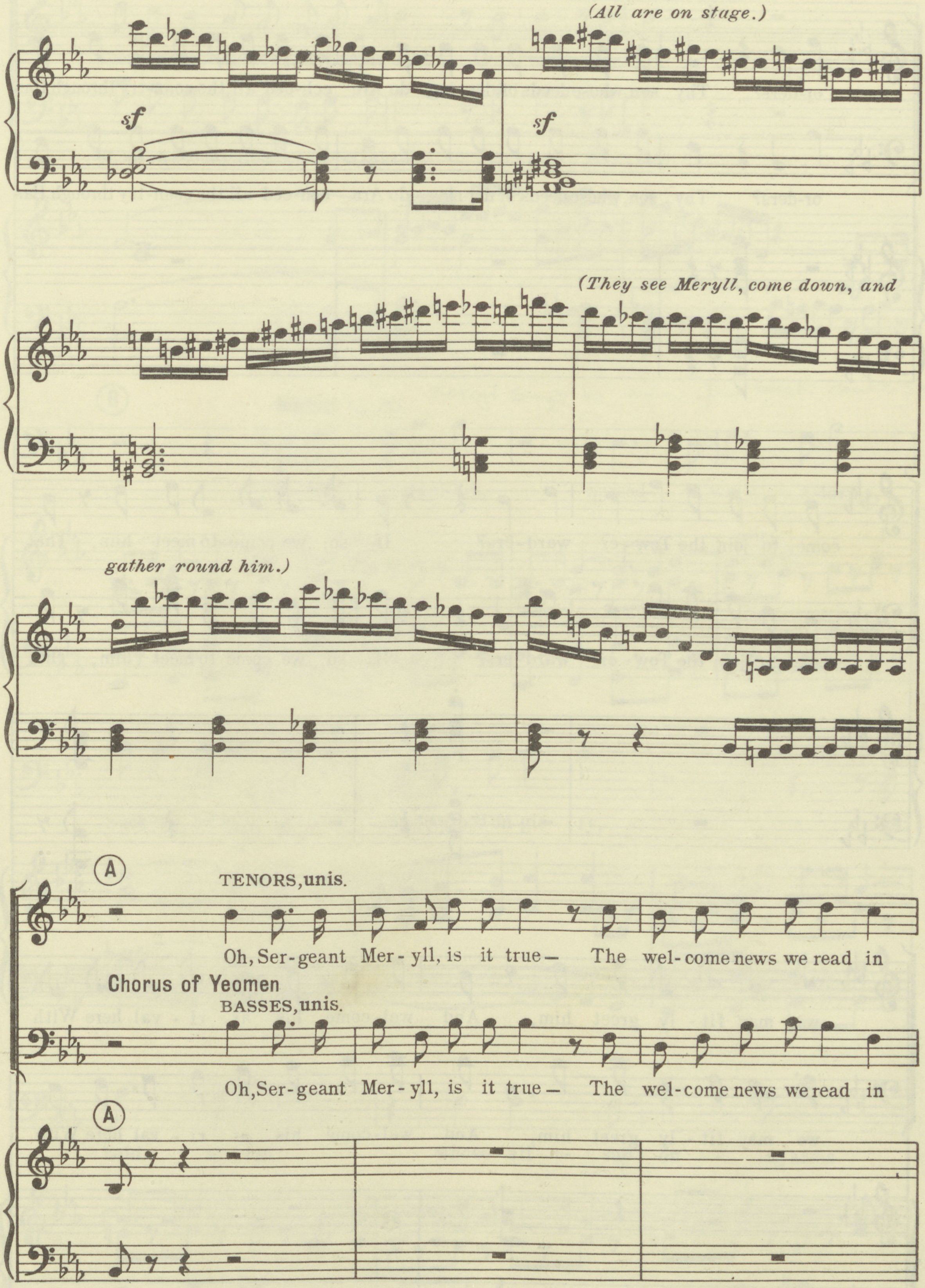
Ensemble

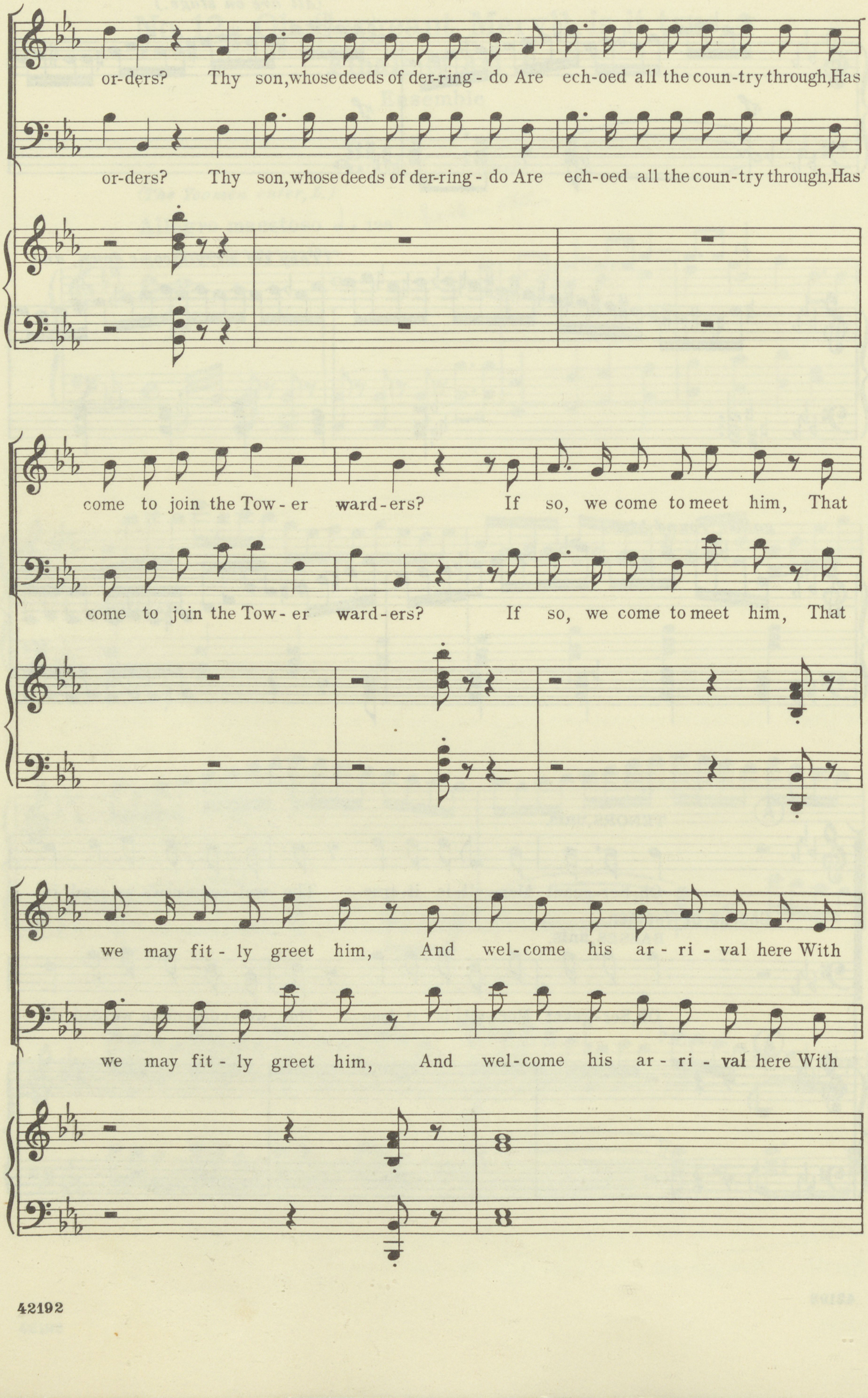
Girls See noted
Back – others

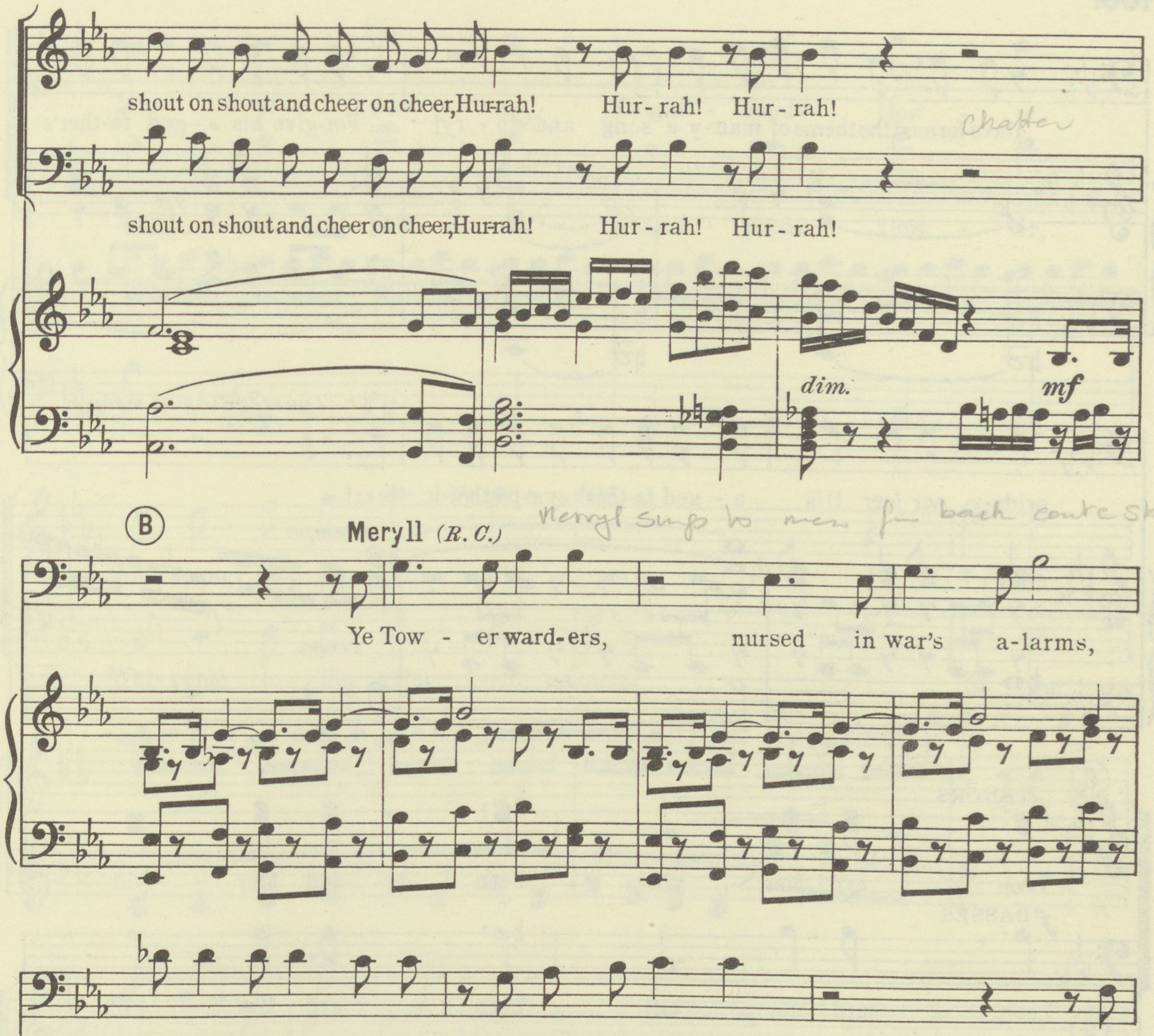
(The Yeomen enter, L.)

Allegro maestoso ♩ = 126


tr
ff
brillante
sf

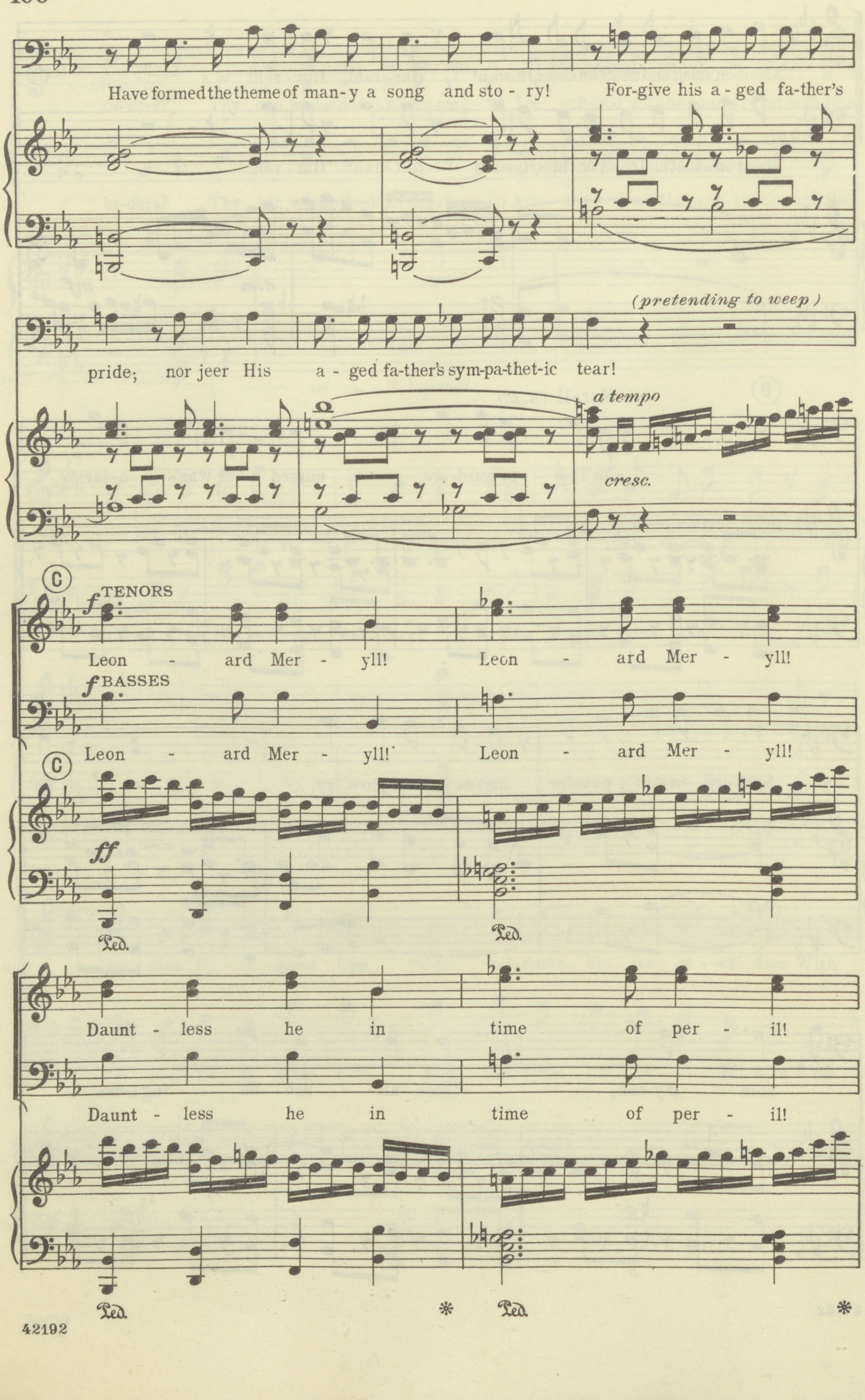

(All are on stage.)
sf
sf
(They see Meryll, come down, and
gather round him.)
A
TENORS, unis.
Oh, Ser-geant Mer-yll, is it true— The wel-come news we read in
Chorus of Yeomen
BASSES, unis.
Oh, Ser-geant Mer-yll, is it true— The wel-come news we read in
A

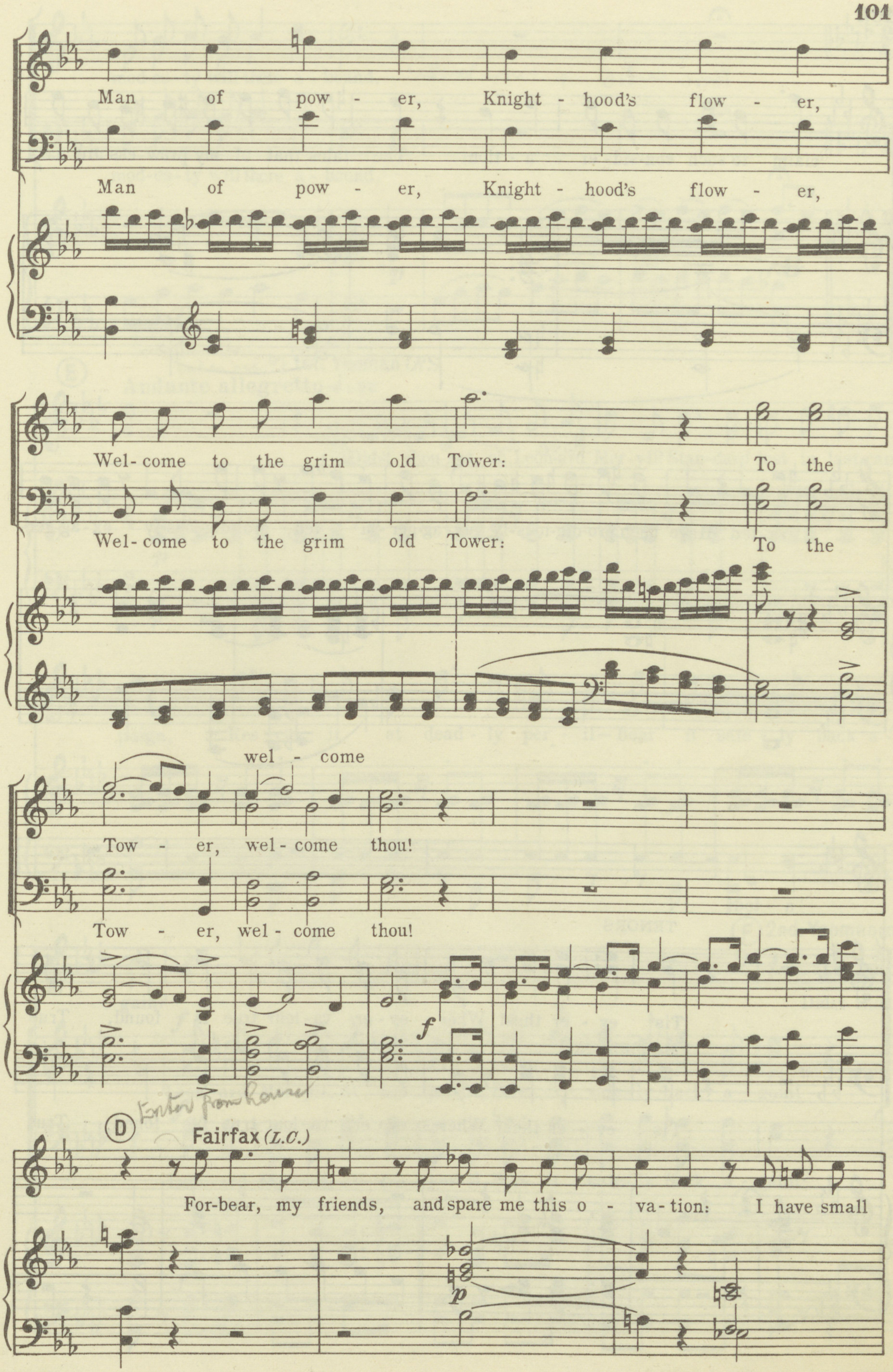

or-ders? Thy son, whose deeds of der-ring - do Are ech-oed all the coun-try through, Has
or-ders? Thy son, whose deeds of der-ring - do Are ech-oed all the coun-try through, Has
come to join the Tow - er ward - ers? If so, we come to meet him, That
come to join the Tow - er ward - ers? If so, we come to meet him, That
we may fit - ly greet him, And wel - come his ar - ri - val here With
we may fit - ly greet him, And wel - come his ar - ri - val here With
8
8

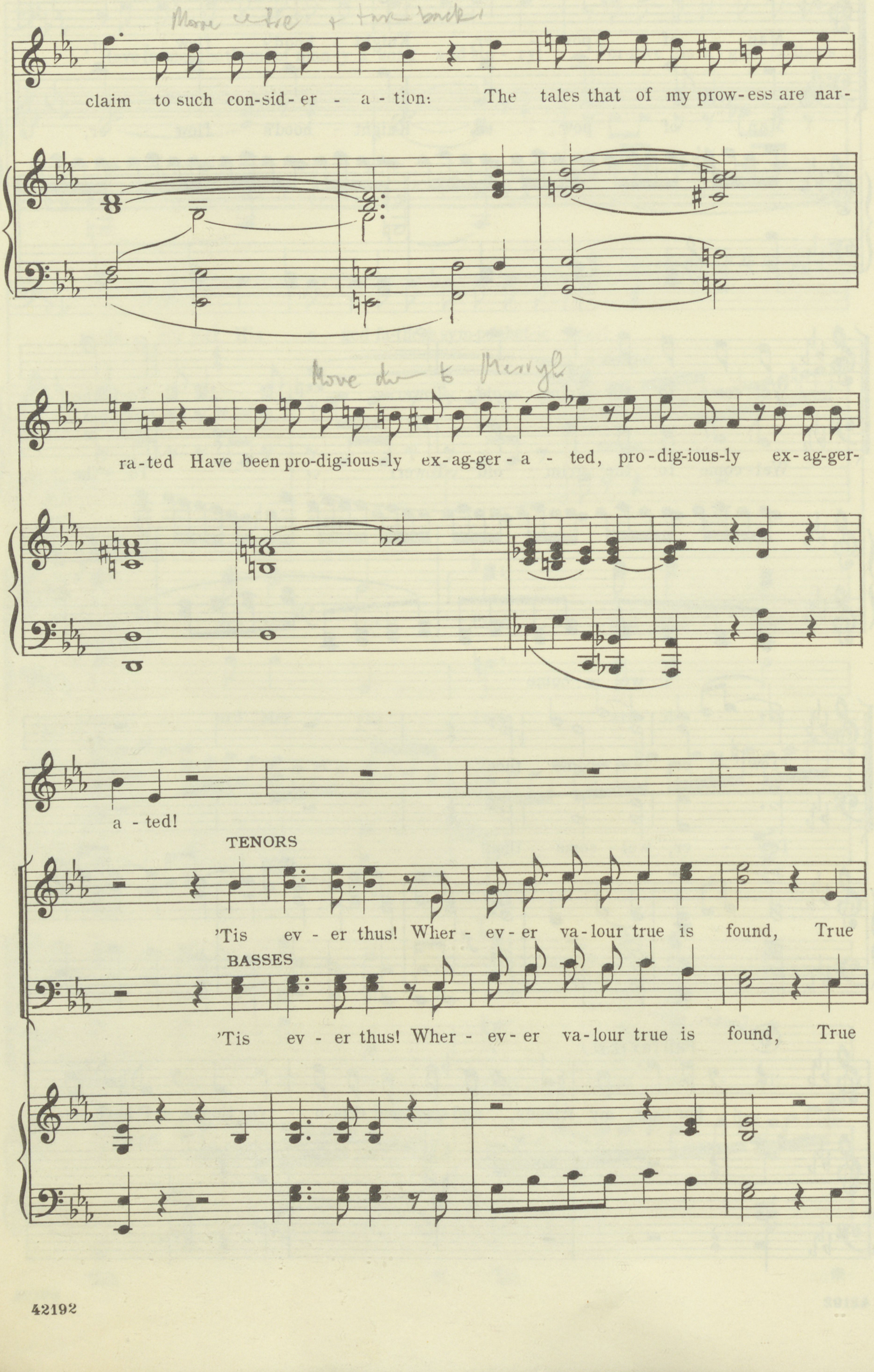

shout on shout and cheer on cheer, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!
shout on shout and cheer on cheer, Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!
dim.
mf
B
Meryll (R. C.)
Ye Tow - er ward-ers, nursed in war's a-larms,
Suck-led on gun - pow-der and weaned on glo - ry, Be-
hold my son, whose all - sub-du - ing arms

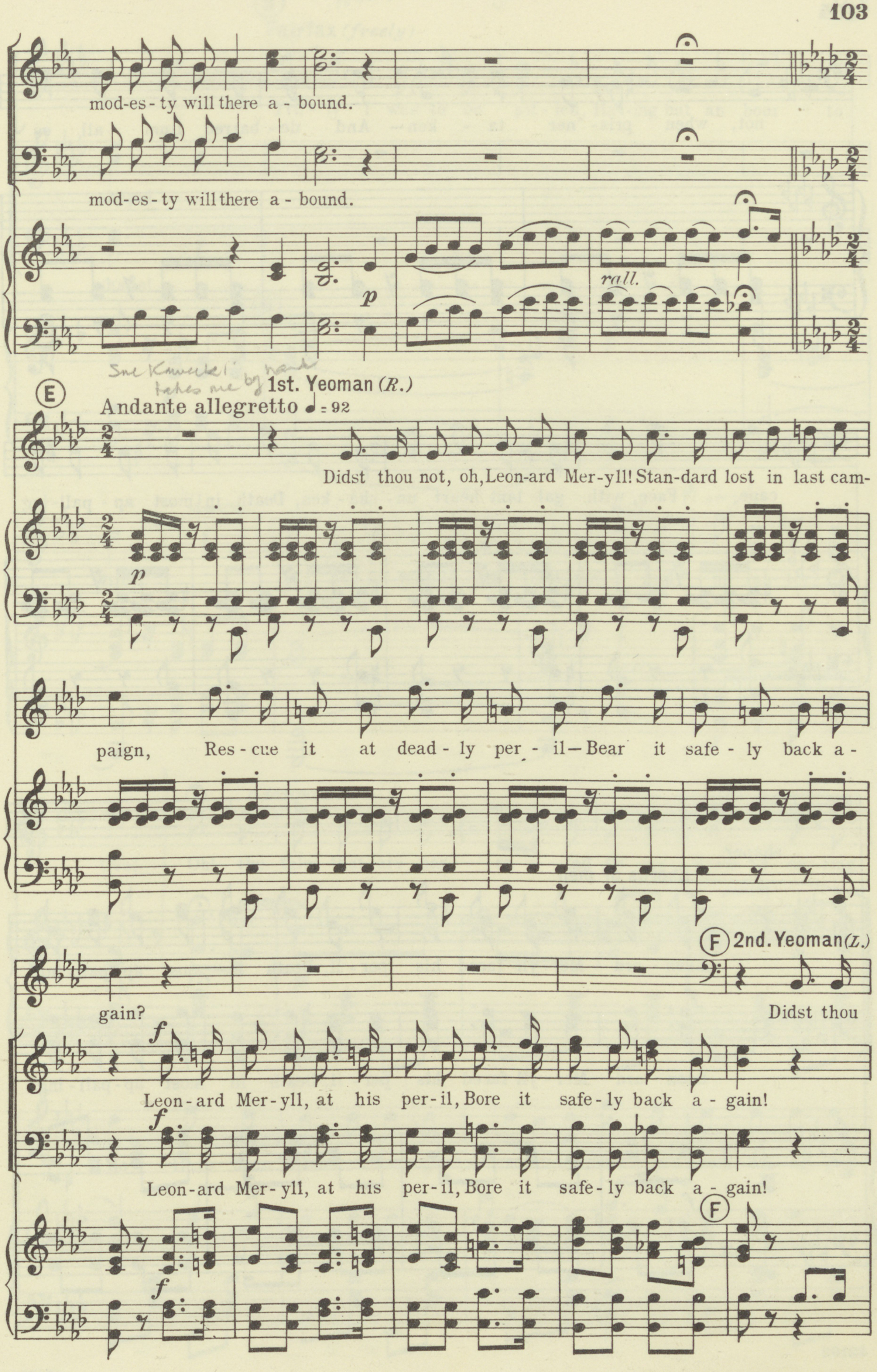
Chatter

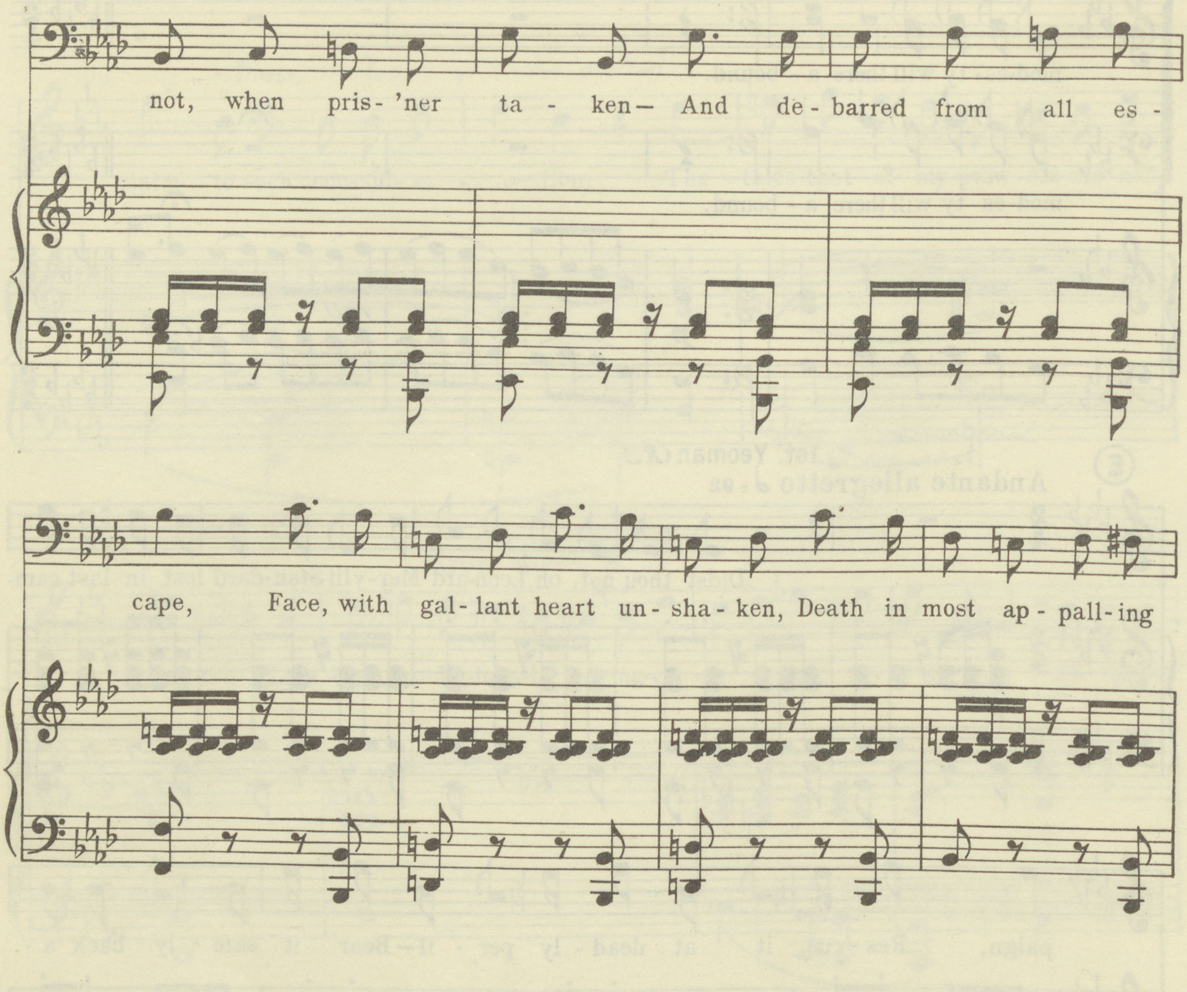
Merryl sings to men from back centre stage

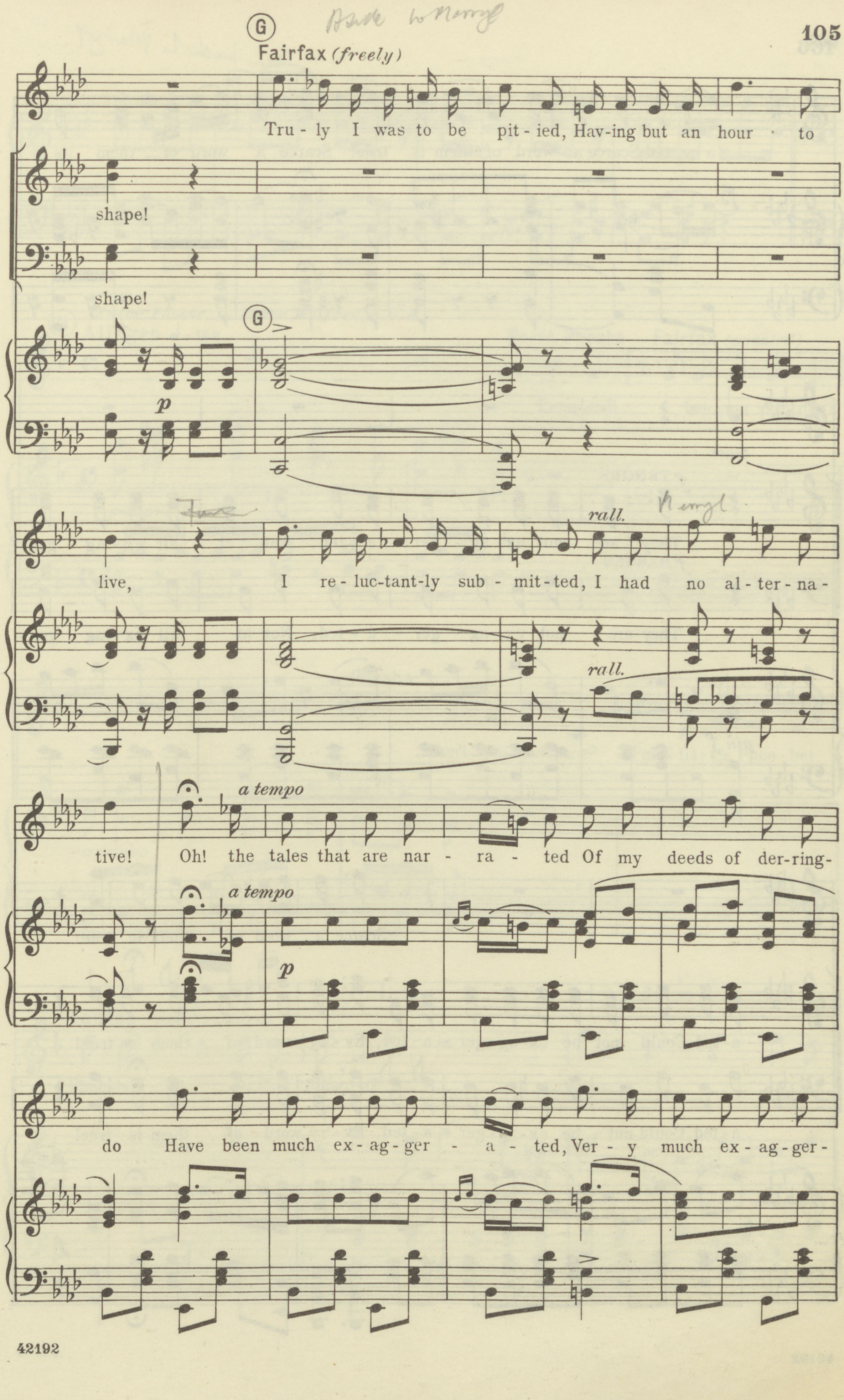

Have formed the theme of man-y a song and sto - ry! For-give his a-ged fa-ther's
(pretending to weep)
pride; nor jeer His a - ged fa-ther's sym-pa-thet-ic tear!
a tempo
cresc.
C
f TENORS
Leon - ard Mer - yll! Leon - ard Mer - yll!
f BASSES
Leon - ard Mer - yll! Leon - ard Mer - yll!
C
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Daunt - less he in time of per - il!
Daunt - less he in time of per - il!
Ped.
*
Ped.
*


Man of pow-er, Knight-hood's flow-er,
Man of pow-er, Knight-hood's flow-er,
Wel-come to the grim old Tower: To the
Wel-come to the grim old Tower: To the
wel-come
Tow-er, wel-come thou!
Tow-er, wel-come thou!
f
Enter from house
D
Fairfax (L.C.)
For-bear, my friends, and spare me this o-va-tion: I have small
p

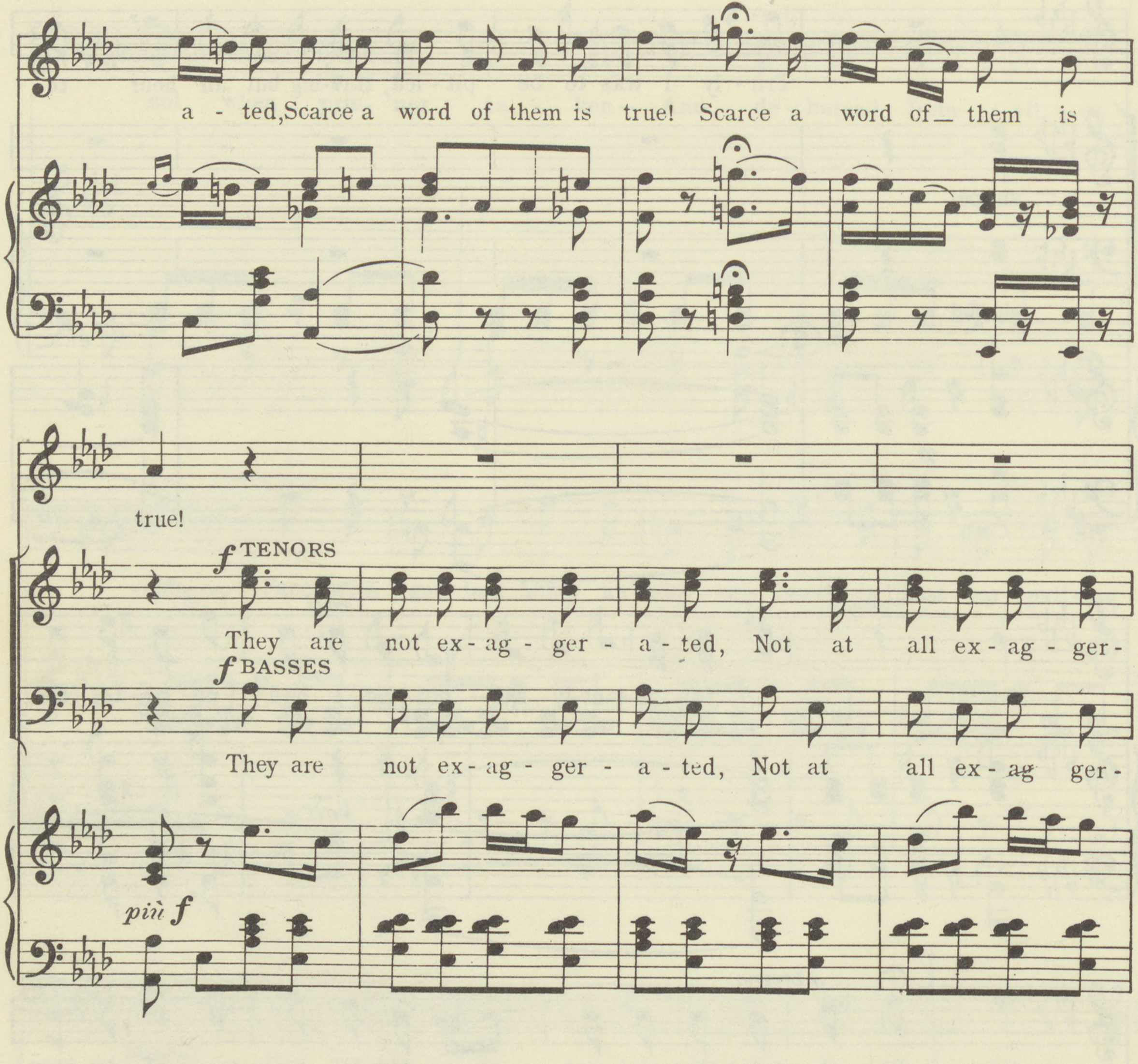

Move centre + turn back!
claim to such con-sid-er-a-tion: The tales that of my prow-ess are nar-
Move down to Merryl
ra-ted Have been pro-dig-ious-ly ex-ag-ger-a-ted, pro-dig-ious-ly ex-ag-ger-
a-ted!
TENORS
'Tis ev-er thus! Wher-ev-er va-lour true is found, True
BASSES
'Tis ev-er thus! Wher-ev-er va-lour true is found, True

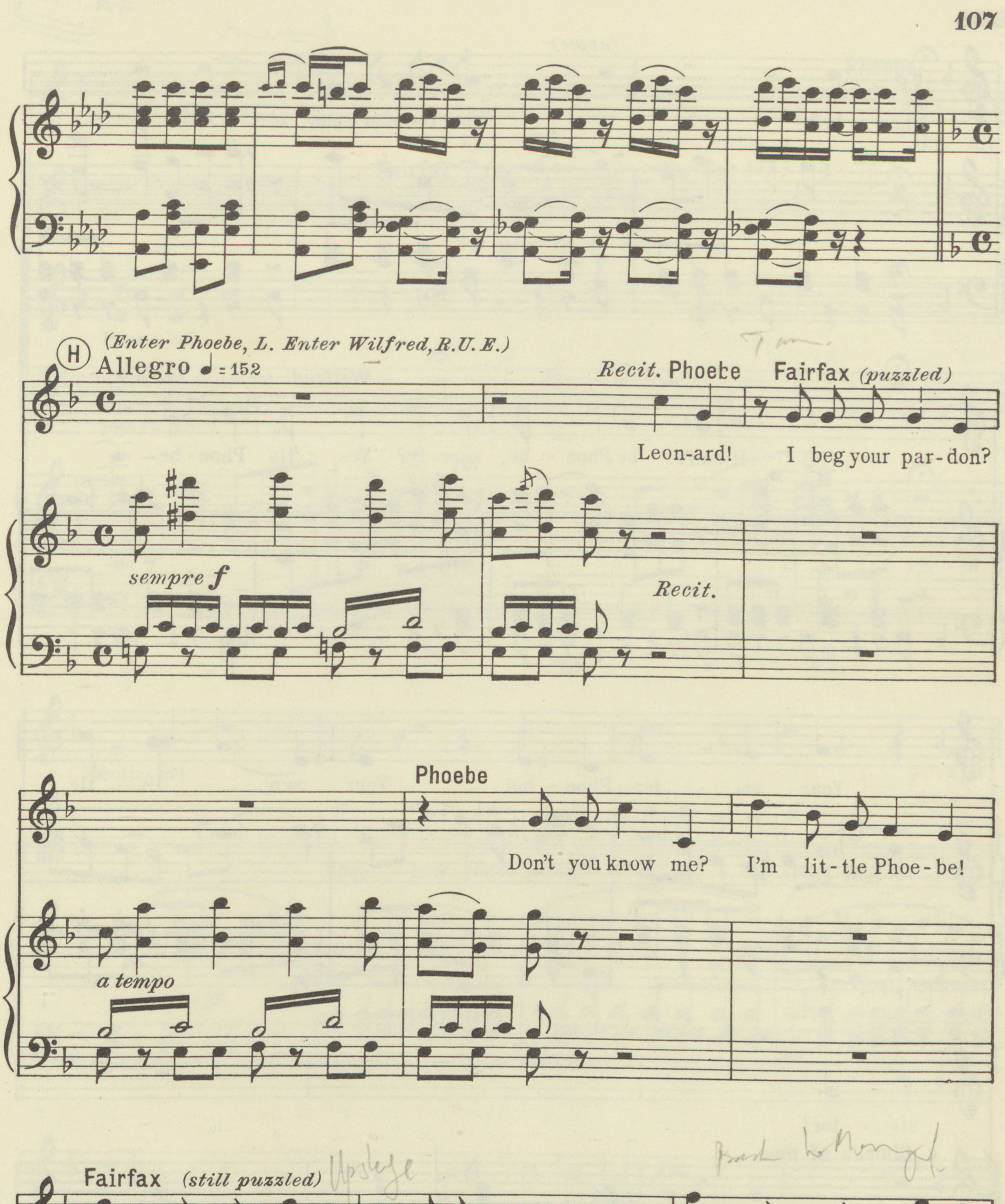

mod-es-ty will there a-bound.
mod-es-ty will there a-bound.
p
rall.
Sne Knuckle!
takes me by hand
E
1st. Yeoman (R.)
Andante allegretto ♩= 92
Didst thou not, oh, Leon-ard Mer-yll! Stan-dard lost in last cam-paign, Res-cue it at dead-ly per-il—Bear it safe-ly back a-gain?
p
F
2nd. Yeoman (L.)
Didst thou
f
Leon-ard Mer-yll, at his per-il, Bore it safe-ly back a-gain!
Leon-ard Mer-yll, at his per-il, Bore it safe-ly back a-gain!
f
F

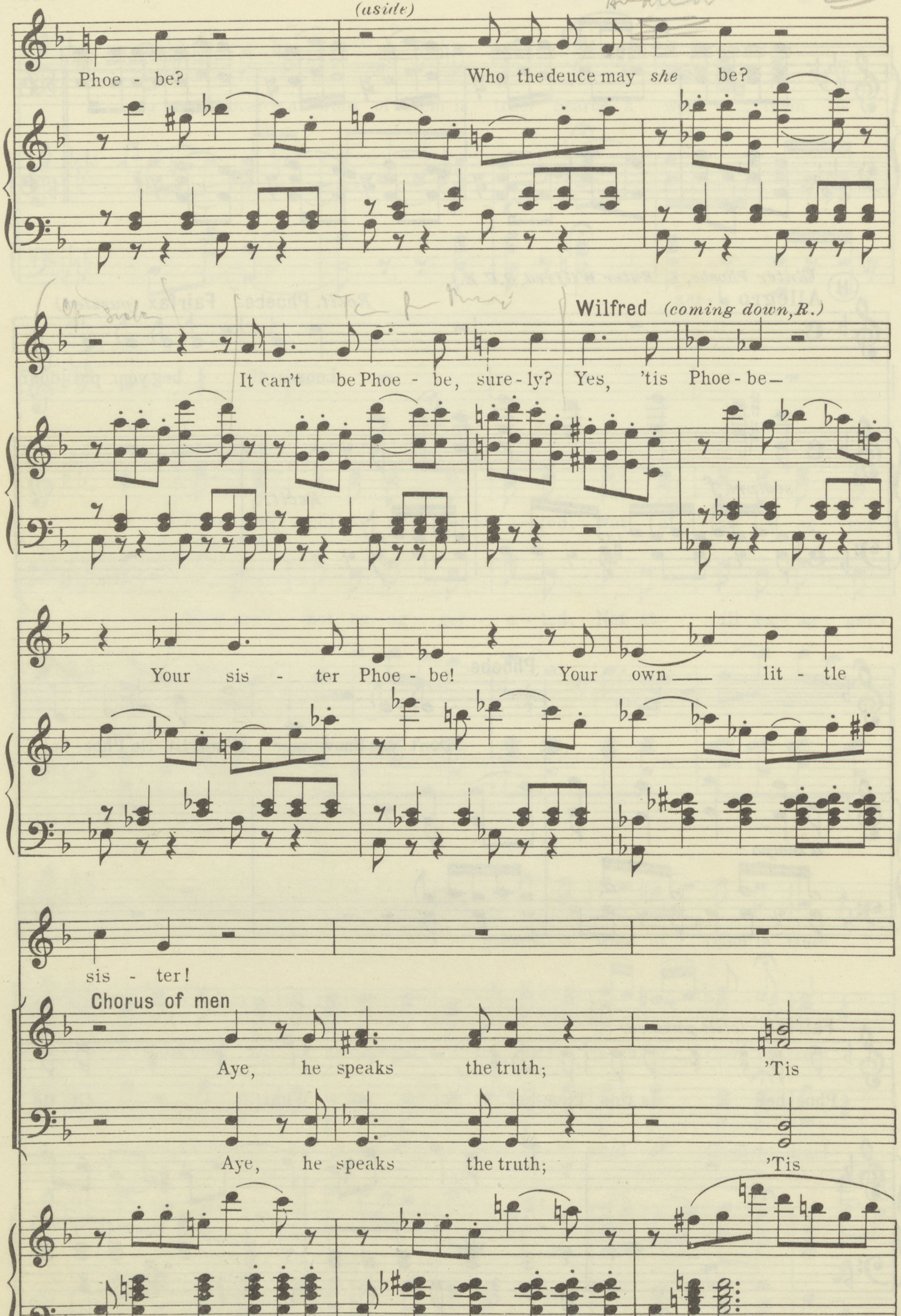

not, when pris-'ner ta - ken— And de-barred from all es -
cape, Face, with gal-lant heart un-sha-ken, Death in most ap-pall-ing
shape?
Chorus of men
f
Leon - ard Mer - yll faced his per - il, Death in most ap-pall-ing
f
Leon - ard Mer - yll faced his per - il, Death in most ap-pall-ing
f

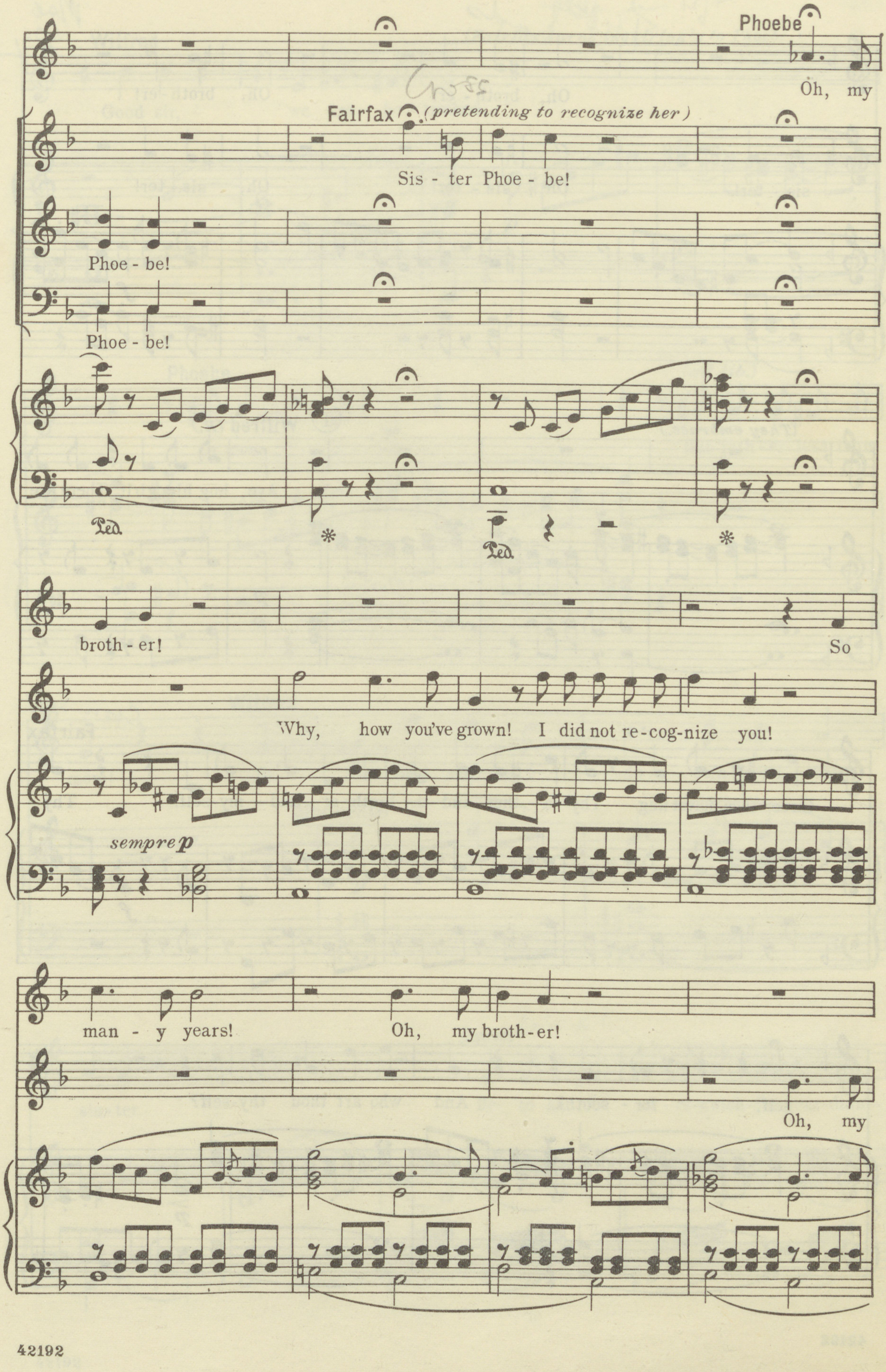

G
Aside to Merryl
Fairfax (freely)
Tru-ly I was to be pit-ied, Hav-ing but an hour to
shape!
shape!
G
p
live,
I re-luc-tant-ly sub-mit-ted, I had no al-ter-na-
rall.
Merryl
rall.
tive!
a tempo
Oh! the tales that are nar-ra-ted Of my deeds of der-ring-
a tempo
p
do Have been much ex-ag-ger-a-ted, Ver-y much ex-ag-ger-

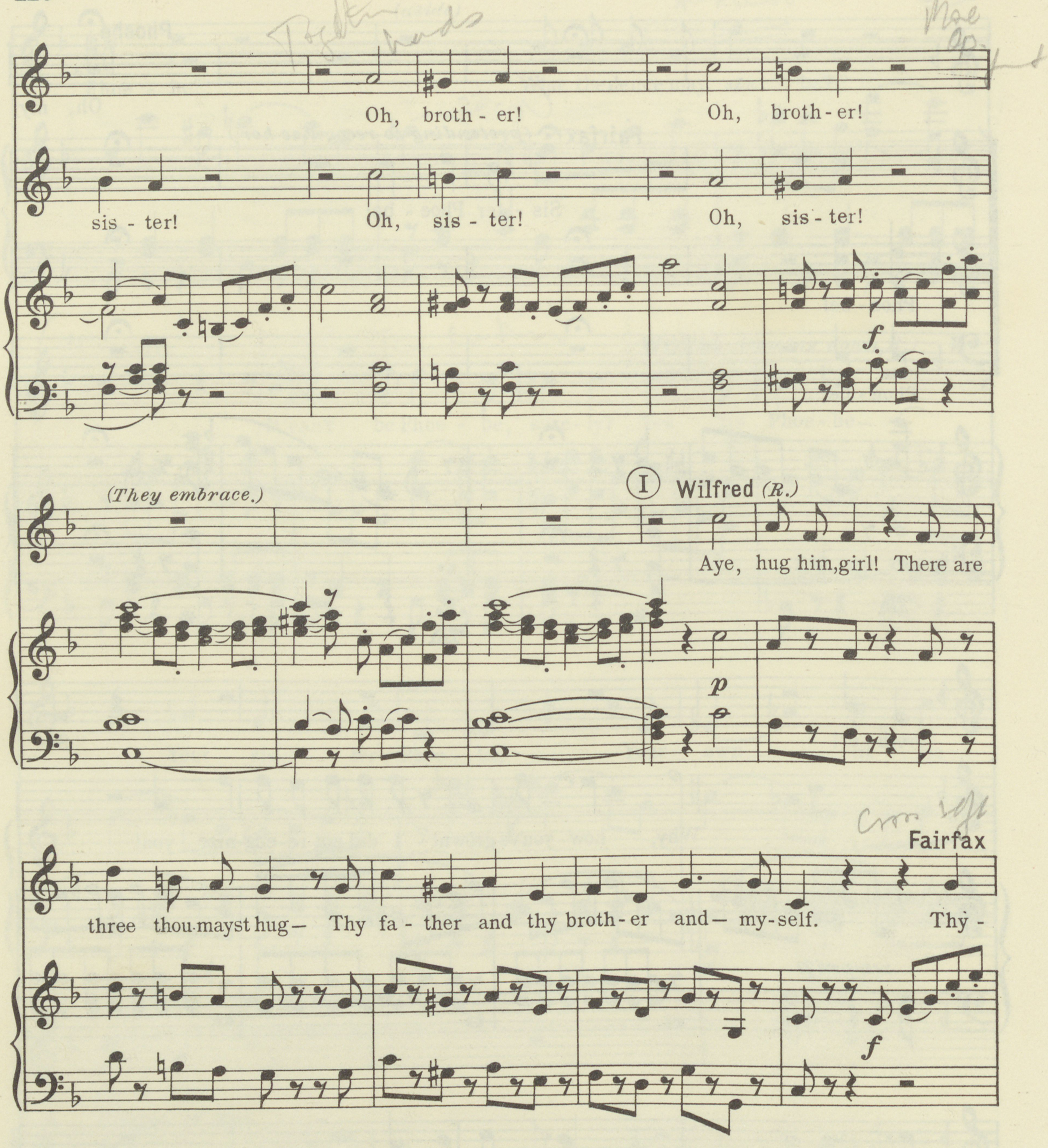
Turn back to Merryl

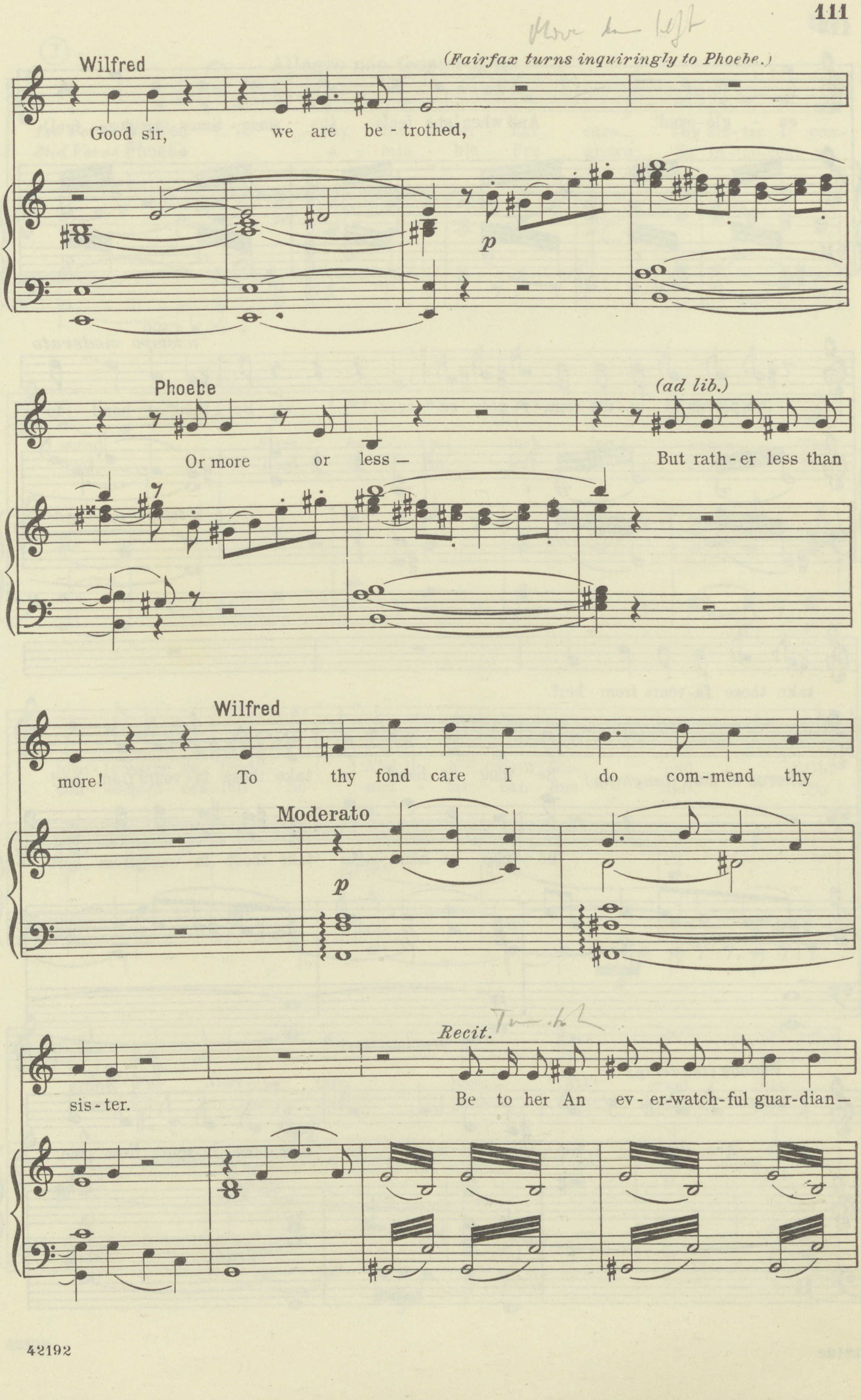

a - ted, Scarce a word of them is true! Scarce a word of— them is
true!
TENORS
They are not ex-ag-ger - a - ted, Not at all ex-ag-ger-
BASSES
They are not ex-ag-ger - a - ted, Not at all ex-ag-ger-
più f
Scarce a word of— them is true!
a-ted, Could not be ex-ag-ger - a - ted, Ev-'ry word of— them is true!
a-ted, Could not be ex-ag-ger - a - ted, Ev-'ry word of them is true!

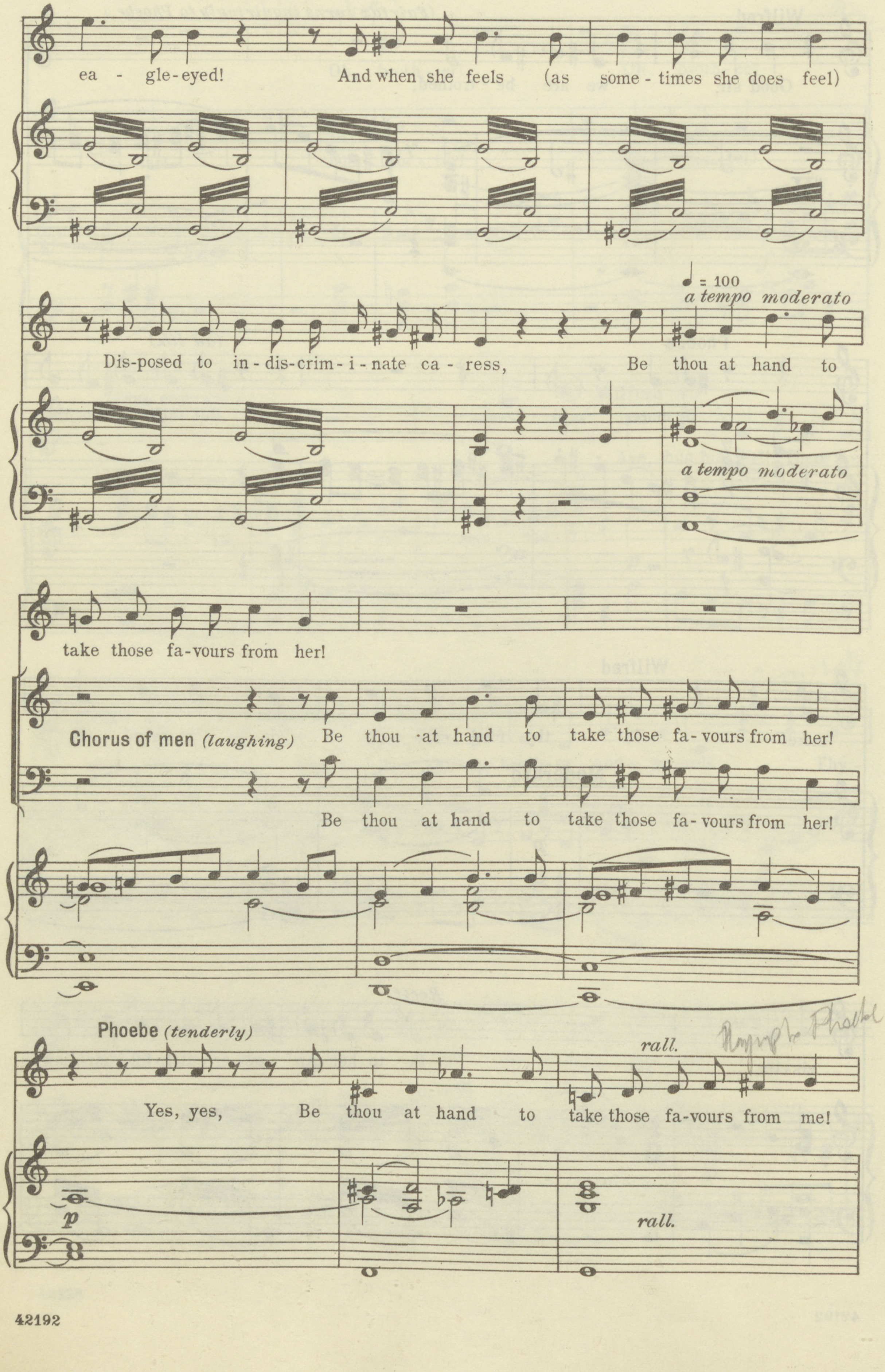

(Enter Phoebe, L. Enter Wilfred, R.U.E.)
H
Allegro ♩= 152
Recit. Phoebe
Leon-ard!
Fairfax (puzzled)
I beg your par-don?
sempre f
Recit.
Phoebe
Don't you know me? I'm lit-tle Phoe-be!
a tempo
Fairfax (still puzzled)
Upstage
Phoe-be? Is this Phoe-be?
Back to Meryll
What! lit-tle
p


Andrea
Far left
(aside)
Phoe - be?
Who the deuce may *she* be?
Up Stage
It can't be Phoe - be, sure - ly?
Wilfred *(coming down, R.)*
Yes, 'tis Phoe - be —
Your sis - ter Phoe - be! Your own — lit - tle
sis - ter!
Chorus of men
Aye, he speaks the truth; 'Tis
Aye, he speaks the truth; 'Tis

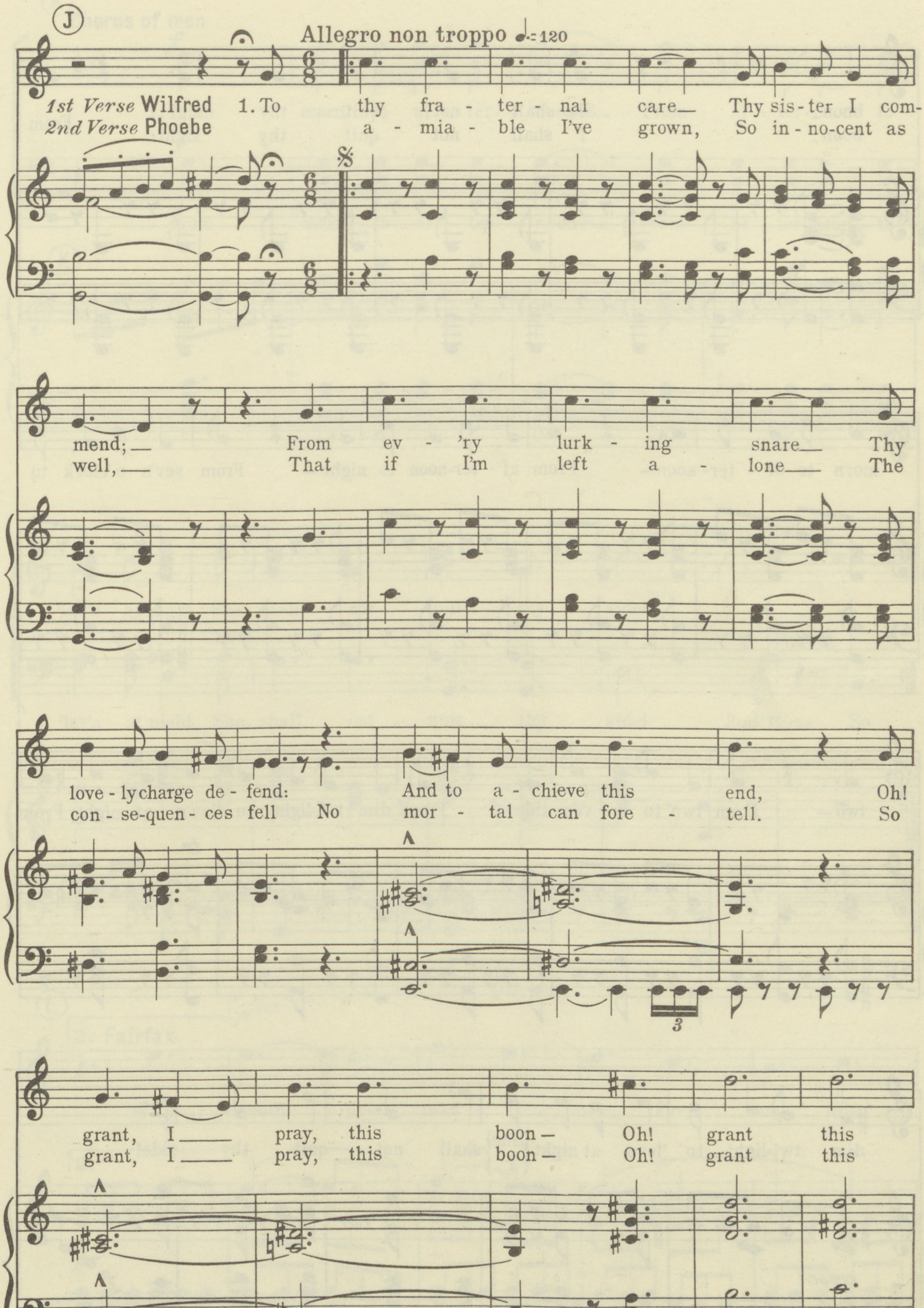

Phoebe
Oh, my
Fairfax (pretending to recognize her)
Sis - ter Phoe - be!
Phoe - be!
Phoe - be!
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
broth - er!
So
Why, how you've grown! I did not re - cog - nize you!
sempre p
man - y years!
Oh, my broth - er!
Oh, my

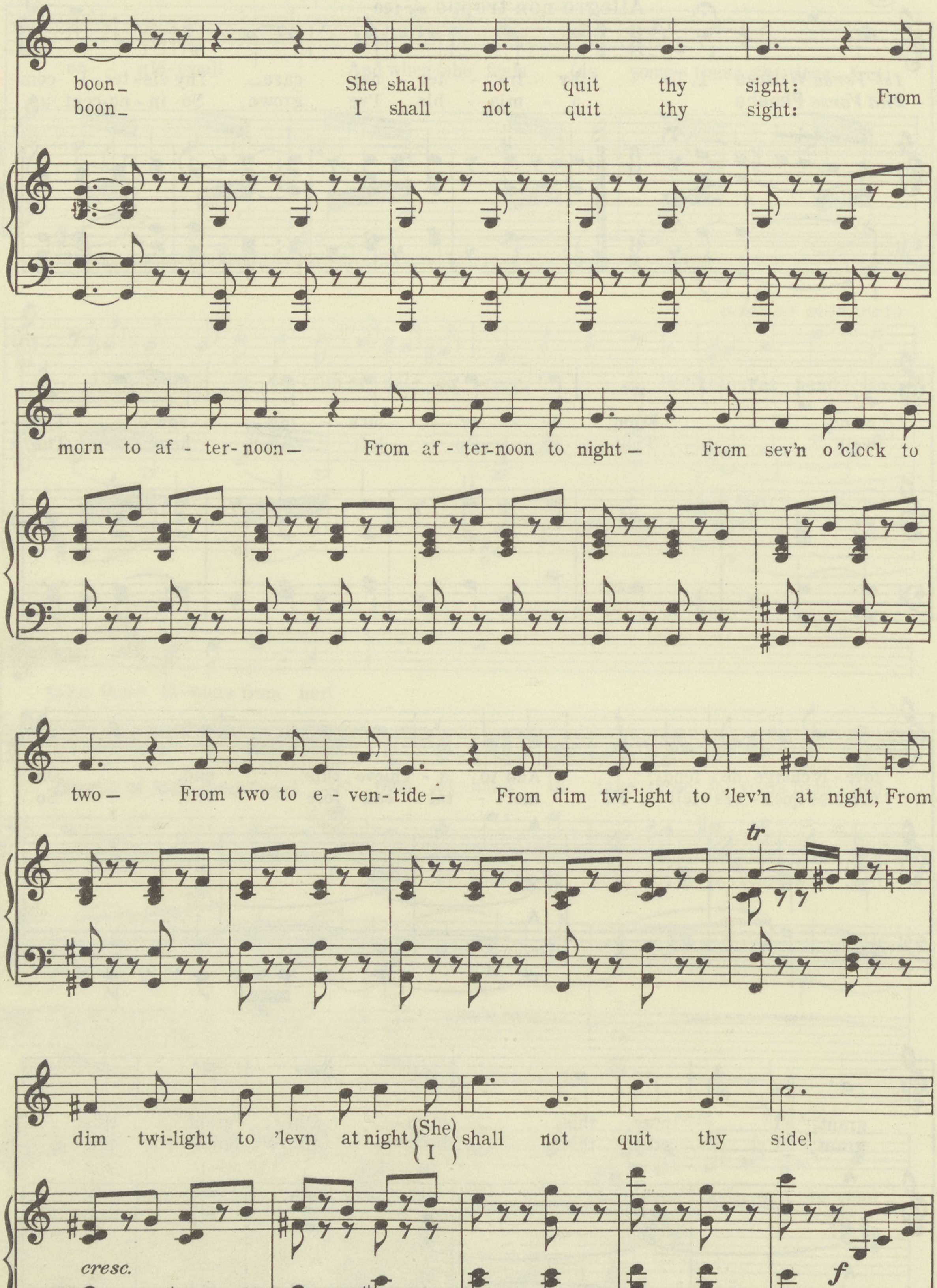

Together hands
Move up
Oh, brother! Oh, brother!
sister! Oh, sister! Oh, sister!
f
(They embrace.)
I
Wilfred (R.)
Aye, hug him, girl! There are three thou mayst hug — Thy father and thy brother and — myself.
p
Cross left
Fairfax
Thyself, forsooth? And who art thou thyself?
f
p

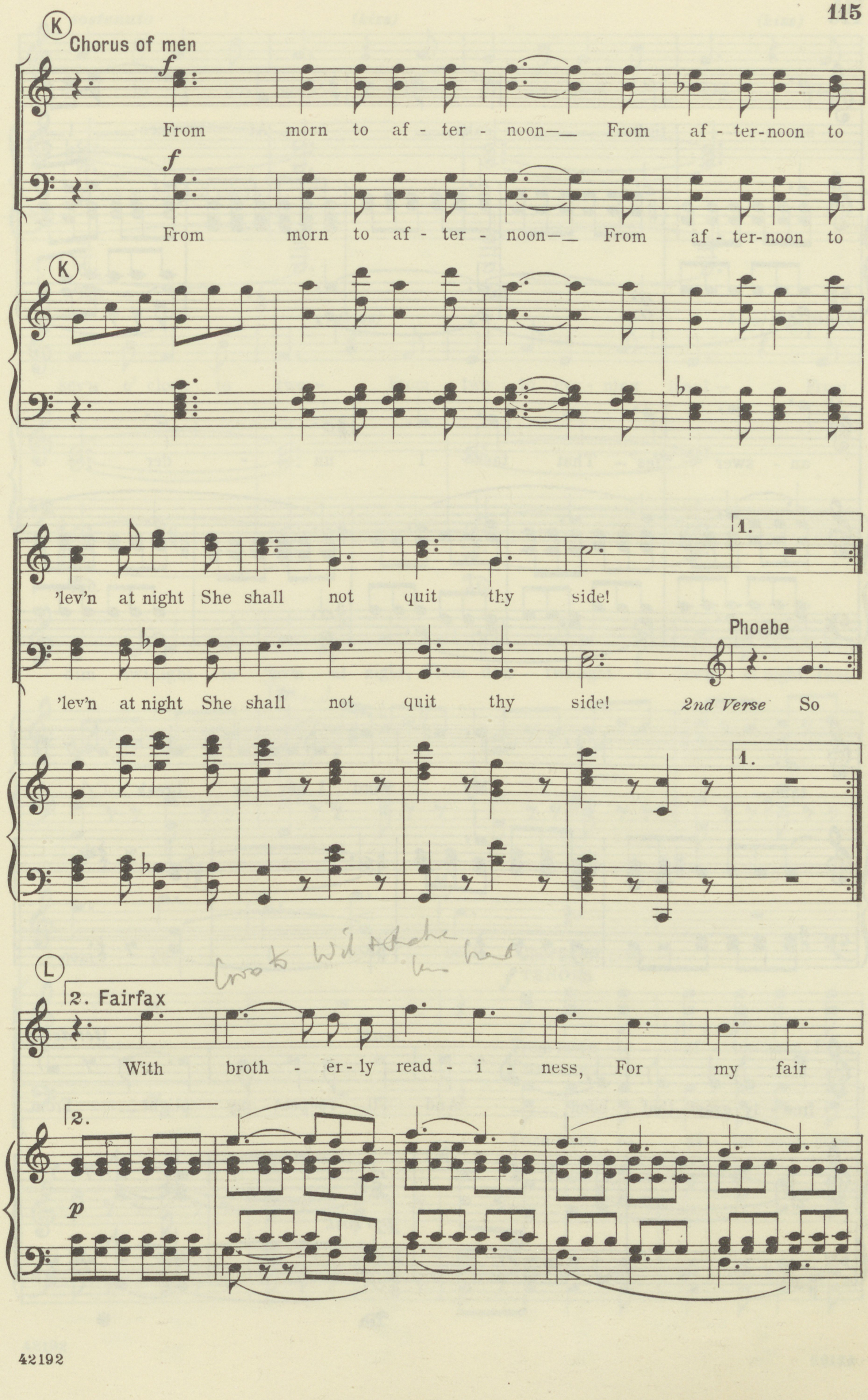

Move down left
Wilfred
(Fairfax turns inquiringly to Phoebe.)
Good sir, we are be-trothed,
p
Phoebe
(ad lib.)
Or more or less—
But rath-er less than
more!
Wilfred
To thy fond care I do com-mend thy
Moderato
p
sis-ter.
Recit.
Turn to her
Be to her An ev-er-watch-ful guar-dian—

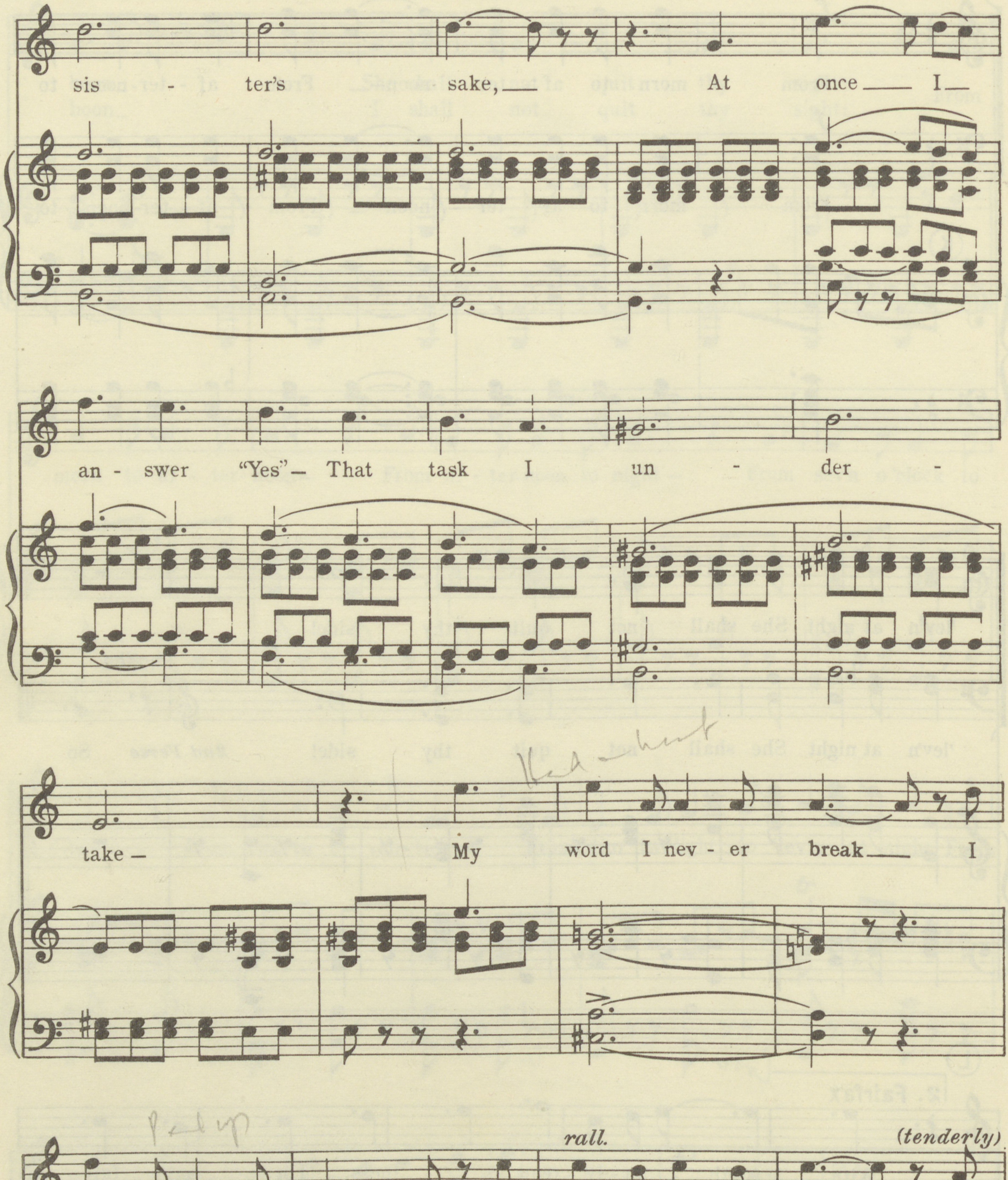

ea - gle-eyed! And when she feels (as some - times she does feel)
♩ = 100
a tempo moderato
Dis-posed to in - dis-crim - i - nate ca - ress, Be thou at hand to
a tempo moderato
take those fa-vours from her!
Chorus of men (laughing) Be thou at hand to take those fa - vours from her!
Be thou at hand to take those fa - vours from her!
Phoebe (tenderly)
rall.
Yes, yes, Be thou at hand to take those fa - vours from me!
p
rall.

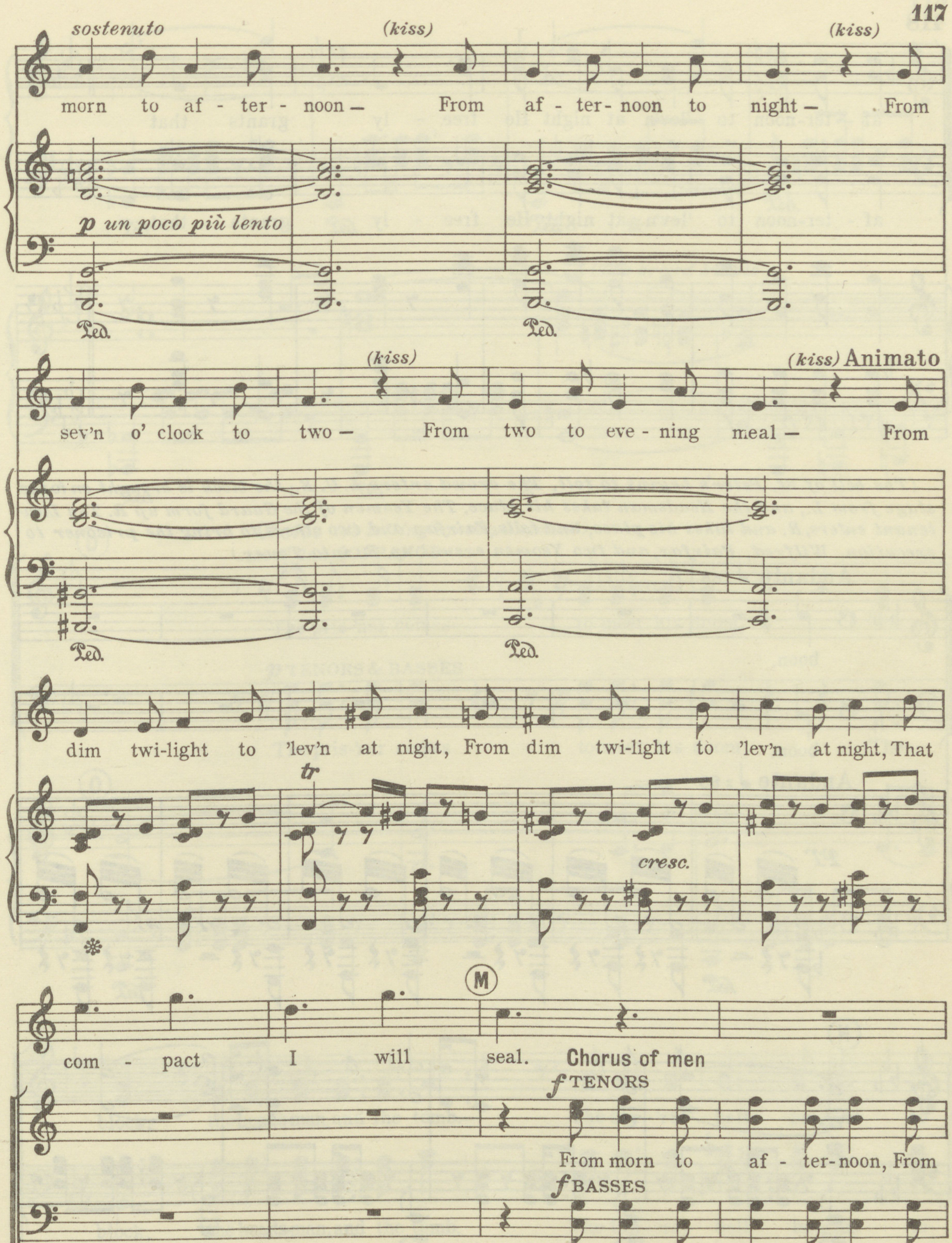
Run up to Phoebe

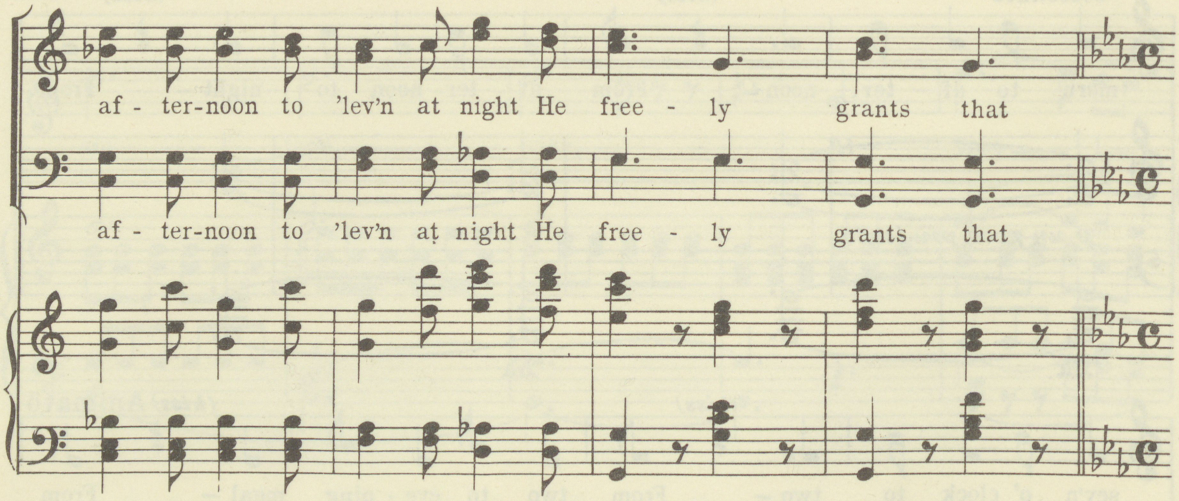

J
Allegro non troppo ♩.=120
1st Verse Wilfred 1. To thy fra - ter - nal care— Thy sis - ter I com-
2nd Verse Phoebe a - mia - ble I've grown, So in - no-cent as
mend;— From ev - 'ry lurk - ing snare— Thy
well,— That if I'm left a - lone The
love - ly charge de - fend: And to a - chieve this end, Oh!
con - se-quen - ces fell No mor - tal can fore - tell. So
grant, I— pray, this boon— Oh! grant this
grant, I— pray, this boon— Oh! grant this
3
3


boon_ She shall not quit thy sight:
boon_ I shall not quit thy sight: From
morn to af-ter-noon_ From af-ter-noon to night_ From sev'n o'clock to
two_ From two to e-ven-tide_ From dim twi-light to 'lev'n at night, From
dim twi-light to 'levn at night {She I} shall not quit thy side!
tr
cresc.
f

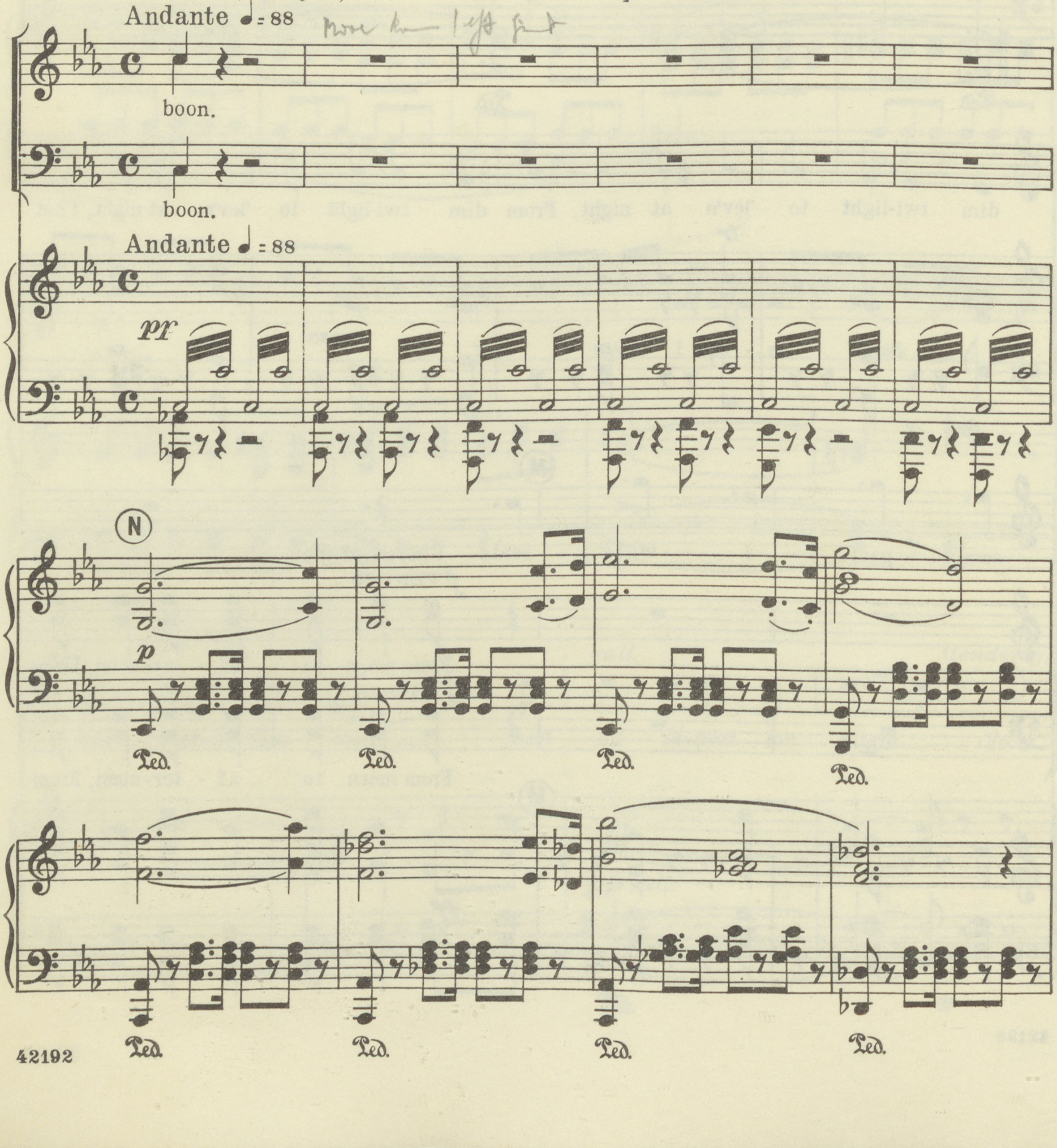

K
Chorus of men
f
From morn to af - ter - noon— From af - ter-noon to
f
From morn to af - ter - noon— From af - ter-noon to
K
'lev'n at night She shall not quit thy side!
1.
Phoebe
'lev'n at night She shall not quit thy side! 2nd Verse So
1.
L
Cross to Wil & shake his hand
2. Fairfax
With broth - er - ly read - i - ness, For my fair
2.
p

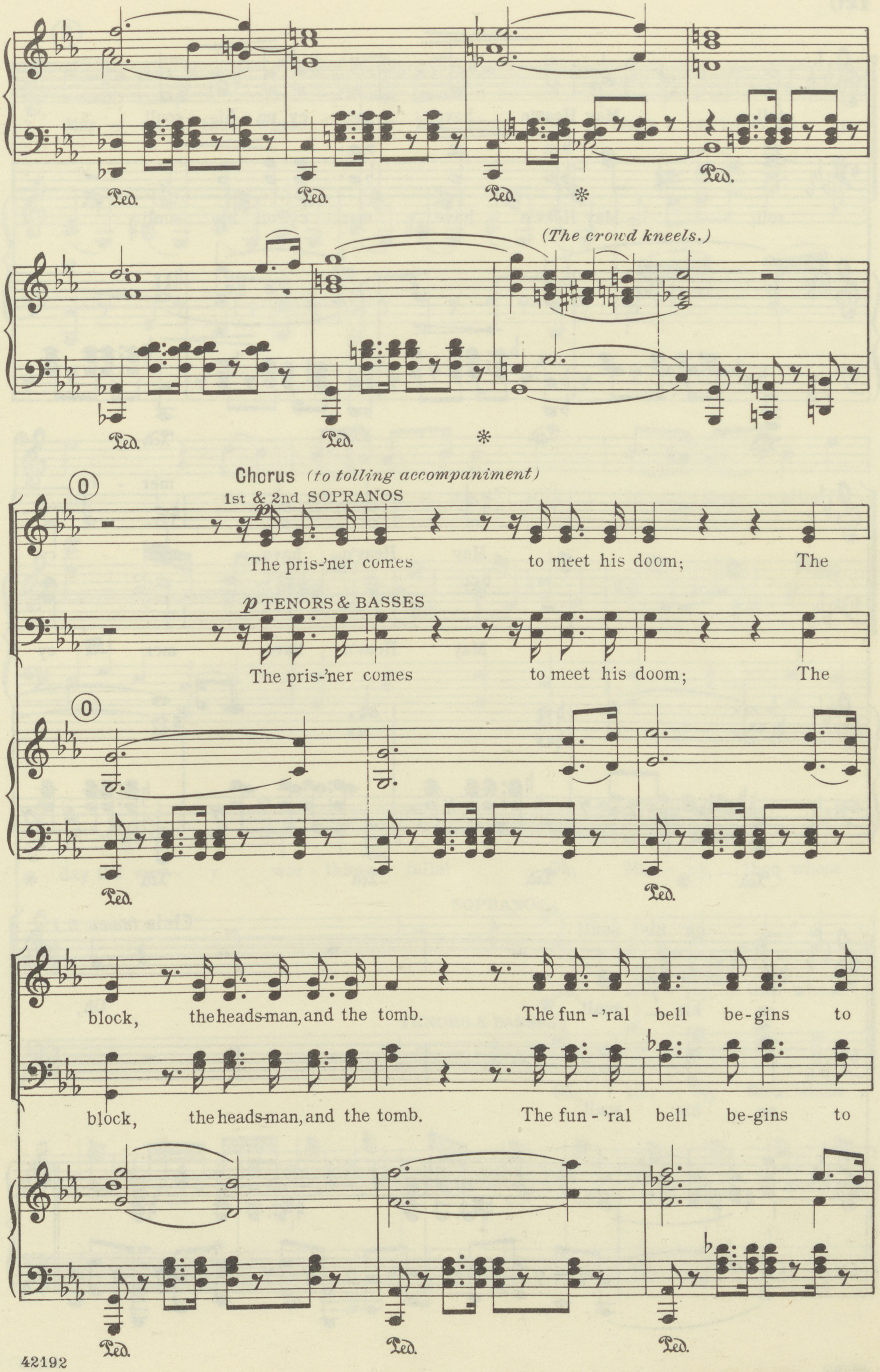

sis - ter's sake, At once I
an - swer "Yes" — That task I un - der -
take — My word I nev - er break — I
free - ly grant that boon, — And I'll re - peat my plight — From
Hold back
Pick up
rall.
(tenderly)
pp rall.
Ped.
*

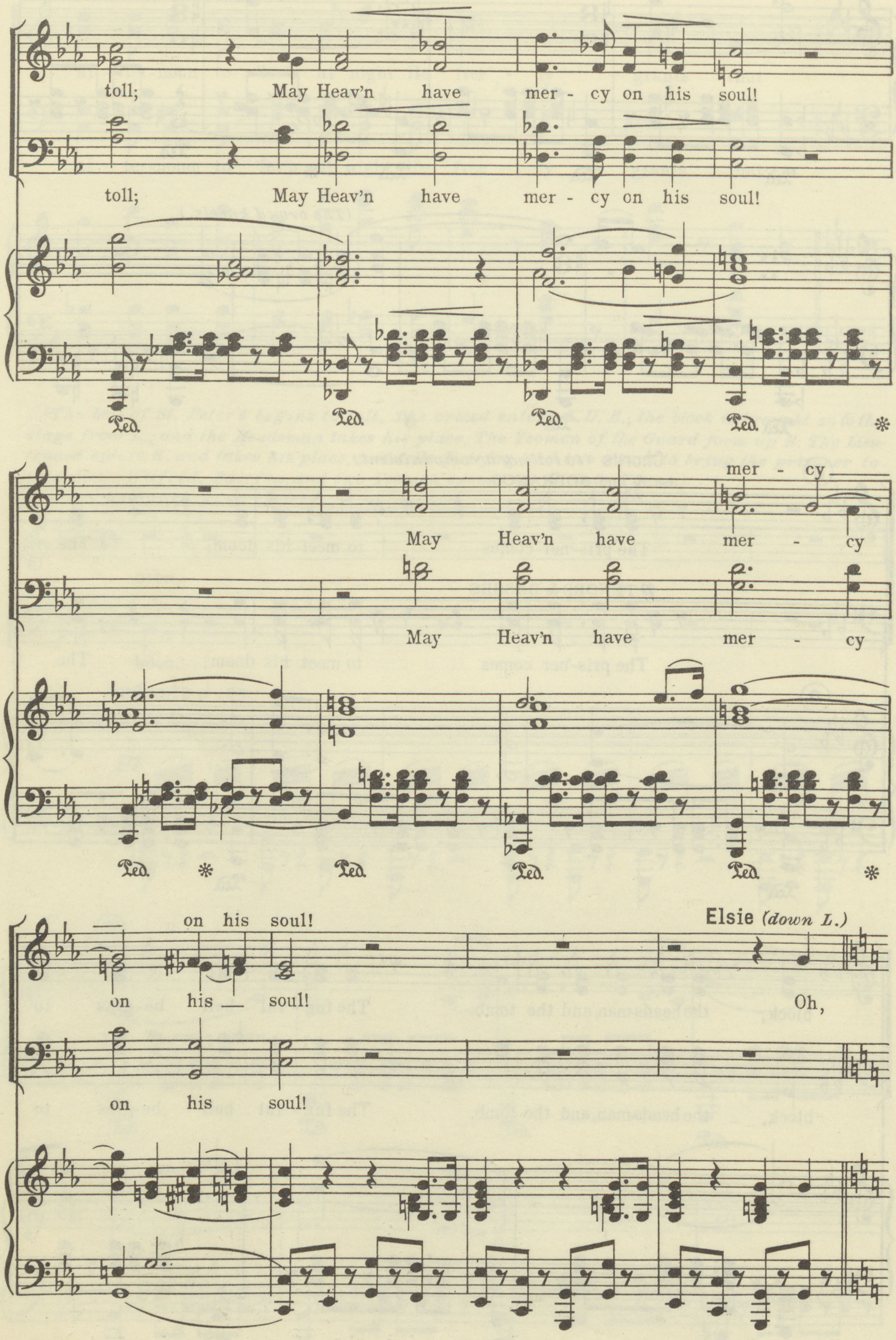

sostenuto
(kiss)
(kiss)
morn to af - ter - noon — From af - ter - noon to night — From
p un poco più lento
Ped.
Ped.
(kiss)
(kiss) Animato
sev'n o' clock to two — From two to eve - ning meal — From
Ped.
Ped.
dim twi-light to 'lev'n at night, From dim twi-light to 'lev'n at night, That
tr
cresc.
com - pact I will seal.
M
Chorus of men
f TENORS
From morn to af - ter - noon, From
f BASSES
From morn to af - ter - noon, From
M
ff

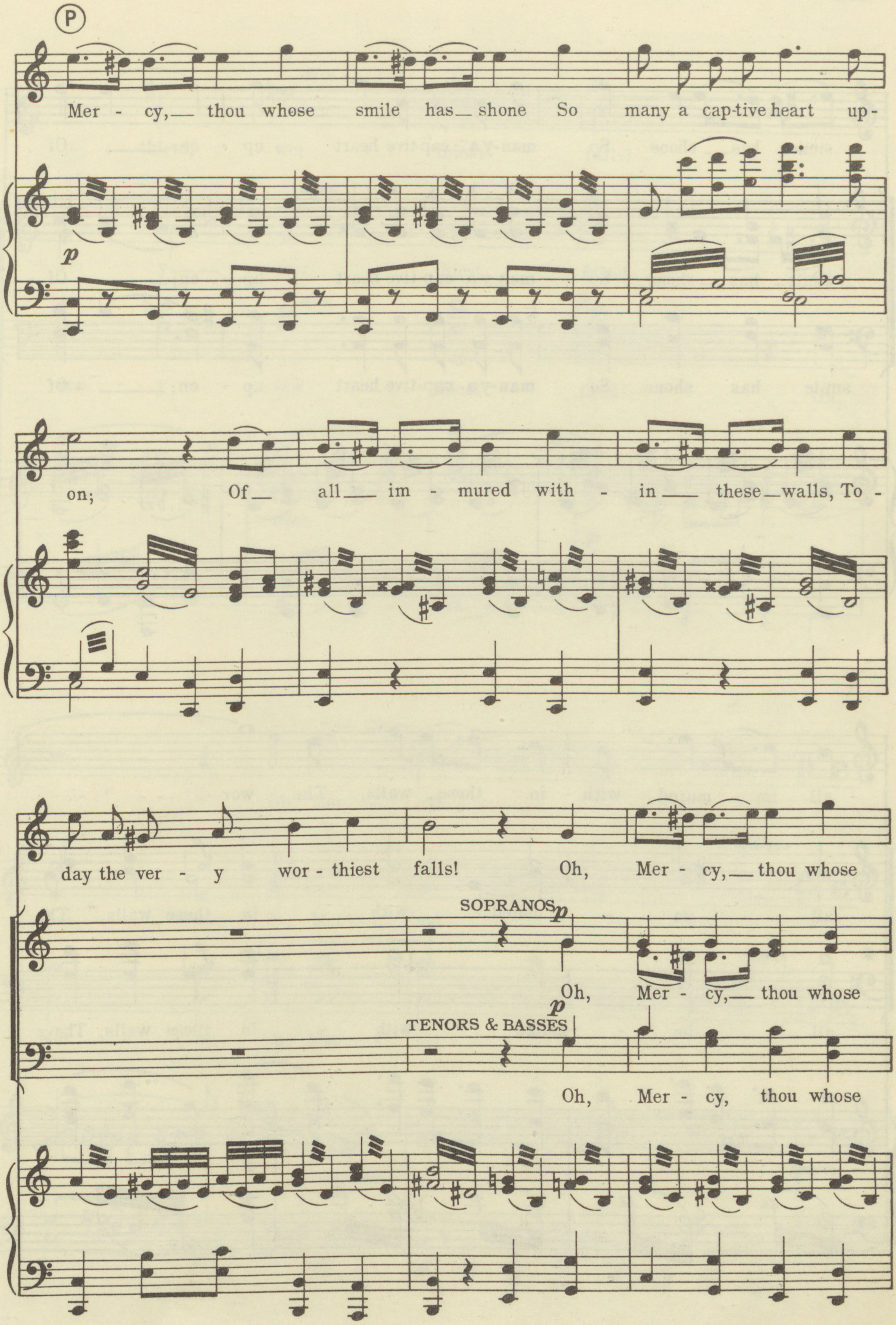

af - ter-noon to 'lev'n at night He free - ly grants that
af - ter-noon to 'lev'n at night He free - ly grants that

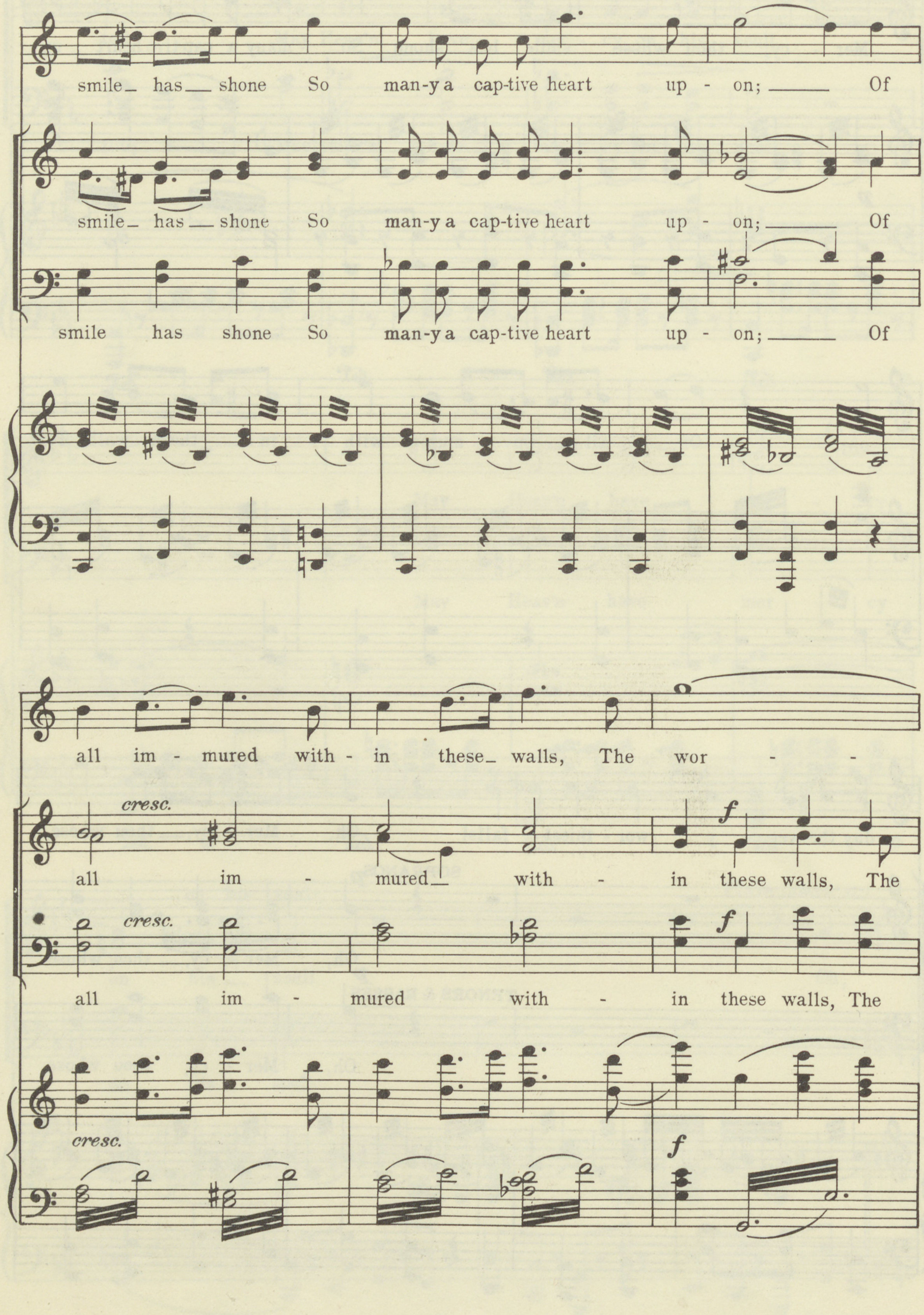
(The bell of St. Peter's begins to toll. The crowd enters, L. U. E.; the block is brought on to the stage from L., and the Headsman takes his place. The Yeomen of the Guard form up R. The Lieutenant enters, R. and takes his place, and tells Fairfax and two others to bring the prisoner to execution. Wilfred, Fairfax, and two Yeomen exeunt up R. into Tower.)

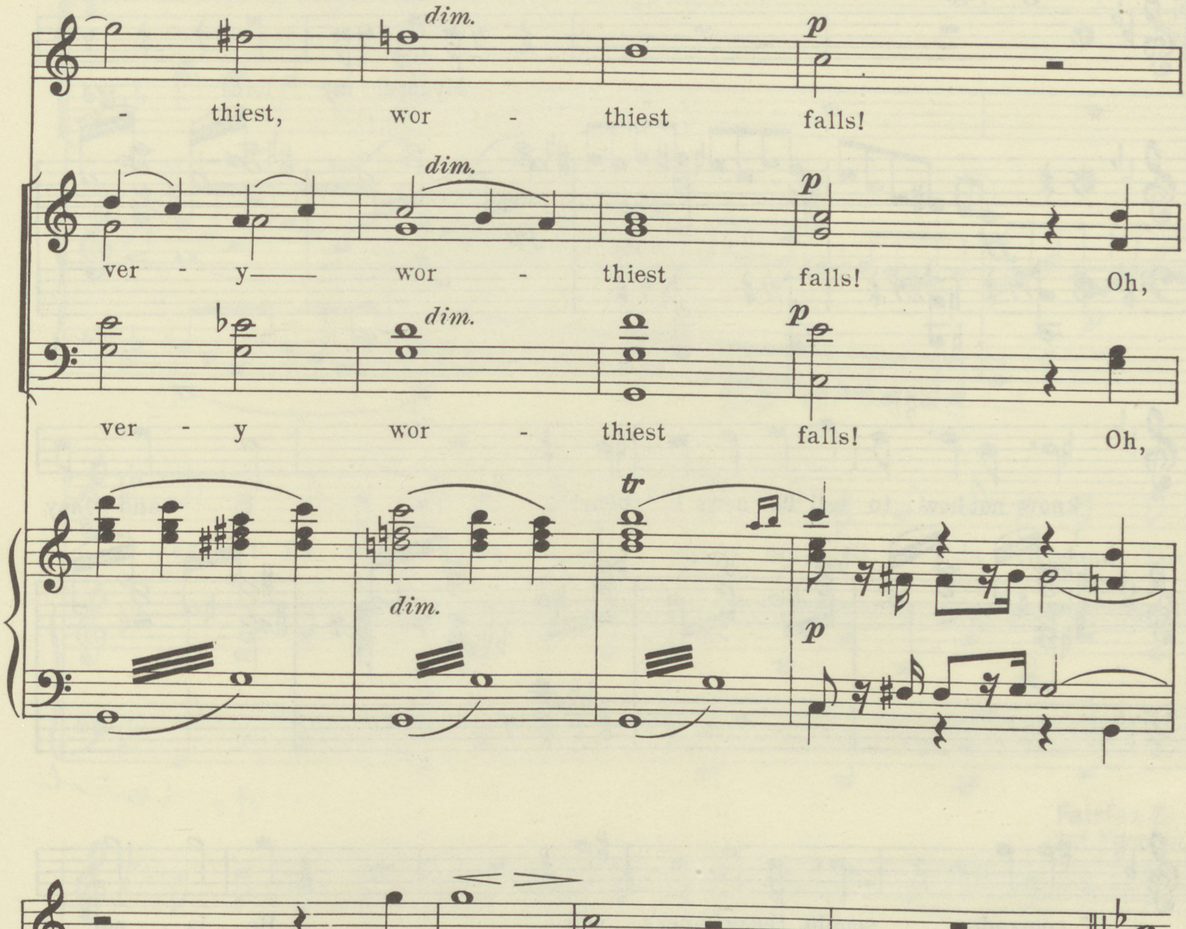

Andante ♩= 88
Move down 1 step front
boon.
boon.
Andante ♩= 88
pp
N
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

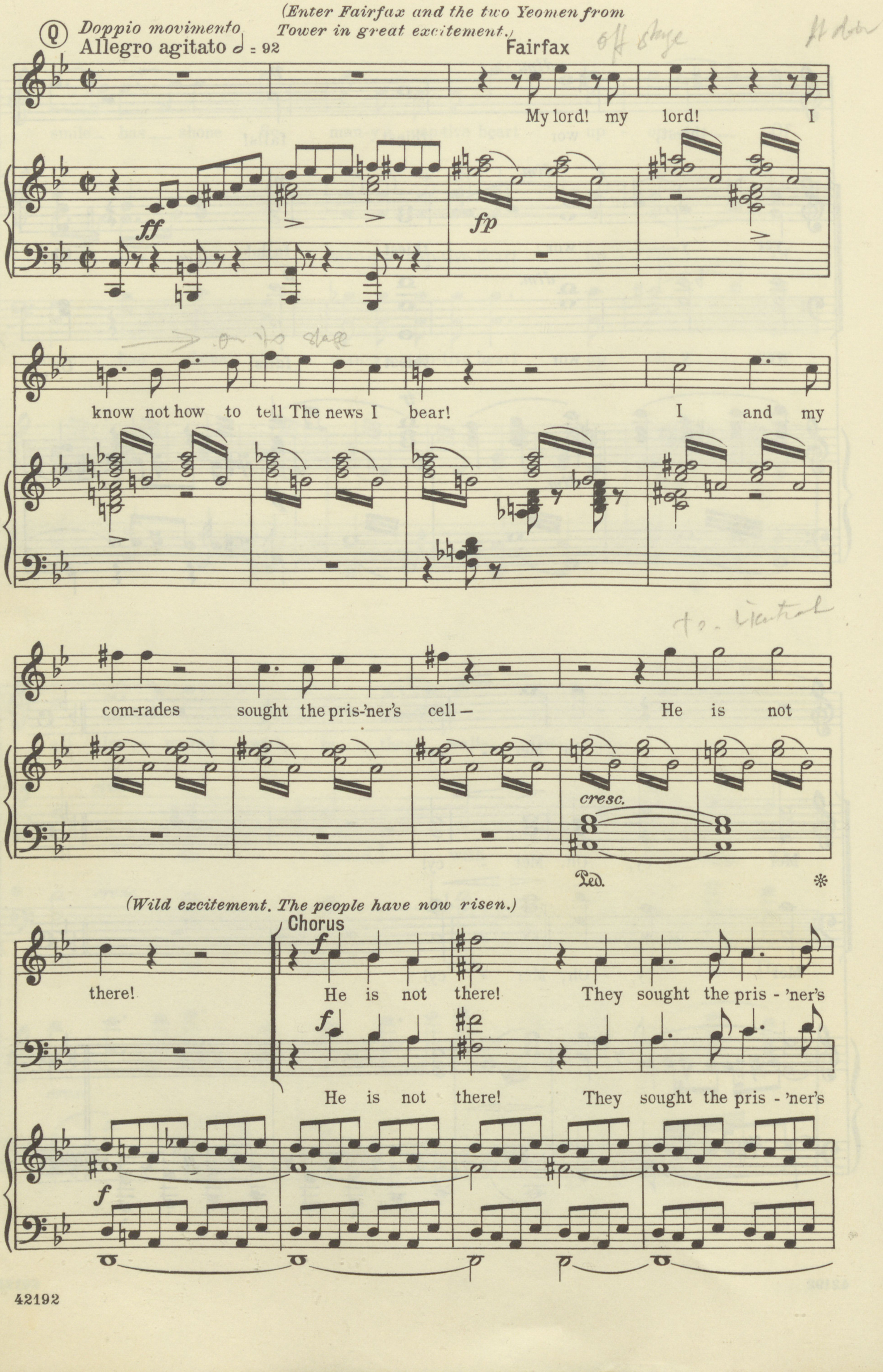

Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
*
Ped.
(The crowd kneels.)
Ped.
Ped.
*
O
Chorus (to tolling accompaniment)
1st & 2nd SOPRANOS
p
The pris-'ner comes to meet his doom; The
p TENORS & BASSES
The pris-'ner comes to meet his doom; The
O
Ped.
Ped.
block, the heads-man, and the tomb. The fun-'ral bell be-gins to
block, the heads-man, and the tomb. The fun-'ral bell be-gins to
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


toll; May Heav'n have mer - cy on his soul!
toll; May Heav'n have mer - cy on his soul!
Ped.
May Heav'n have mer - cy
May Heav'n have mer - cy
Ped.
on his soul!
on his soul!
Elsie (down L.)
Oh,

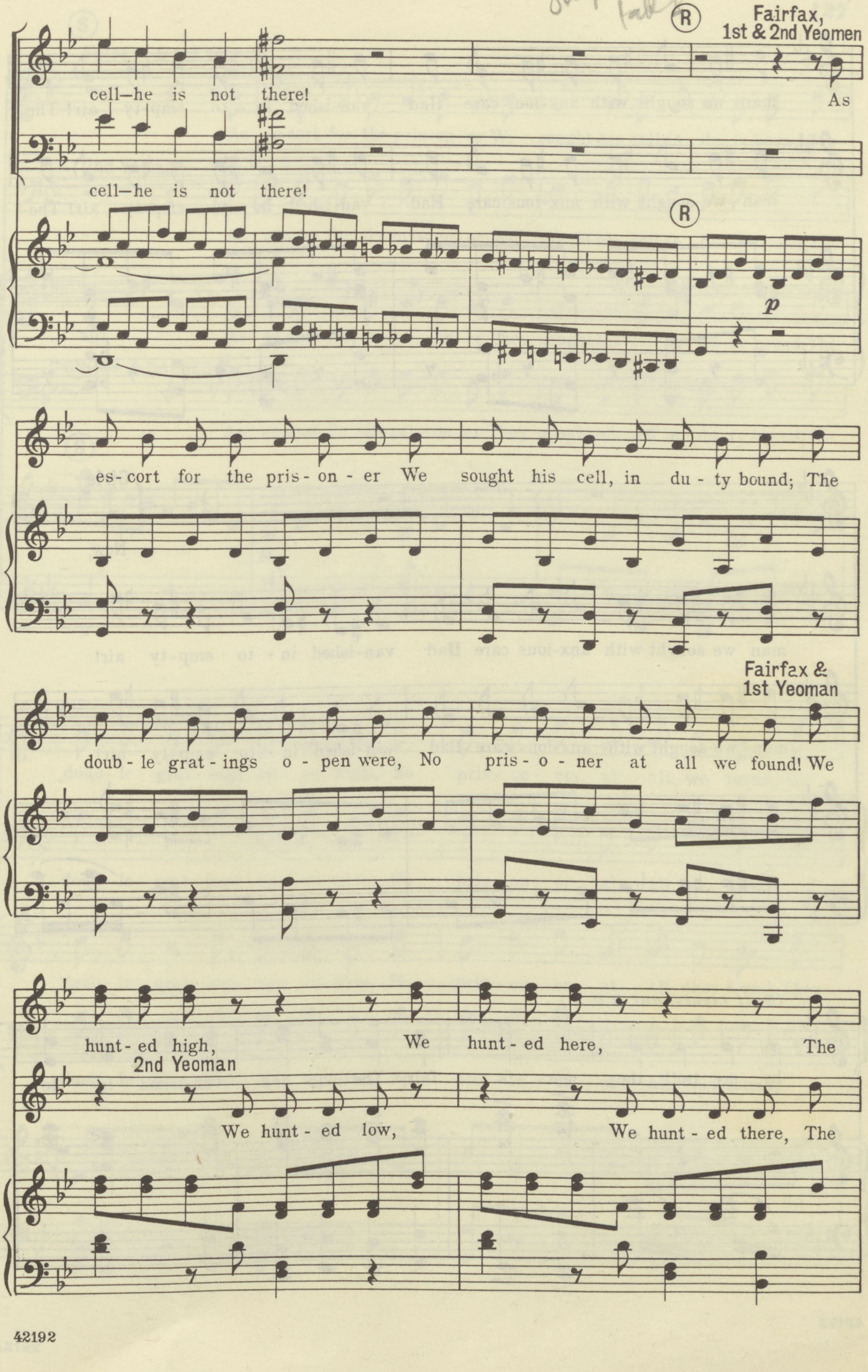

P
Mer - cy, — thou whose smile has — shone So many a cap-tive heart up-
p
on; Of — all — im - mured with - in — these — walls, To -
day the ver - y wor - thiest falls! Oh, Mer - cy, — thou whose
SOPRANOS
p
Oh, Mer - cy, — thou whose
TENORS & BASSES
p
Oh, Mer - cy, thou whose

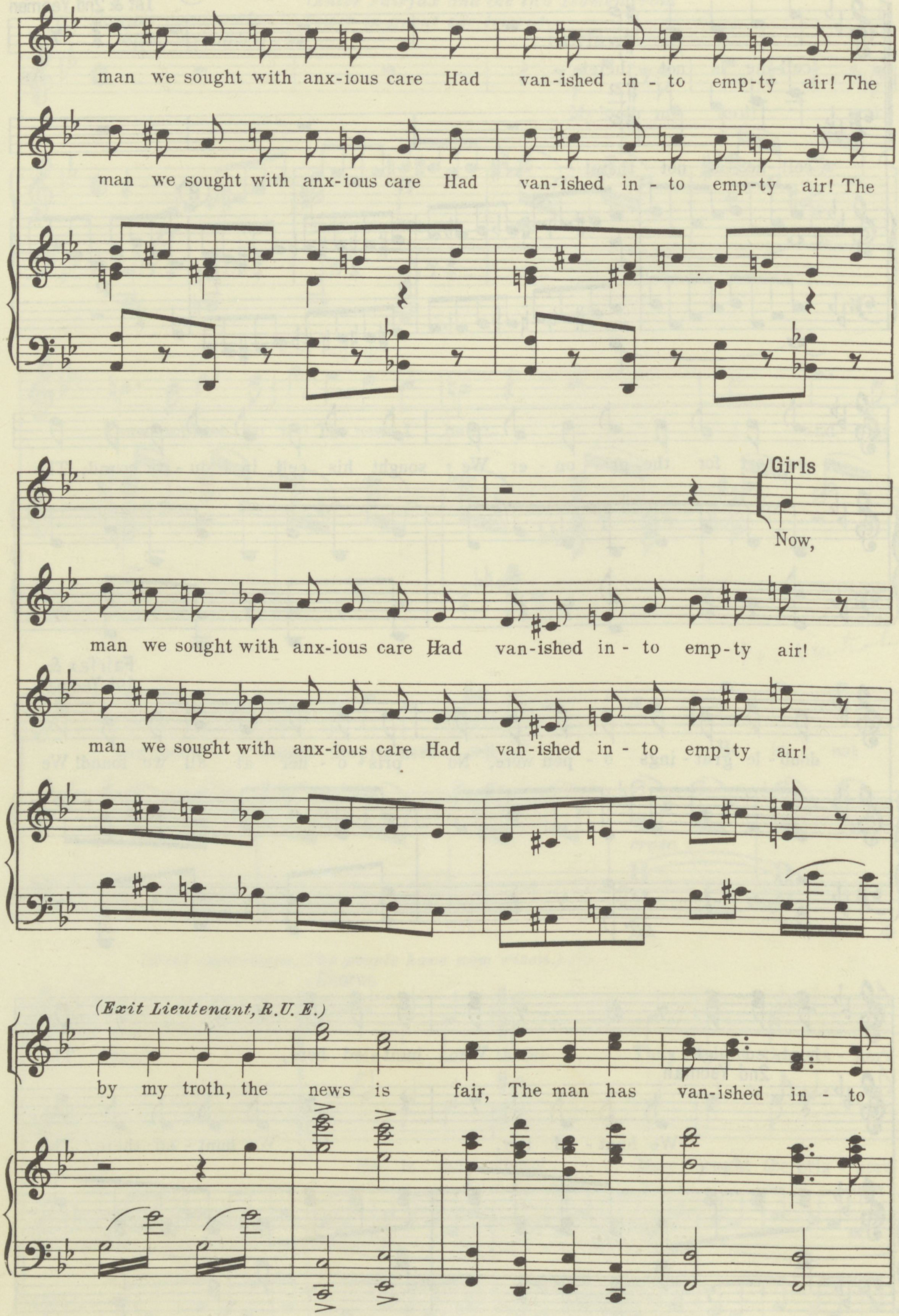

smile_ has_ shone So man-y a cap-tive heart up - on;___ Of
smile_ has_ shone So man-y a cap-tive heart up - on;___ Of
smile has shone So man-y a cap-tive heart up - on;___ Of
all im - mured with - in these_ walls, The wor - -
cresc.
all im - mured_ with - in these walls, The
f
cresc.
all im - mured with - in these walls, The
f
cresc.
f

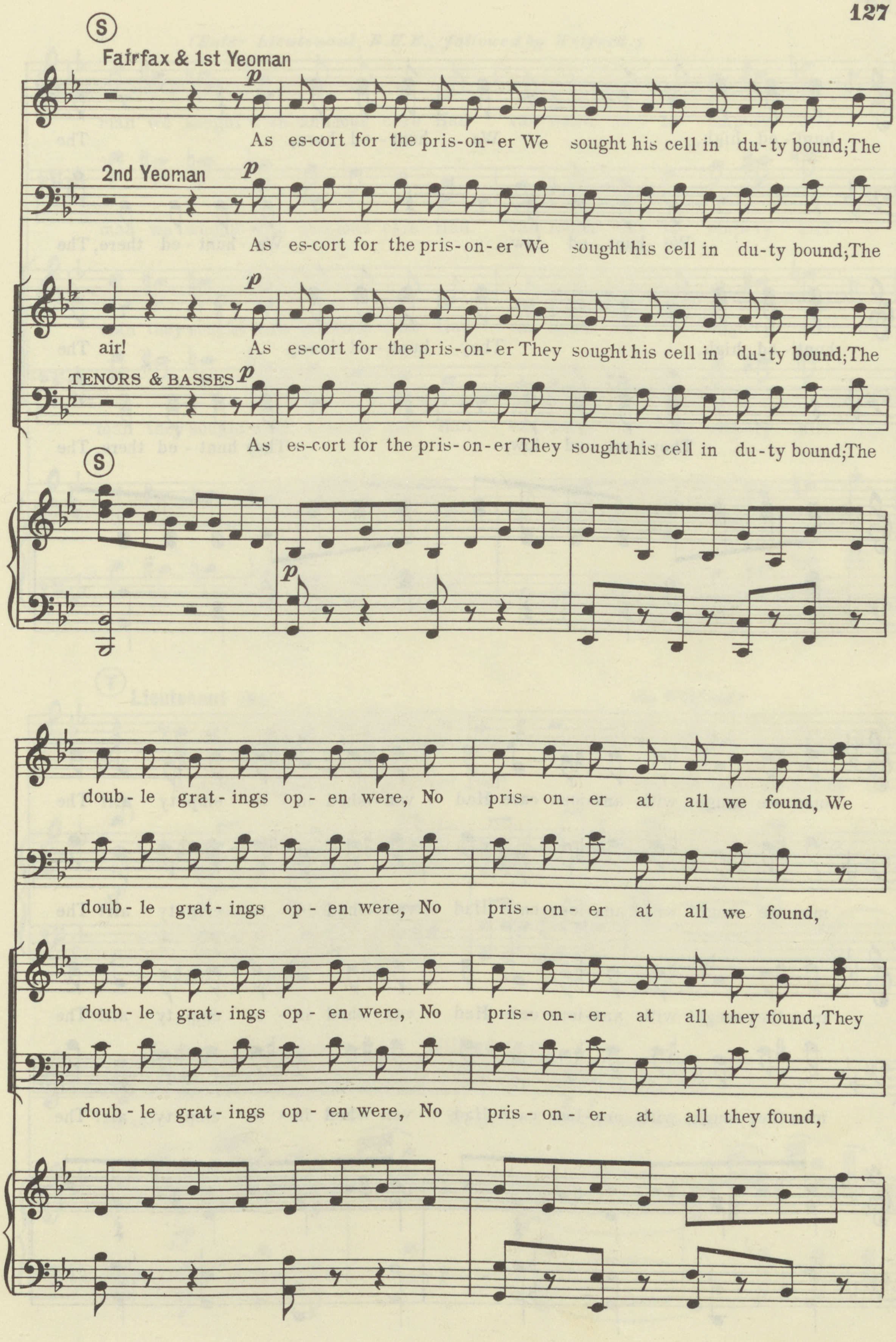

dim.
p
thiest, wor - thiest falls!
ver - y — wor - thiest falls! Oh,
ver - y wor - thiest falls! Oh,
tr
Oh, Mer - cy!
Mer - cy, Oh, Mer - cy!
Mer - cy, Oh, Mer - cy!

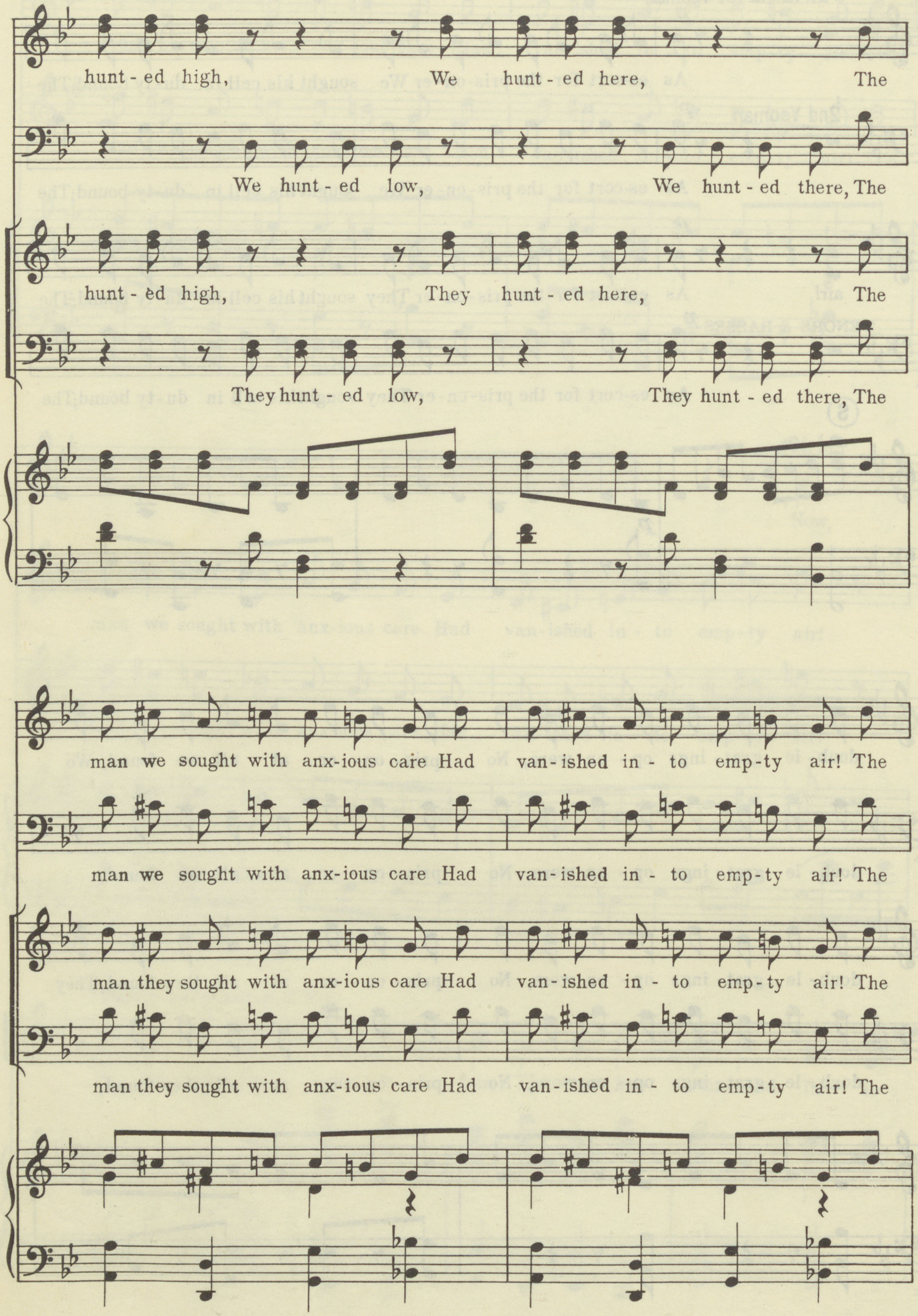

Q
Doppio movimento
Allegro agitato 𝅗𝅥 = 92
(Enter Fairfax and the two Yeomen from Tower in great excitement.)
Fairfax
off stage
At door
My lord! my lord! I
ff
fp
→ on to stage
know not how to tell The news I bear! I and my
to Lieutenant
com-rades sought the pris-'ner's cell— He is not
cresc.
Ped.
*
there!
(Wild excitement. The people have now risen.)
Chorus
f
He is not there! They sought the pris - 'ner's
f
He is not there! They sought the pris - 'ner's
f

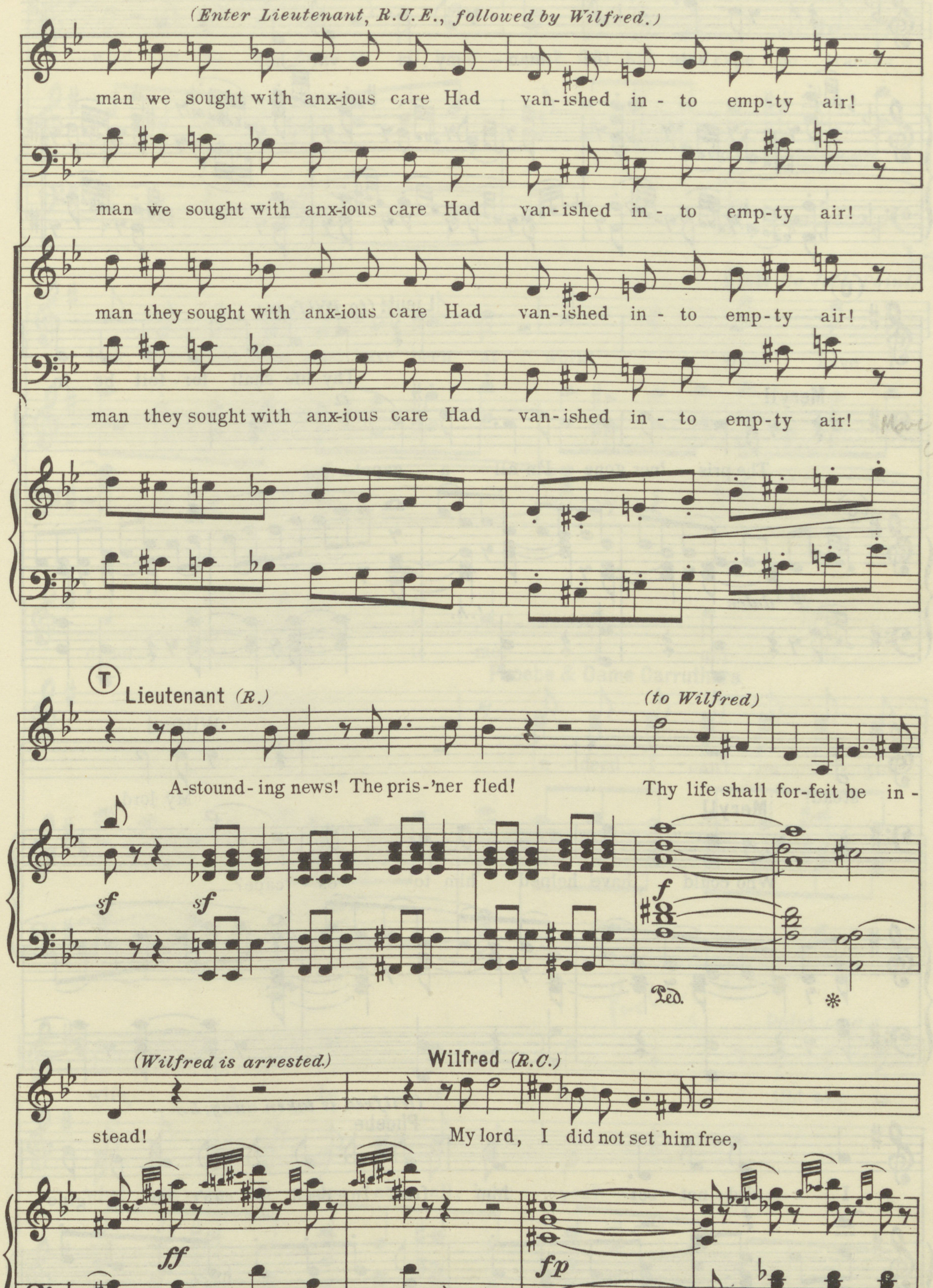
Step up stage
talks to Lieutenant


Ⓡ
Fairfax,
1st & 2nd Yeomen
cell—he is not there!
As
cell—he is not there!
Ⓡ
p
es-cort for the pris-on-er We sought his cell, in du-ty bound; The
Fairfax &
1st Yeoman
doub-le grat-ings o-pen were, No pris-o-ner at all we found! We
hunt-ed high,
We hunt-ed here,
The
2nd Yeoman
We hunt-ed low,
We hunt-ed there, The

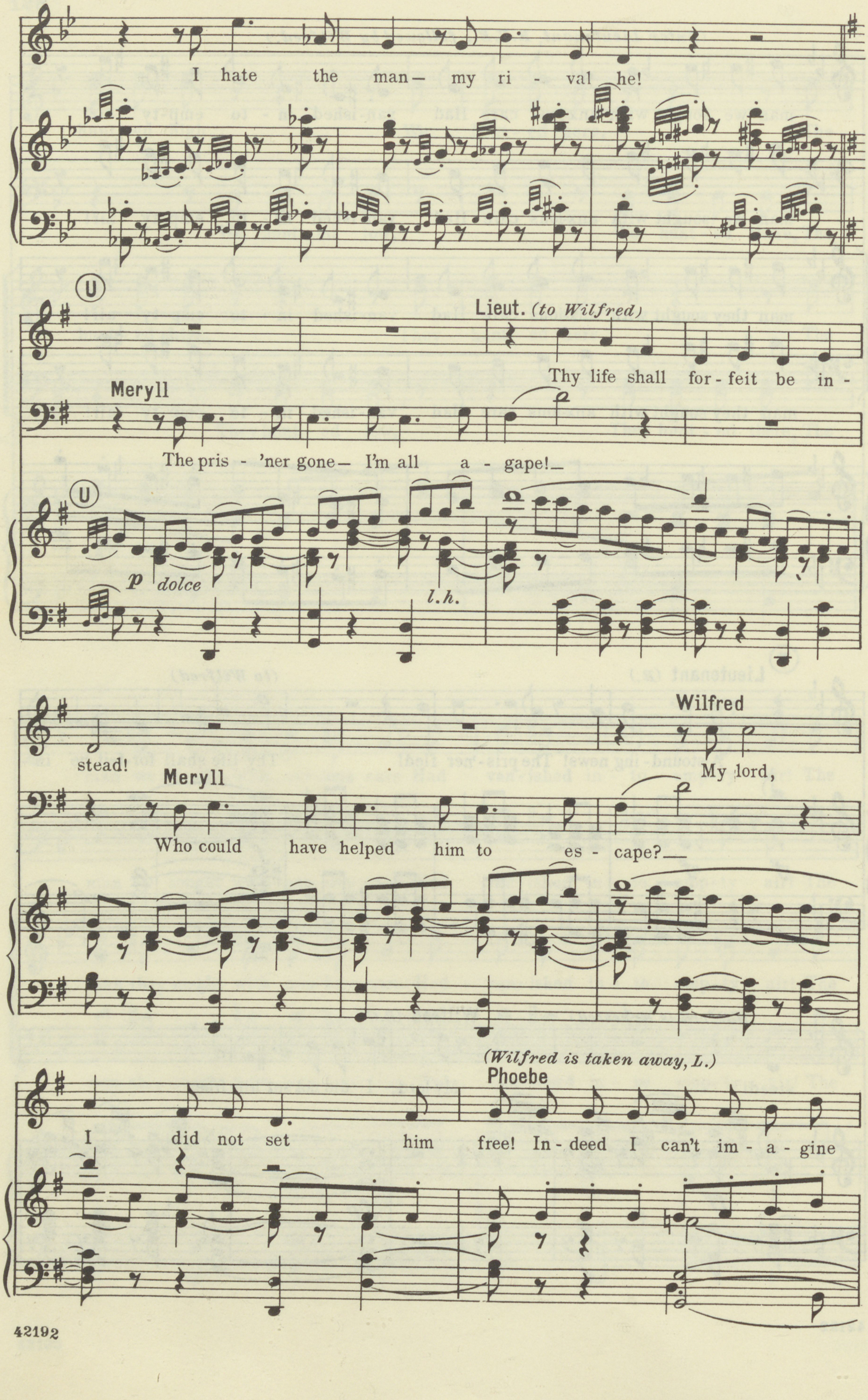

man we sought with anx-ious care Had van-ished in-to emp-ty air! The
man we sought with anx-ious care Had van-ished in-to emp-ty air! The
Girls
Now,
man we sought with anx-ious care Had van-ished in-to emp-ty air!
man we sought with anx-ious care Had van-ished in-to emp-ty air!
(Exit Lieutenant, R.U.E.)
by my troth, the news is fair, The man has van-ished in-to


S
Fairfax & 1st Yeoman
p
As es-cort for the pris-on-er We sought his cell in du-ty bound; The
2nd Yeoman
p
As es-cort for the pris-on-er We sought his cell in du-ty bound; The
p
air! As es-cort for the pris-on-er They sought his cell in du-ty bound; The
TENORS & BASSES
p
As es-cort for the pris-on-er They sought his cell in du-ty bound; The
S
p
doub-le grat-ings op-en were, No pris-on-er at all we found, We
doub-le grat-ings op-en were, No pris-on-er at all we found,
doub-le grat-ings op-en were, No pris-on-er at all they found, They
doub-le grat-ings op-en were, No pris-on-er at all they found,


hunt - ed high, We hunt - ed here, The
We hunt - ed low, We hunt - ed there, The
hunt - ed high, They hunt - ed here, The
They hunt - ed low, They hunt - ed there, The
man we sought with anx-ious care Had van-ished in - to emp-ty air! The
man we sought with anx-ious care Had van-ished in - to emp-ty air! The
man they sought with anx-ious care Had van-ished in - to emp-ty air! The
man they sought with anx-ious care Had van-ished in - to emp-ty air! The

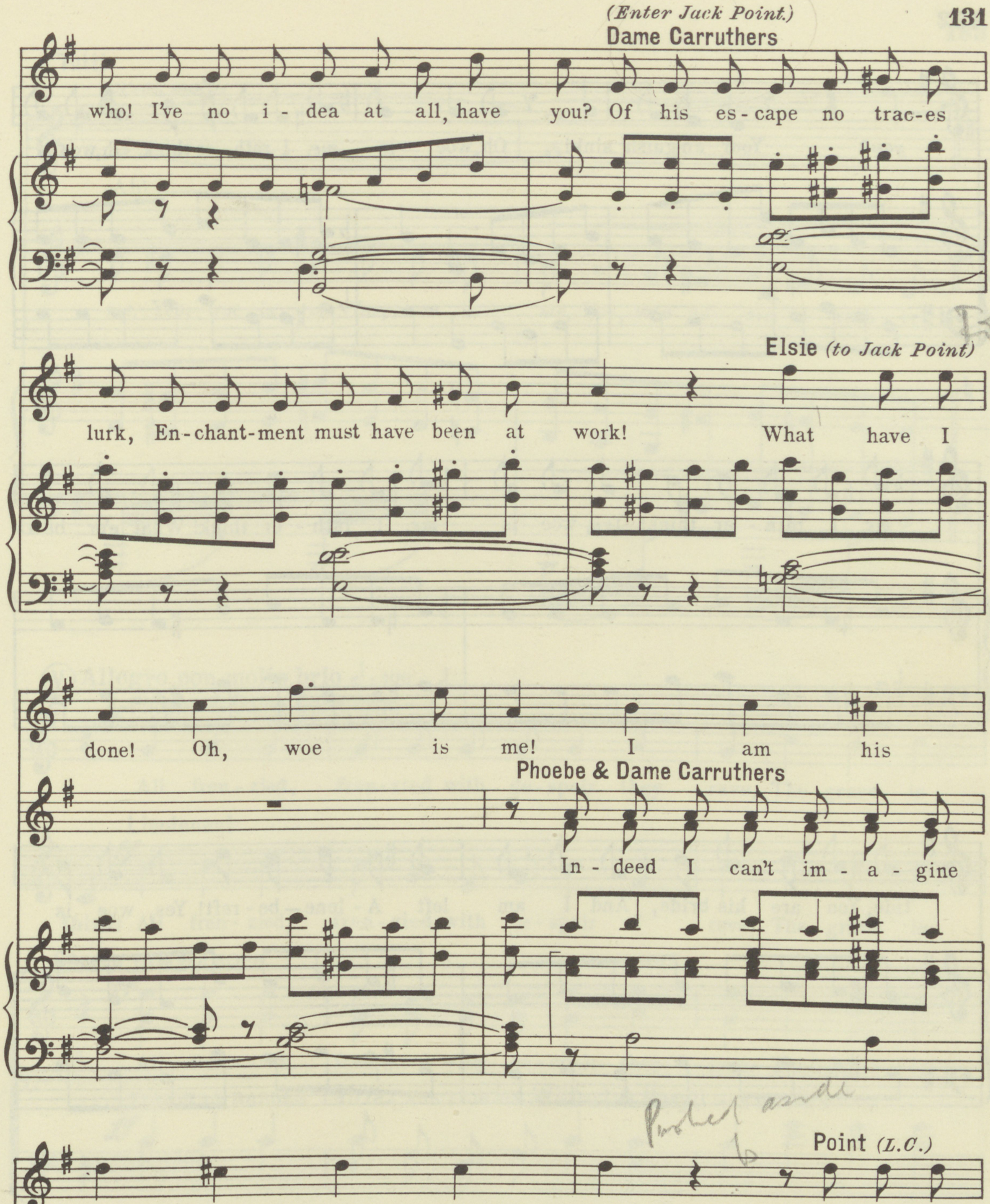

(Enter Lieutenant, R.U.E., followed by Wilfred.)
man we sought with anx-ious care Had van-ished in-to emp-ty air!
man we sought with anx-ious care Had van-ished in-to emp-ty air!
man they sought with anx-ious care Had van-ished in-to emp-ty air!
man they sought with anx-ious care Had van-ished in-to emp-ty air!
T
Lieutenant (R.)
A-stound-ing news! The pris-'ner fled!
(to Wilfred)
Thy life shall for-feit be in-
sf
sf
f
Ped.
*
(Wilfred is arrested.)
stead!
Wilfred (R.C.)
My lord, I did not set him free,
ff
fp

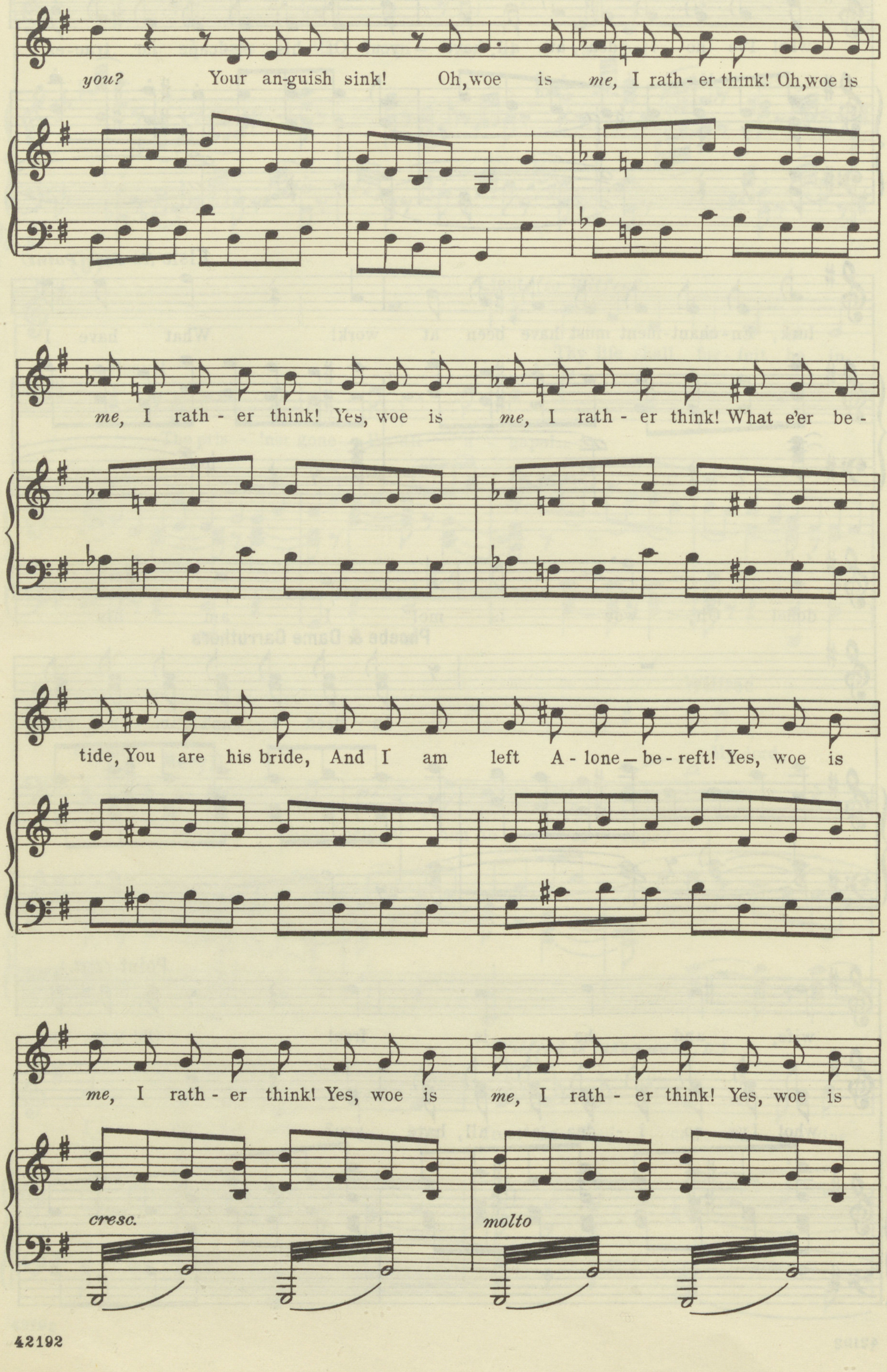
Move left of centre stage

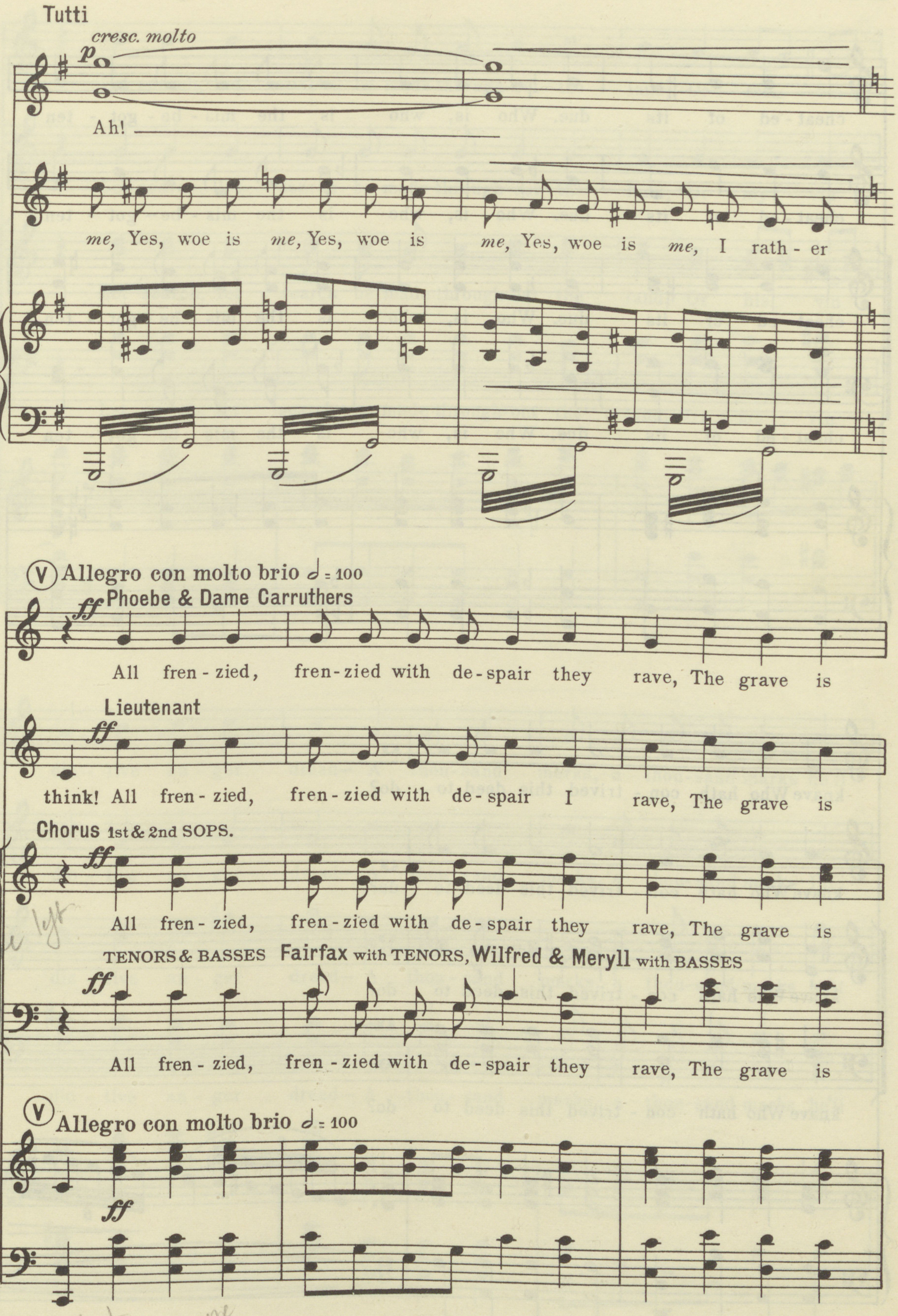

I hate the man— my ri - val he!
U
Lieut.
Thy life shall for-feit be in - stead!
Meryll
The pris - 'ner gone— I'm all a - gape!—
p dolce
l.h.
Meryll
Who could have helped him to es - cape?—
Wilfred
My lord,
I did not set him free!
Phoebe
In-deed I can't im - a - gine

(to Wilfred)

(Wilfred is taken away, L.)

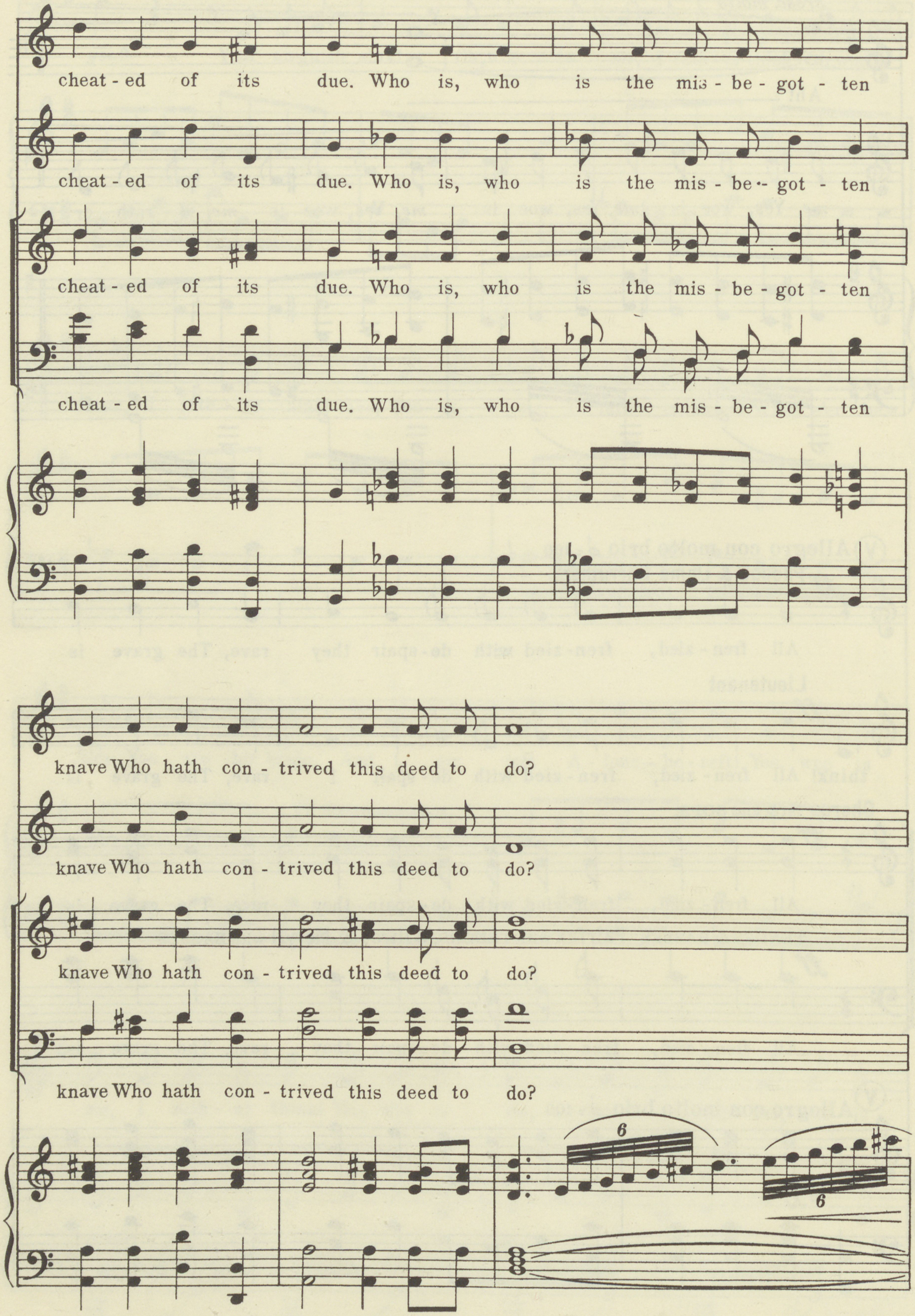

(Enter Jack Point.)
Dame Carruthers
who! I've no i - dea at all, have you? Of his es - cape no trac - es
lurk, En - chant - ment must have been at work!
Elsie (to Jack Point)
What have I done! Oh, woe is me! I am his wife, and he is free!
Phoebe & Dame Carruthers
In - deed I can't im - a - gine who! I've no i - dea at all, have you?
Point (L.C.)
Oh! woe is
Follow Elsie
Pushed aside to

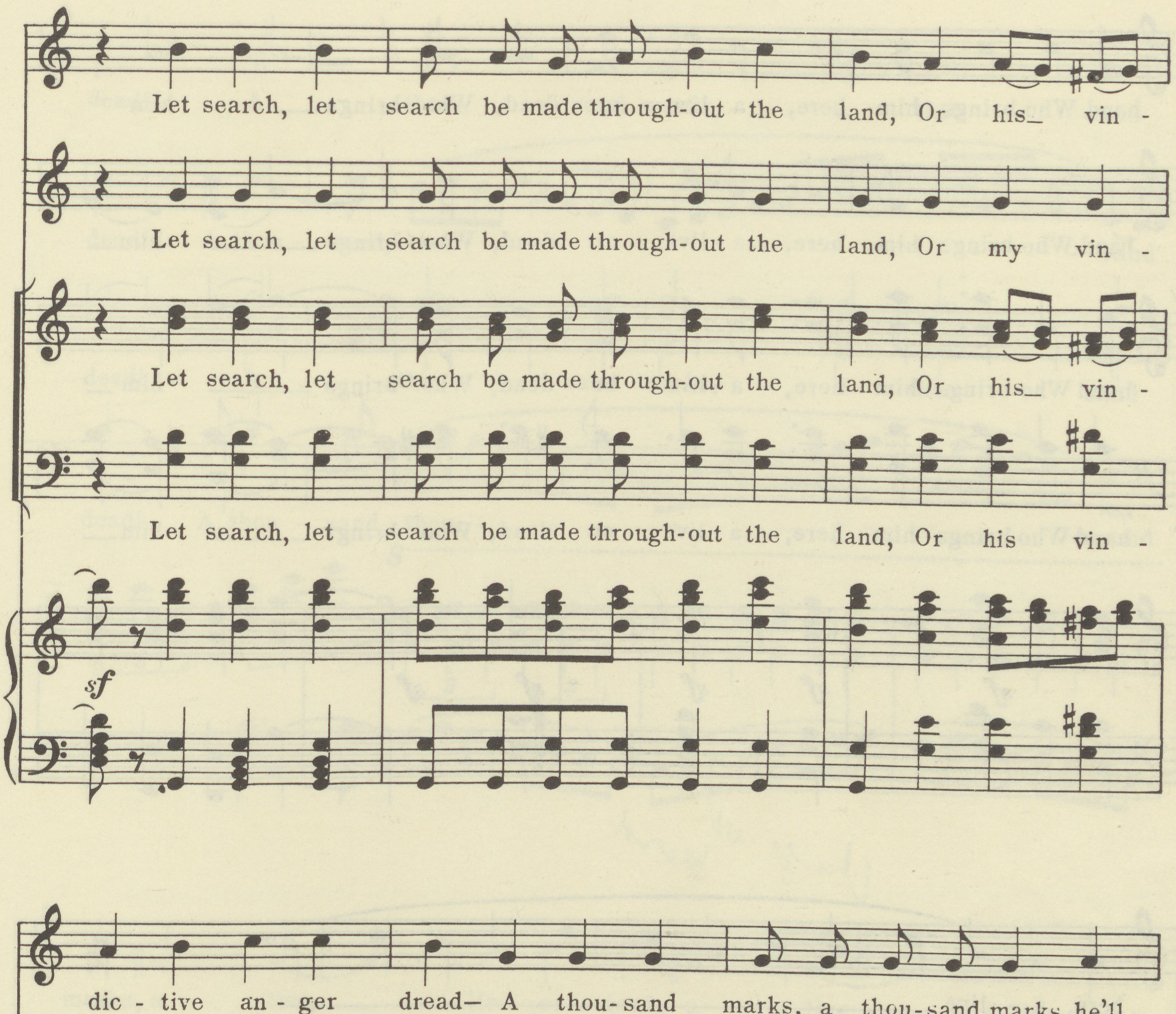

you? Your an-guish sink! Oh, woe is me, I rath-er think! Oh, woe is
me, I rath-er think! Yes, woe is me, I rath-er think! What e'er be-
tide, You are his bride, And I am left A-lone—be-reft! Yes, woe is
me, I rath-er think! Yes, woe is me, I rath-er think! Yes, woe is
cresc.
molto

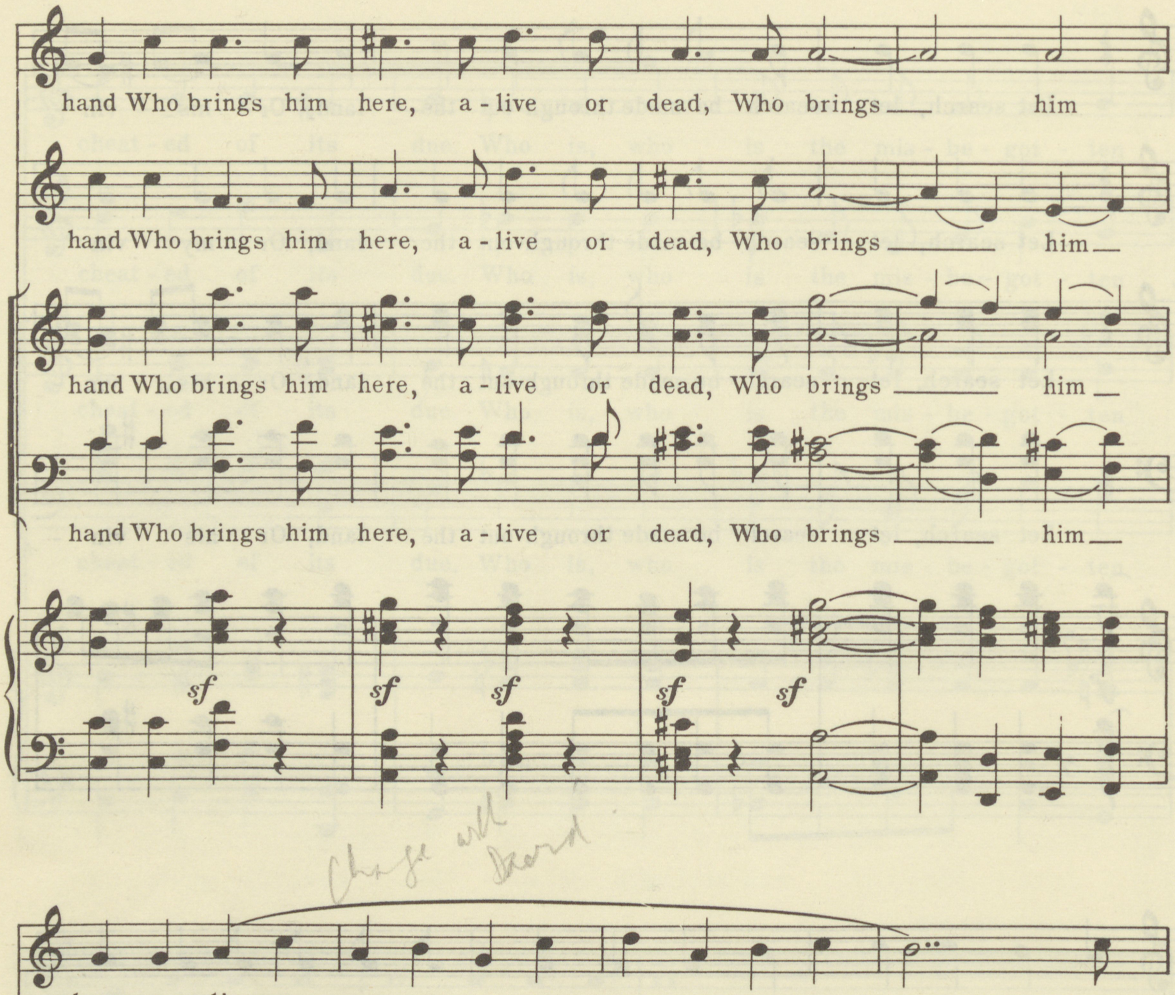

Tutti
cresc. molto
p
Ah!
me, Yes, woe is me, Yes, woe is me, Yes, woe is me, I rath - er
Ⓥ Allegro con molto brio 𝅗𝅥 = 100
Phoebe & Dame Carruthers
ff
All fren - zied, fren - zied with de - spair they rave, The grave is
Lieutenant
ff
think! All fren - zied, fren - zied with de - spair I rave, The grave is
Chorus 1st & 2nd SOPS.
ff
All fren - zied, fren - zied with de - spair they rave, The grave is
TENORS & BASSES Fairfax with TENORS, Wilfred & Meryll with BASSES
ff
All fren - zied, fren - zied with de - spair they rave, The grave is
Ⓥ Allegro con molto brio 𝅗𝅥 = 100
ff

Move left

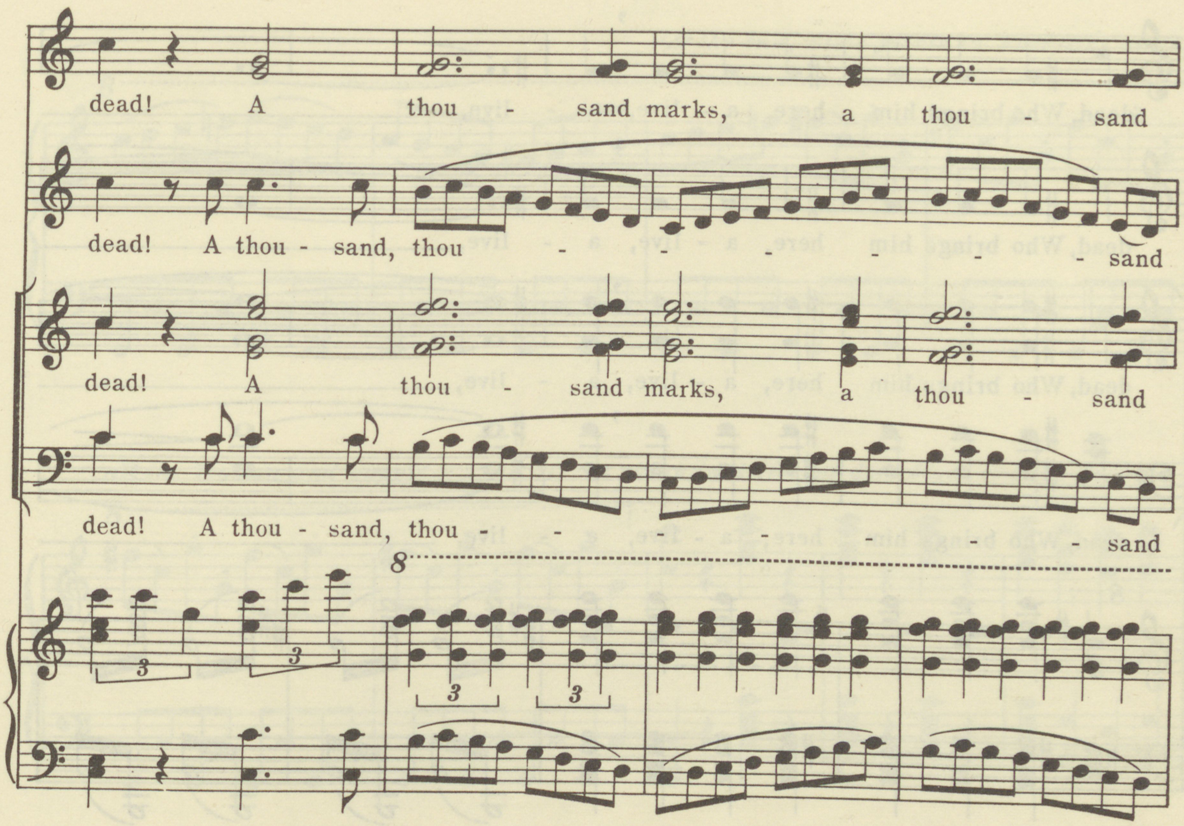
Talk to those near me occasionally

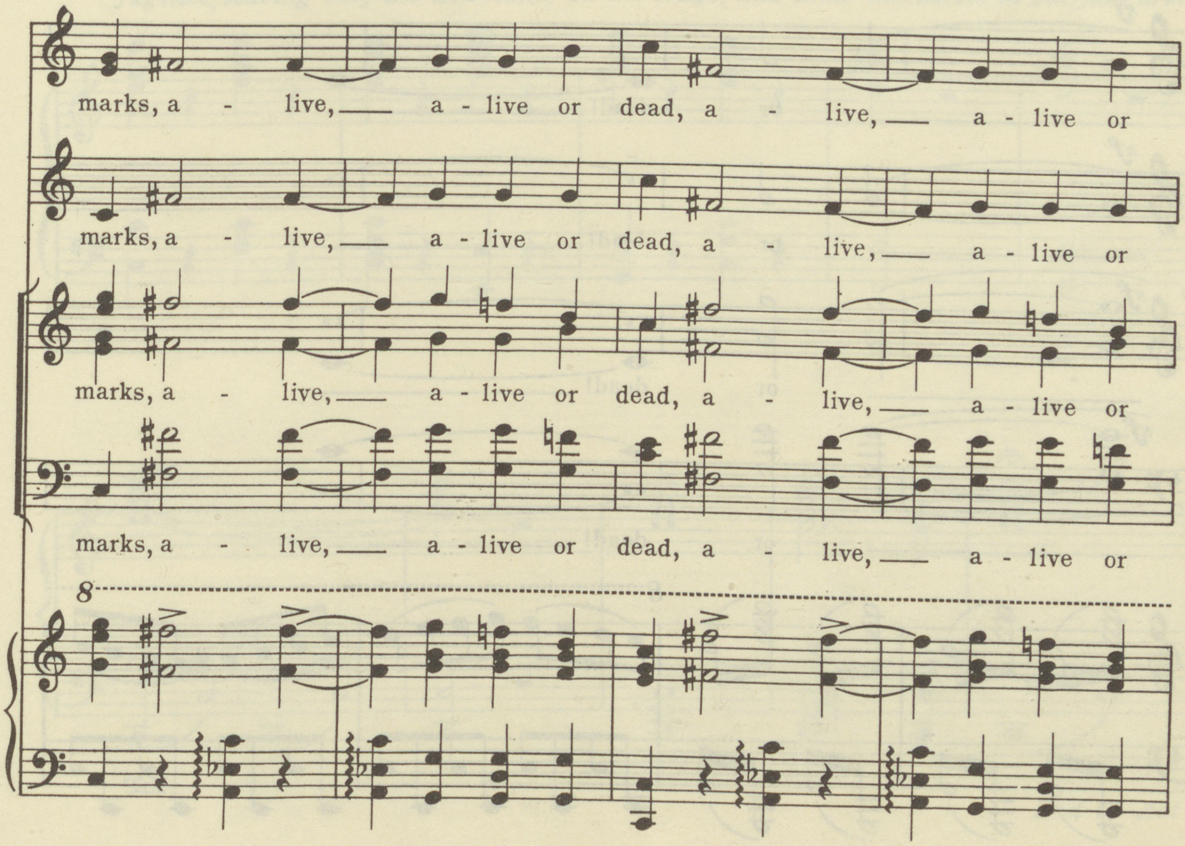

cheat-ed of its due. Who is, who is the mis-be-got-ten
cheat-ed of its due. Who is, who is the mis-be-got-ten
cheat-ed of its due. Who is, who is the mis-be-got-ten
cheat-ed of its due. Who is, who is the mis-be-got-ten
knave Who hath con-trived this deed to do?
knave Who hath con-trived this deed to do?
knave Who hath con-trived this deed to do?
knave Who hath con-trived this deed to do?
6
6

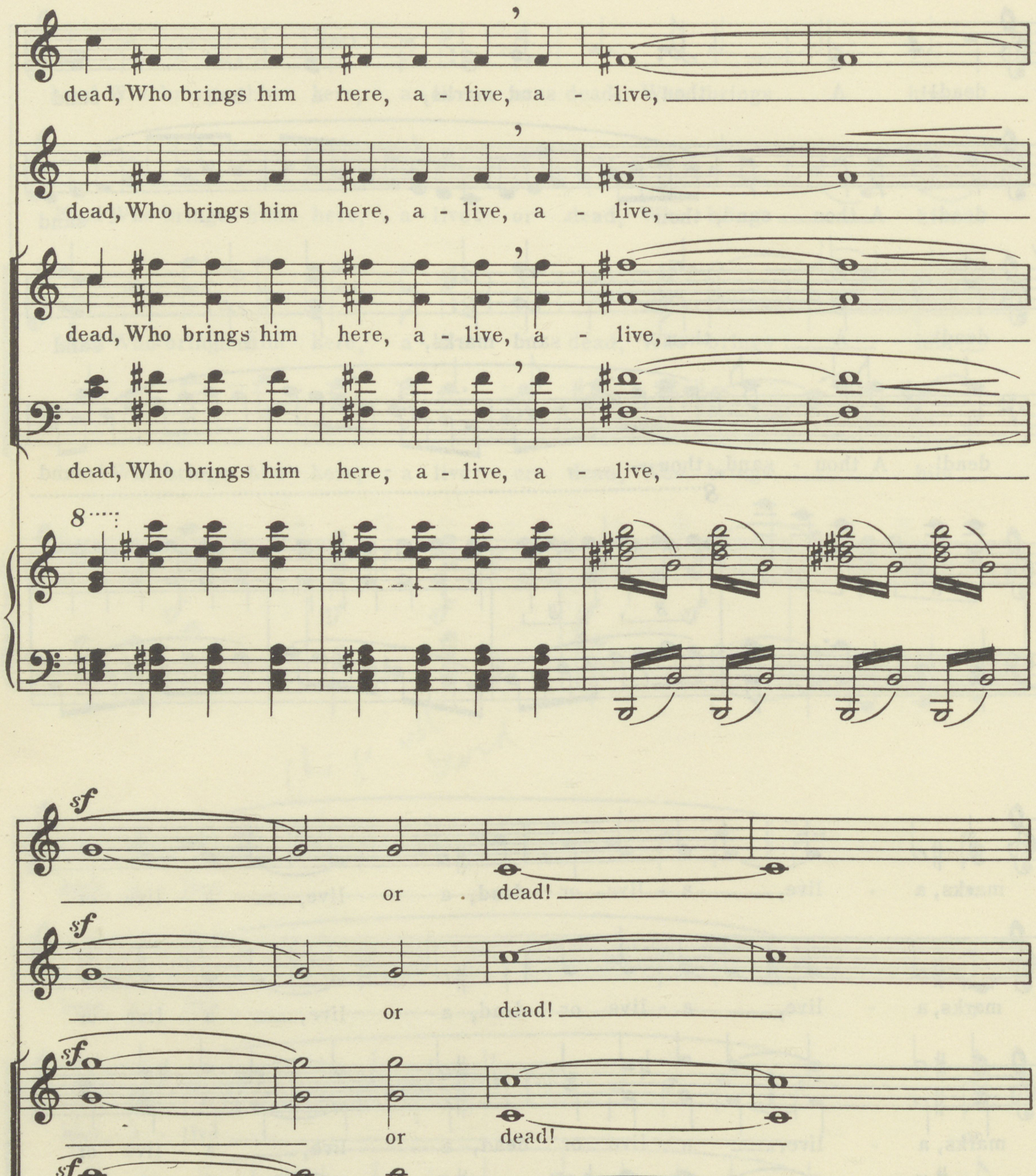

Let search, let search be made through-out the land, Or his_ vin-
Let search, let search be made through-out the land, Or my vin-
Let search, let search be made through-out the land, Or his_ vin-
Let search, let search be made through-out the land, Or his vin-
sf
dic-tive an-ger dread— A thou-sand marks, a thou-sand marks he'll
dic-tive an-ger dread— A thou-sand marks, a thou-sand marks I'll
dic-tive an-ger dread— A thou-sand marks, a thou-sand marks he'll
dic-tive an-ger dread— A thou-sand marks, a thou-sand marks he'll

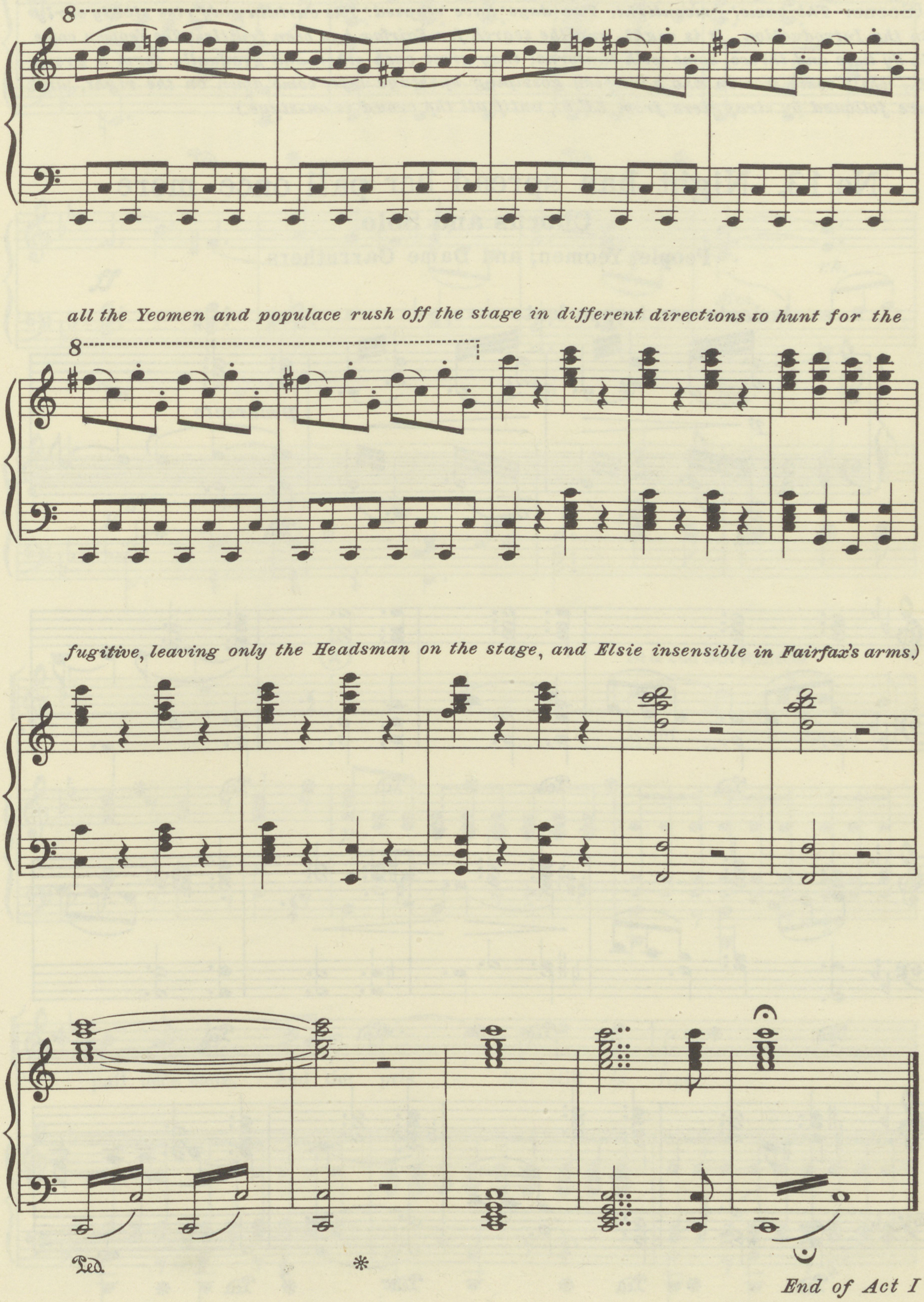

hand Who brings him here, a - live or dead, Who brings him
hand Who brings him here, a - live or dead, Who brings him
hand Who brings him here, a - live or dead, Who brings him
hand Who brings him here, a - live or dead, Who brings him
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
here, a - live or
here, a - live or
here, a - live or
here, a - live or
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

Change with Dread


dead! A thou - sand marks, a thou - sand
dead! A thou - sand, thou - - sand
dead! A thou - sand marks, a thou - sand
dead! A thou - sand, thou - - sand
8
3
3
3
3


marks, a - live, a - live or dead, a - live, a - live or
marks, a - live, a - live or dead, a - live, a - live or
marks, a - live, a - live or dead, a - live, a - live or
marks, a - live, a - live or dead, a - live, a - live or
8


dead, Who brings him here, a - live, a - live,
dead, Who brings him here, a - live, a - live,
dead, Who brings him here, a - live, a - live,
dead, Who brings him here, a - live, a - live,
8
sf
or dead!
sf
or dead!
sf
or dead!
sf
or dead!
8



(At the end, Elsie faints in Fairfax's arms; all the Yeomen and populace rush off the stage in different directions to hunt for the fugitive, leaving only the Headsman on the stage, and Elsie insensible in Fairfax's arms.)

End of Act I

Act II

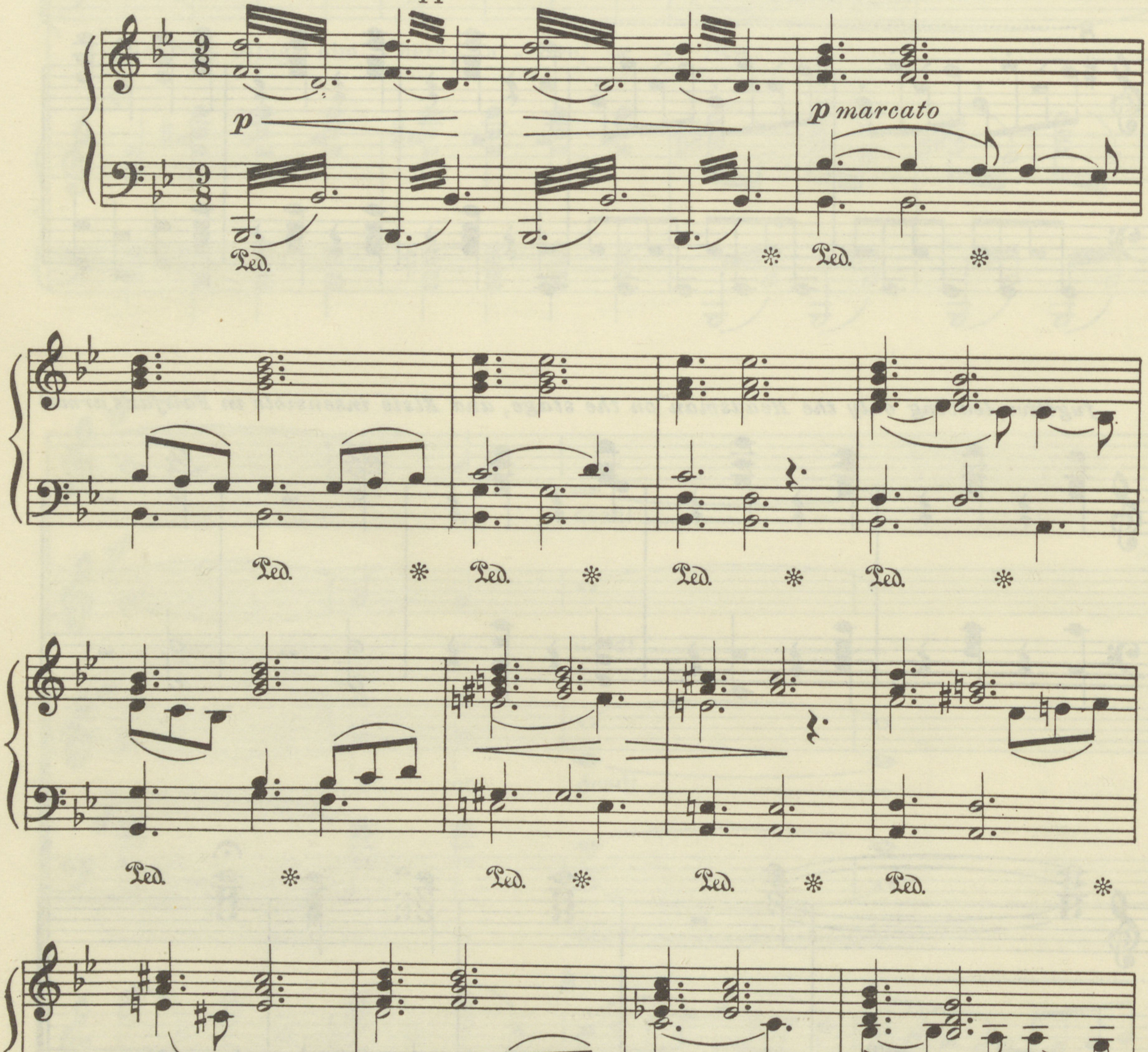
(Scene: *The same, – moonlight. Two days have elapsed. The curtain may rise slowly early in the Introduction. It is night, and the search for Fairfax has been fruitless. The Yeomen come in by twos and threes, some with lanterns; they greet each other and gradually form a group, L., while some women who have been gossiping up-stage left, come down on the right, and are followed by stragglers from L.U.E., until all the crowd is on-stage.*)

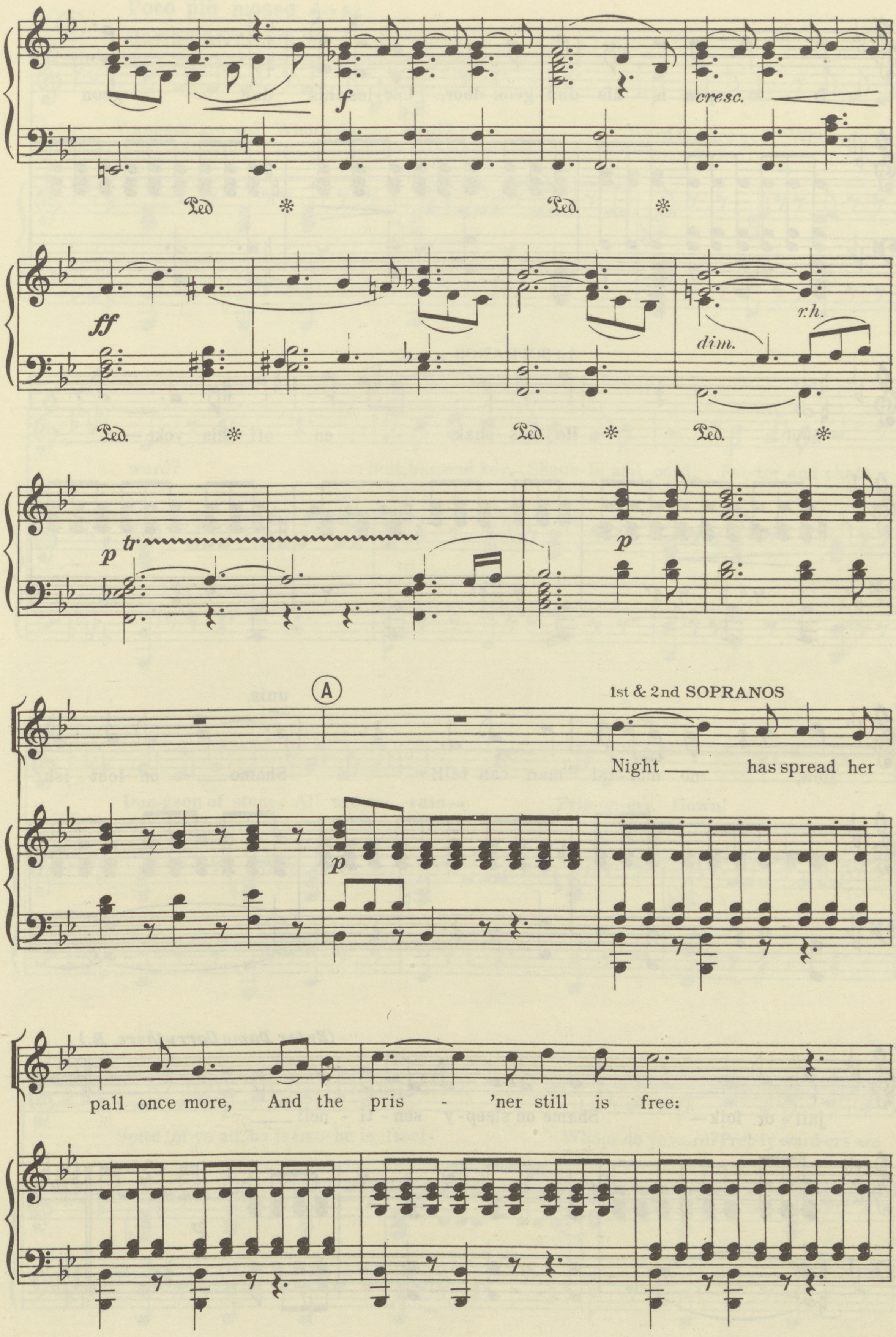
No. 13. Night has spread her pall once more

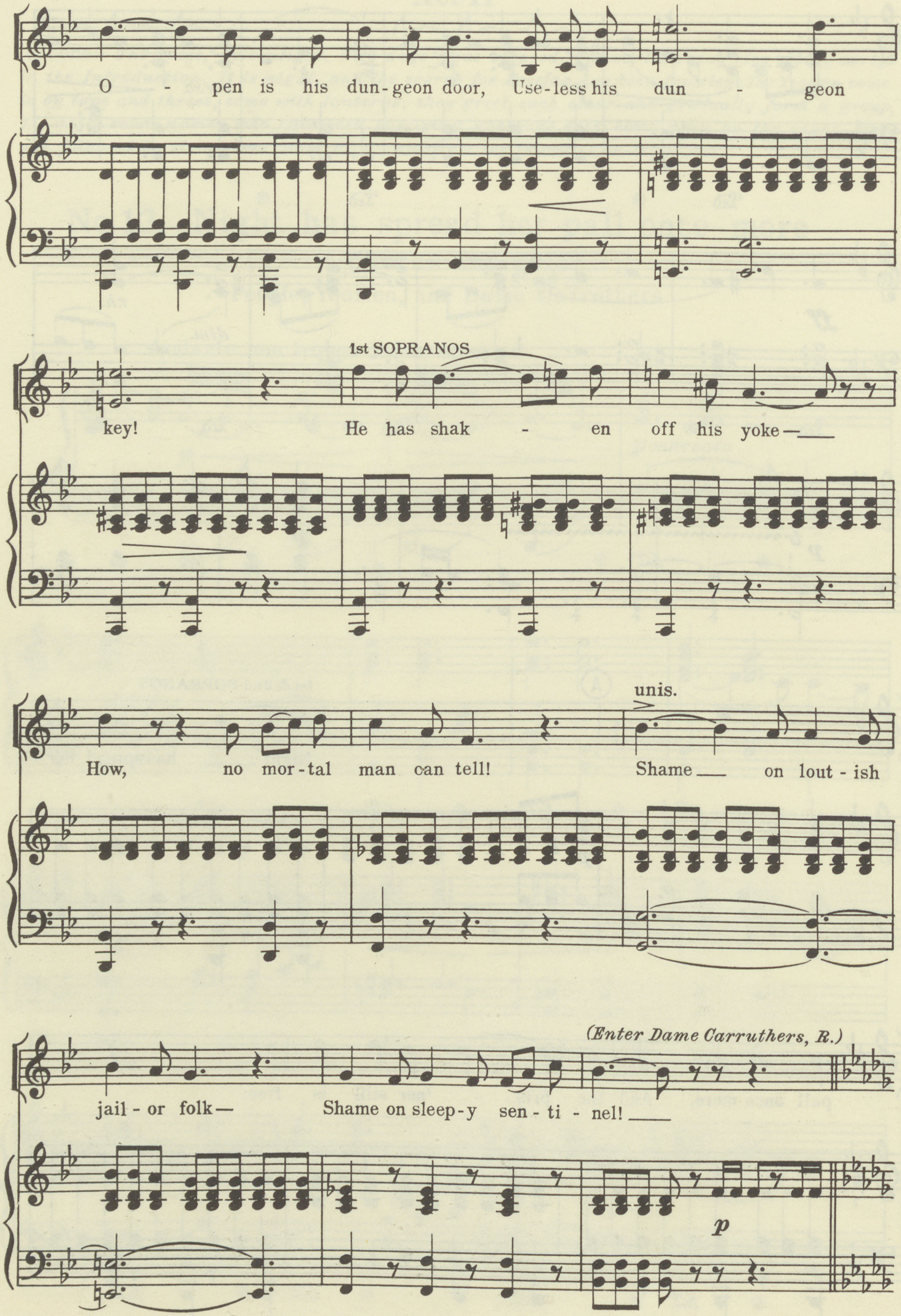
Chorus and Solo

People, Yeomen, and Dame Carruthers

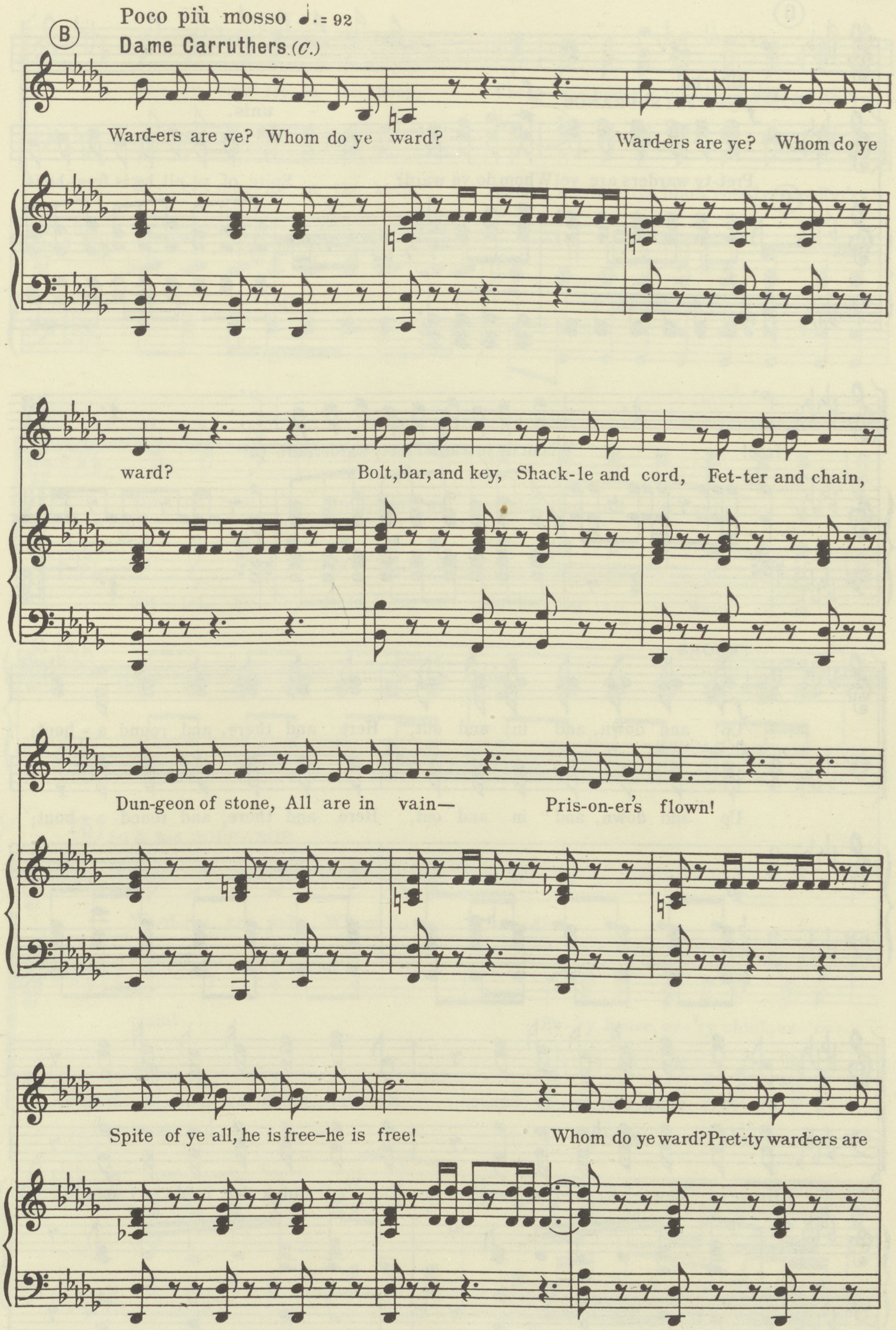
Andante non troppo lento ♩. = 84

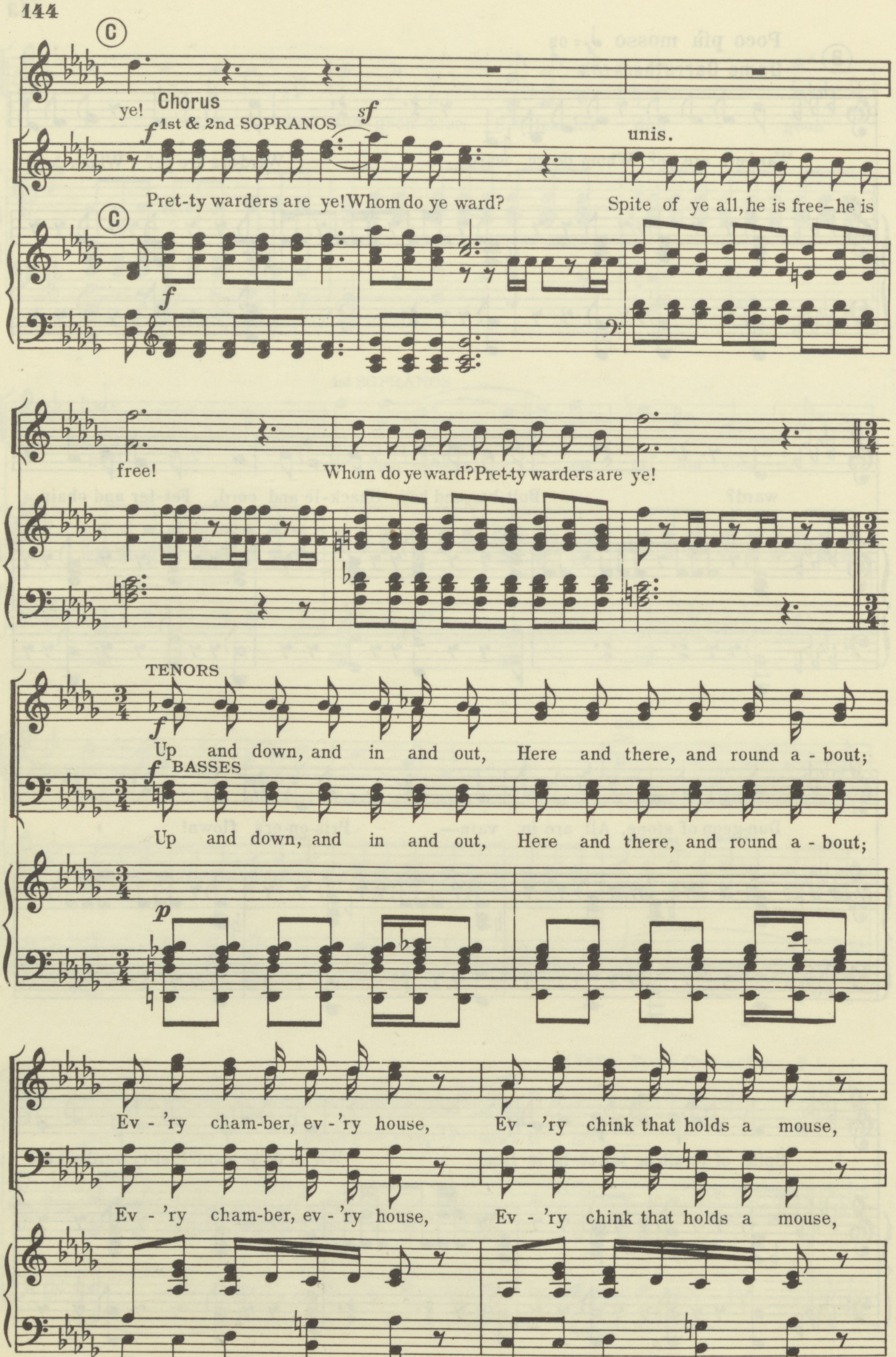



Ped.
*
f
cresc.
ff
dim.
r.h.
p
tr
A
1st & 2nd SOPRANOS
Night — has spread her
pall once more, And the pris - 'ner still is free:

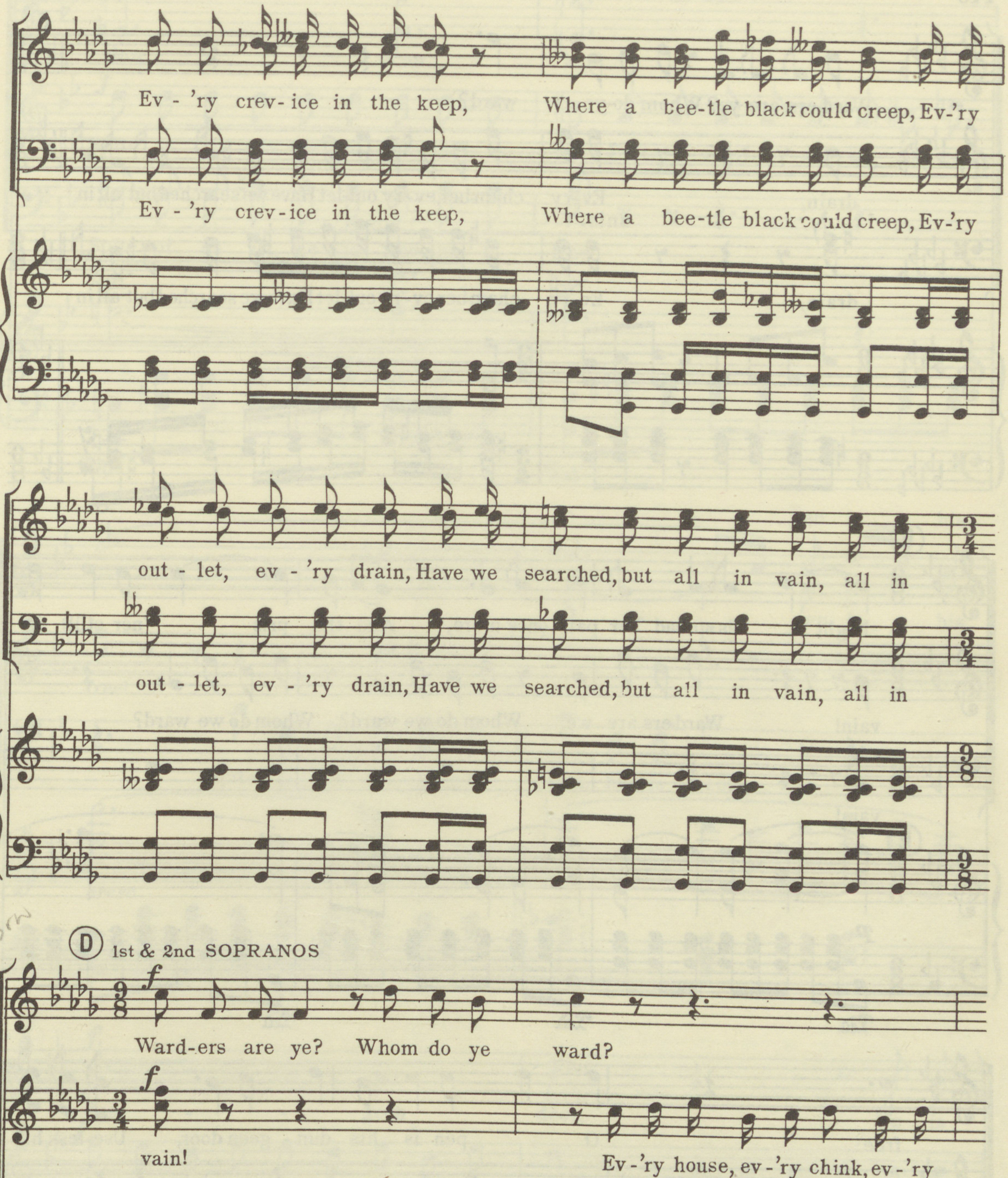

O - pen is his dun-geon door, Use-less his dun - geon
key! He has shak - en off his yoke—
How, no mor-tal man can tell! Shame on lout-ish
jail-or folk— Shame on sleep-y sen-ti-nel!
1st SOPRANOS
unis.
p

(Enter Dame Carruthers, R.)

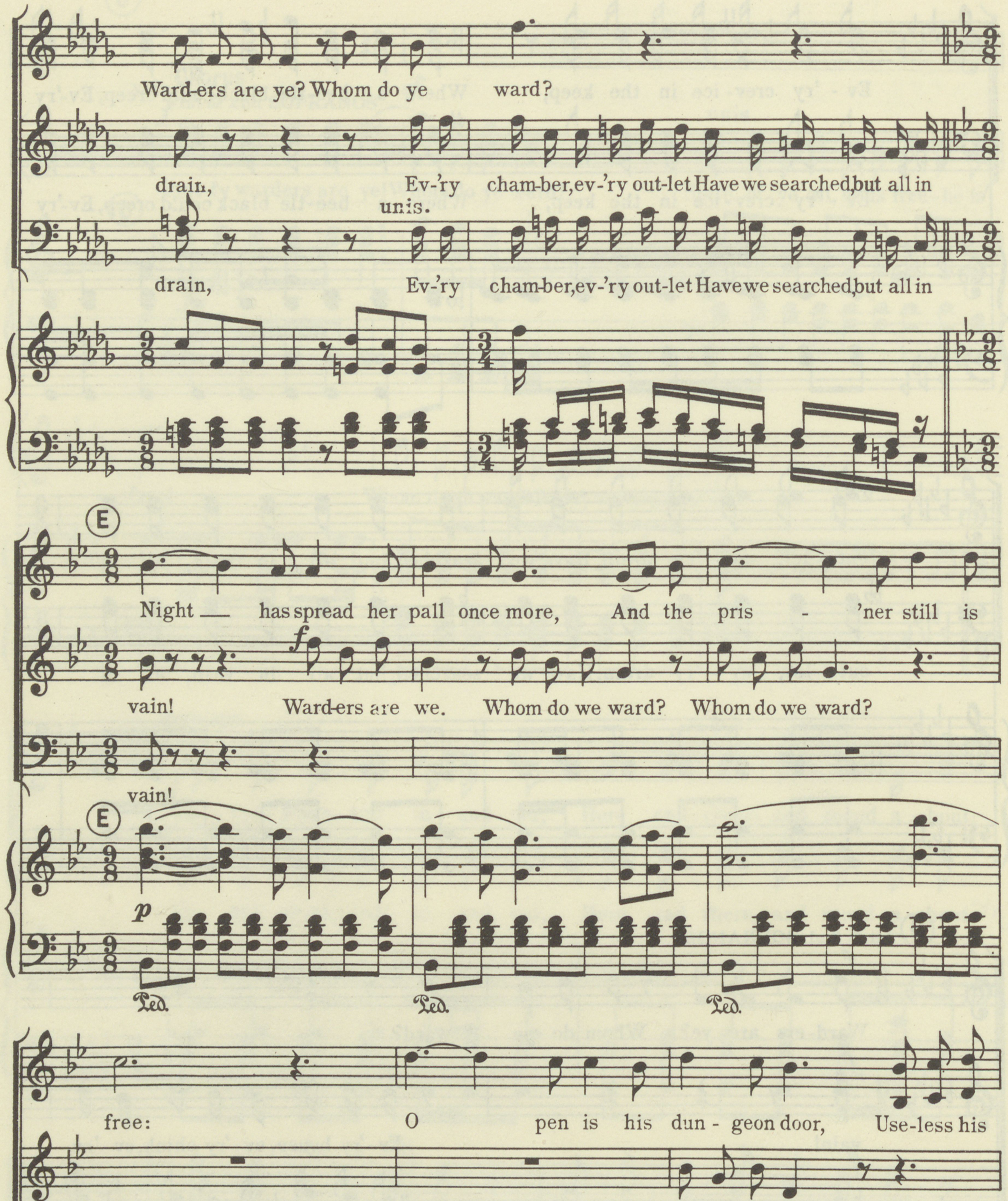

B
Poco più mosso ♩. = 92
Dame Carruthers (C.)
Ward-ers are ye? Whom do ye ward? Ward-ers are ye? Whom do ye
ward? Bolt, bar, and key, Shack-le and cord, Fet-ter and chain,
Dun-geon of stone, All are in vain— Pris-on-er's flown!
Spite of ye all, he is free–he is free! Whom do ye ward? Pret-ty ward-ers are

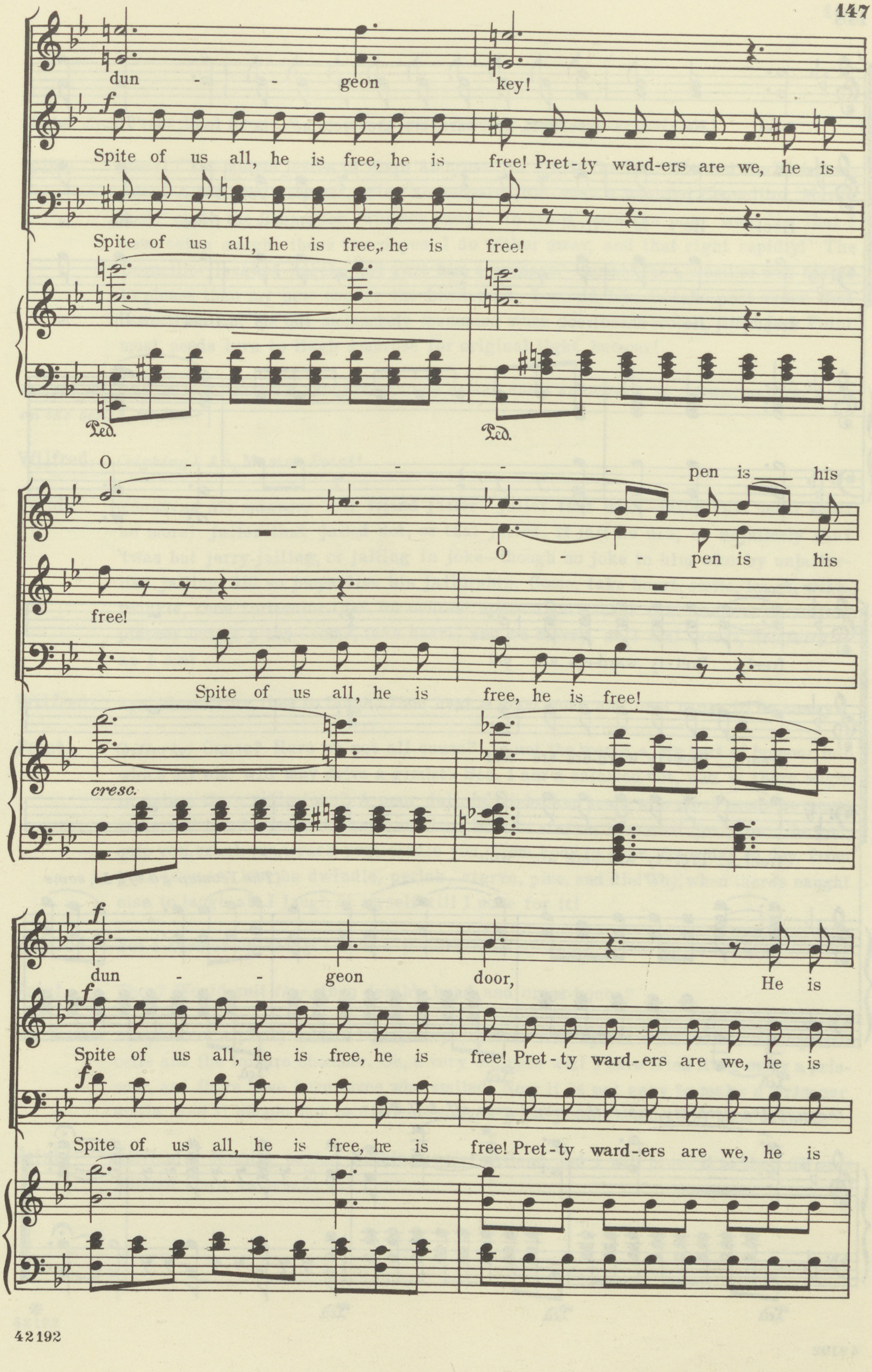

Ⓒ
ye!
Chorus
1st & 2nd SOPRANOS
f
sf
Pret-ty warders are ye! Whom do ye ward?
unis.
Spite of ye all, he is free— he is
Ⓒ
f
free!
Whom do ye ward? Pret-ty warders are ye!
TENORS
f
Up and down, and in and out, Here and there, and round a-bout;
f
BASSES
Up and down, and in and out, Here and there, and round a-bout;
p
Ev-'ry cham-ber, ev-'ry house, Ev-'ry chink that holds a mouse,
Ev-'ry cham-ber, ev-'ry house, Ev-'ry chink that holds a mouse,

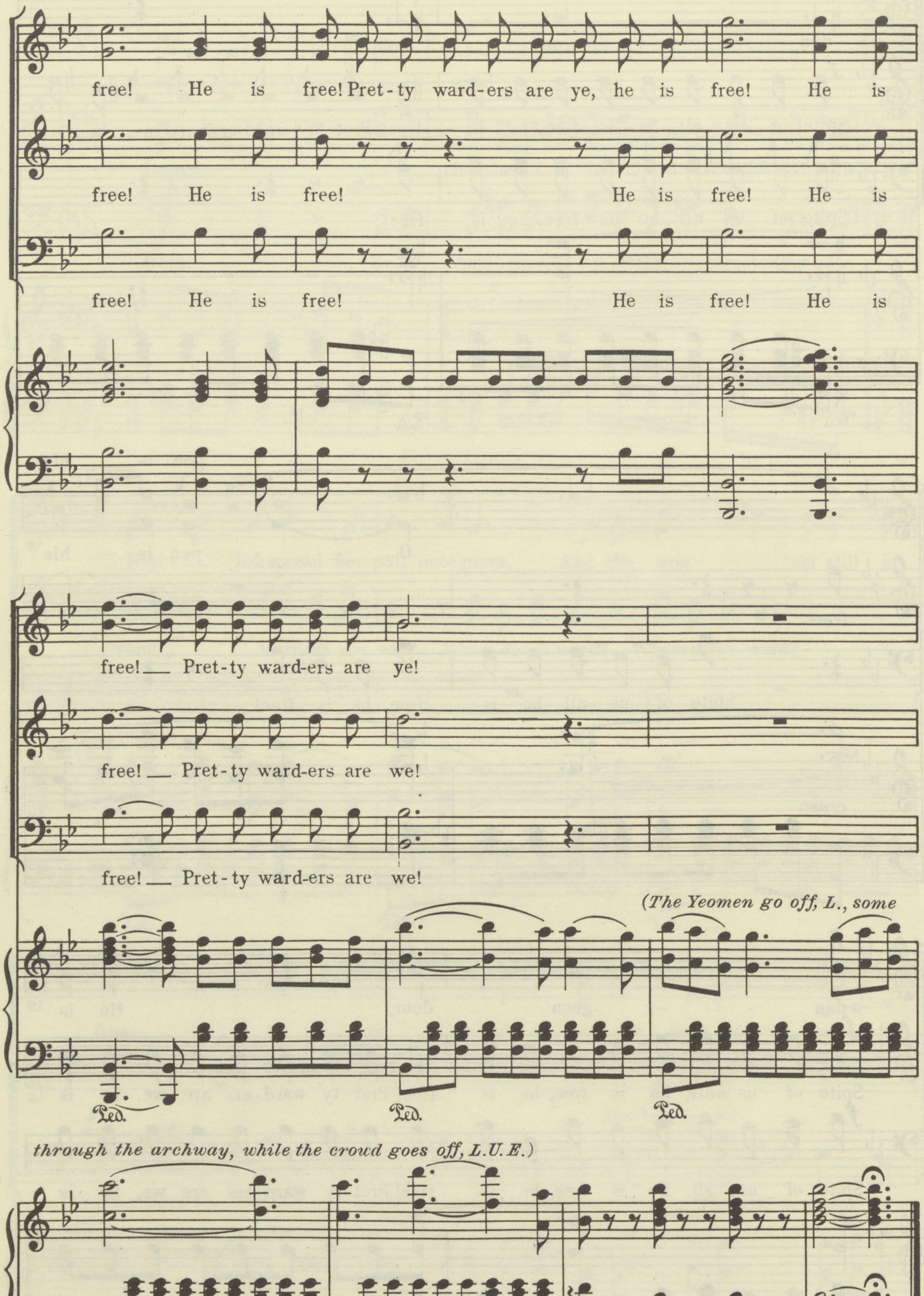
Cross to Girls (back) turn girl by arm


Ev - 'ry crev - ice in the keep, Where a bee - tle black could creep, Ev - 'ry
Ev - 'ry crev - ice in the keep, Where a bee - tle black could creep, Ev - 'ry
out - let, ev - 'ry drain, Have we searched, but all in vain, all in
out - let, ev - 'ry drain, Have we searched, but all in vain, all in
D
1st & 2nd SOPRANOS
f
Ward - ers are ye? Whom do ye ward?
f
vain! Ev - 'ry house, ev - 'ry chink, ev - 'ry
vain! Ev - 'ry house, ev - 'ry chink, ev - 'ry
D
f

Return to positions


Ward-ers are ye? Whom do ye ward?
drain, Ev-'ry chamber, ev-'ry out-let Have we searched, but all in
unis.
drain, Ev-'ry cham-ber, ev-'ry out-let Have we searched, but all in
E
Night — has spread her pall once more, And the pris - 'ner still is
f
vain! Ward-ers are we. Whom do we ward? Whom do we ward?
vain!
E
p
Ped.
free: O pen is his dun - geon door, Use-less his
Ward-ers are we.
f
Ward-ers are we. Whom do we ward? Whom do we ward? Whom do we ward?
Ped.


dun - - geon key!
f
Spite of us all, he is free, he is free! Pret-ty ward-ers are we, he is
Spite of us all, he is free, he is free!
Ped.
Ped.
O - - - - - pen is his
O pen is his
free!
Spite of us all, he is free, he is free!
cresc.
f
dun - - geon door, He is
f
Spite of us all, he is free, he is free! Pret-ty ward-ers are we, he is
f
Spite of us all, he is free, he is free! Pret-ty ward-ers are we, he is


free! He is free! Pret-ty ward-ers are ye, he is free! He is
free! He is free! He is free! He is
free! He is free! He is free! He is
free! Pret-ty ward-ers are ye!
free! Pret-ty ward-ers are we!
free! Pret-ty ward-ers are we!
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
*

(The Yeomen go off, L., some through the archway, while the crowd goes off, L.U.E.)

Exit into dungeon

(Enter Jack Point from house, R., in low spirits, reading from a huge volume.)

Point: *(Reads.)*"The Merrie Jestes of Hugh Ambrose. No. 7863. The Poor Wit and the Rich Councillor. A certayne poor wit, being an-hungered, did meet a well-fed Councillor. 'Marry, fool?' quoth the Councillor, 'whither away?' 'In truth,' said the poor wag, 'in that I have eaten naught these two dayes, I do wither away, and that right rapidly!' The Councillor laughed hugely, and gave him a sausage." Humph! The Councillor was easier to please than my new master the Lieutenant. I would like to take post under that Councillor. Ah! 'Tis but melancholy mumming when poor heart-broken, jilted Jack Point must needs turn to Hugh Ambrose for original light humour!

(Enter Wilfred, L.U.E., also in low spirits. He comes down on Point's L. Point puts the book on the bench, R.)

Wilfred: *(sighing)* Ah, Master Point!

Point: *(changing his manner)* Ha! friend jailer! Jailer that wast—jailer that never shalt be more! Jailer that jailed not, or that jailed, if jail he did, so unjailerly that 'twas but jerry-jailing, or jailing in joke—though no joke to him who, by unjailer-like jailing, did so jeopardise his jailorship. Come, take heart, smile, laugh, wink, twinkle, thou tormentor that tormentest none—thou racker that rackest not—thou pincher out of place—come, take heart, and be merry, as I am! *(aside, dolefully)*—as I am!

Wilfred: Aye, it's well for thee to laugh. Thou hast a good post, and hast cause to be merry.

Point: *(bitterly)* Cause? Have we not all cause? Is not the world a big butt of humour, into which all who will may drive a gimlet? See, I am a salaried wit, and is there aught in nature more ridiculous? A poor, dull, heart-broken man, who must needs be merry, or he will be whipped; who must rejoice, lest he starve; who must jest you, jibe you, quip you, crank you, wrack you, riddle you, from hour to hour, from day to day, from year to year, lest he dwindle, perish, starve, pine, and die! Why, when there's naught else to laugh at, I laugh at myself till I ache for it!

Wilfred: Yet I have often thought that a jester's calling would suite me to a hair.

Point: Thee? Would suit *thee*, thou death's head and cross-bones?

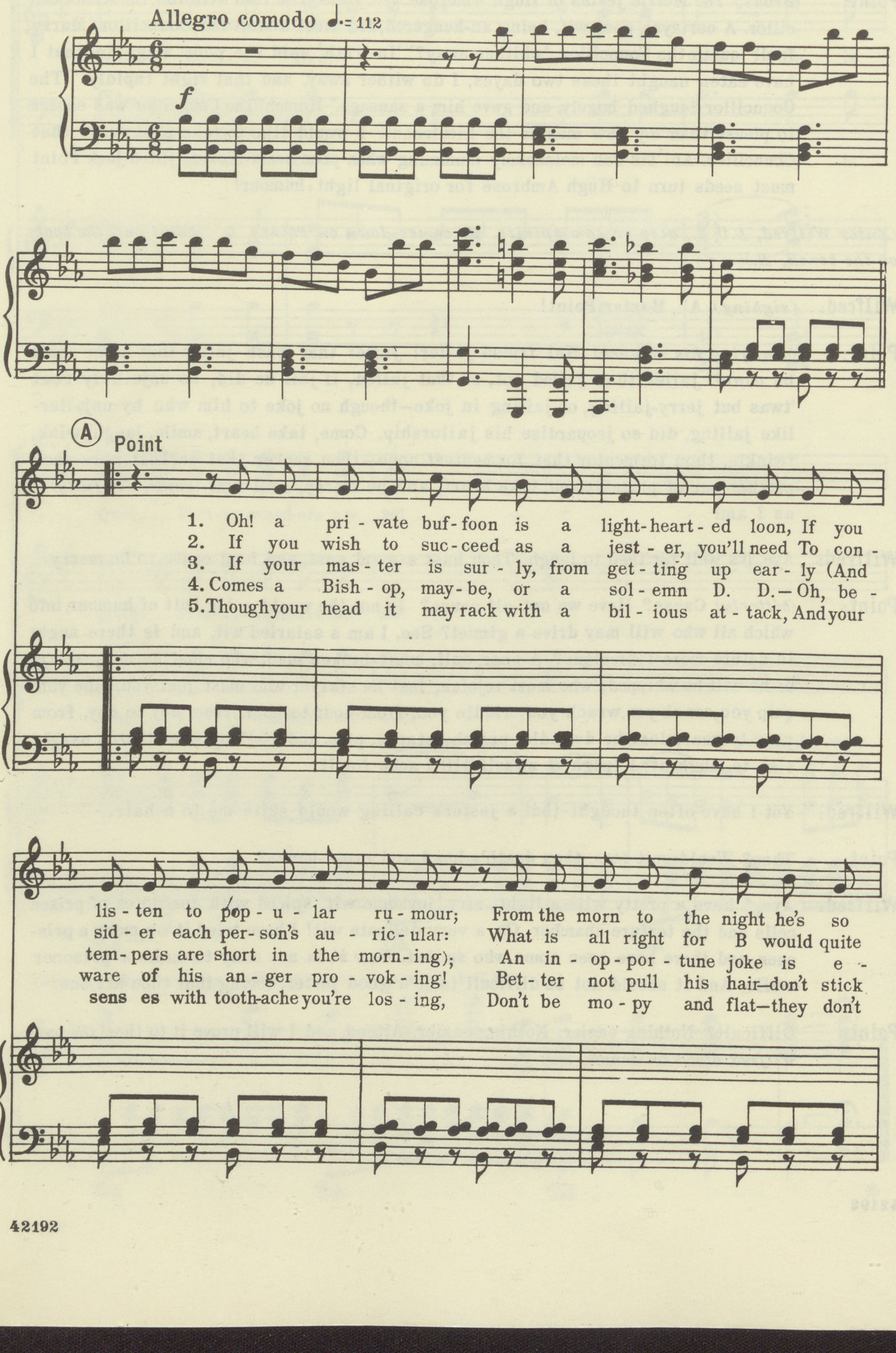
Wilfred: Aye, I have a pretty wit—a light, airy, joysome wit, spiced with anecdotes of prison cells and the torture chamber. Oh, a very delicate wit! I have tried it on many a prisoner, and there have been some who smiled. Now it is not easy to make a prisoner smile. And it should not be difficult to be a good jester, seeing that thou art one.

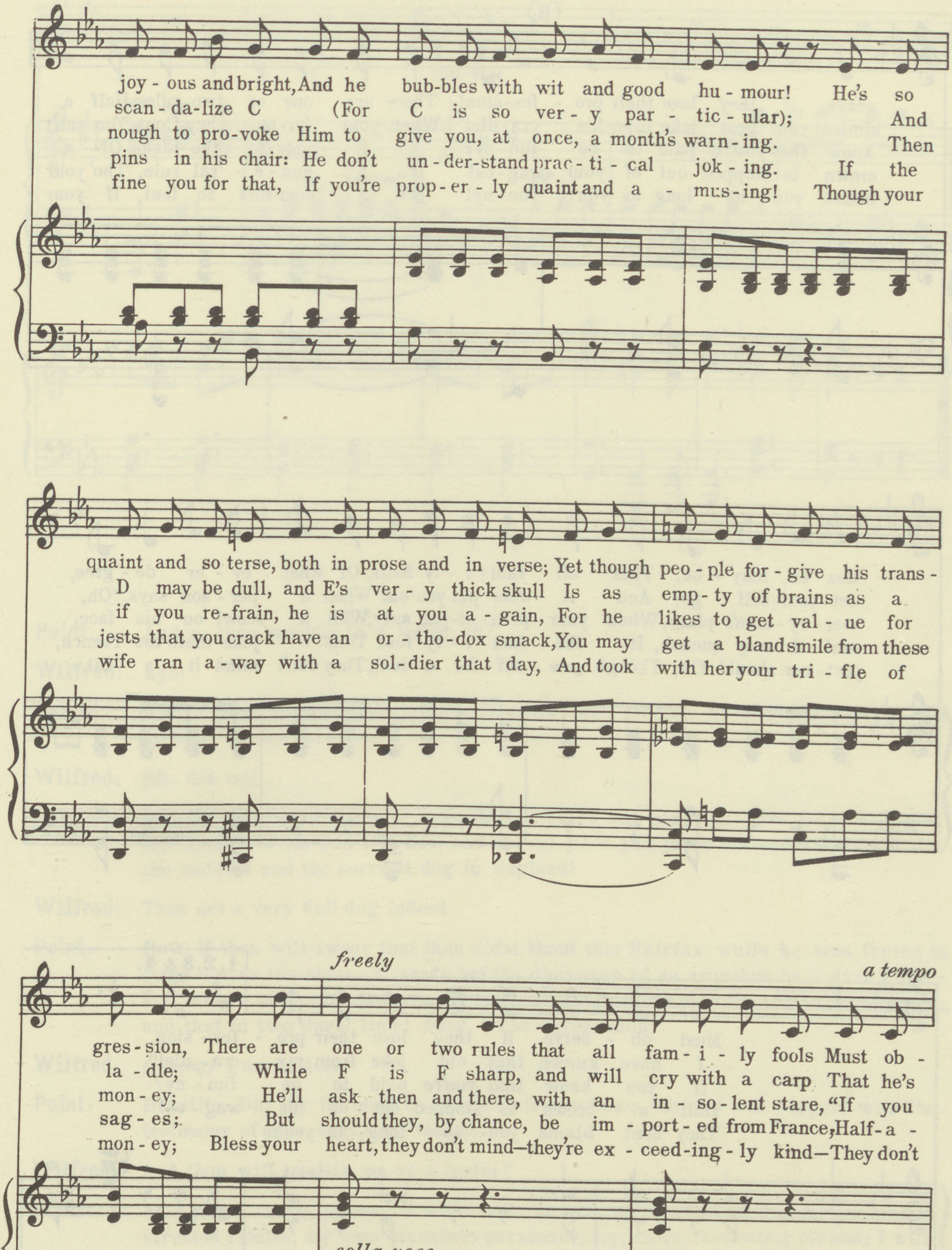
Point: Difficult? Nothing easier. Nothing easier. Attend, and I will prove it to thee! *(He puts Wilfred down on bench, R.)*

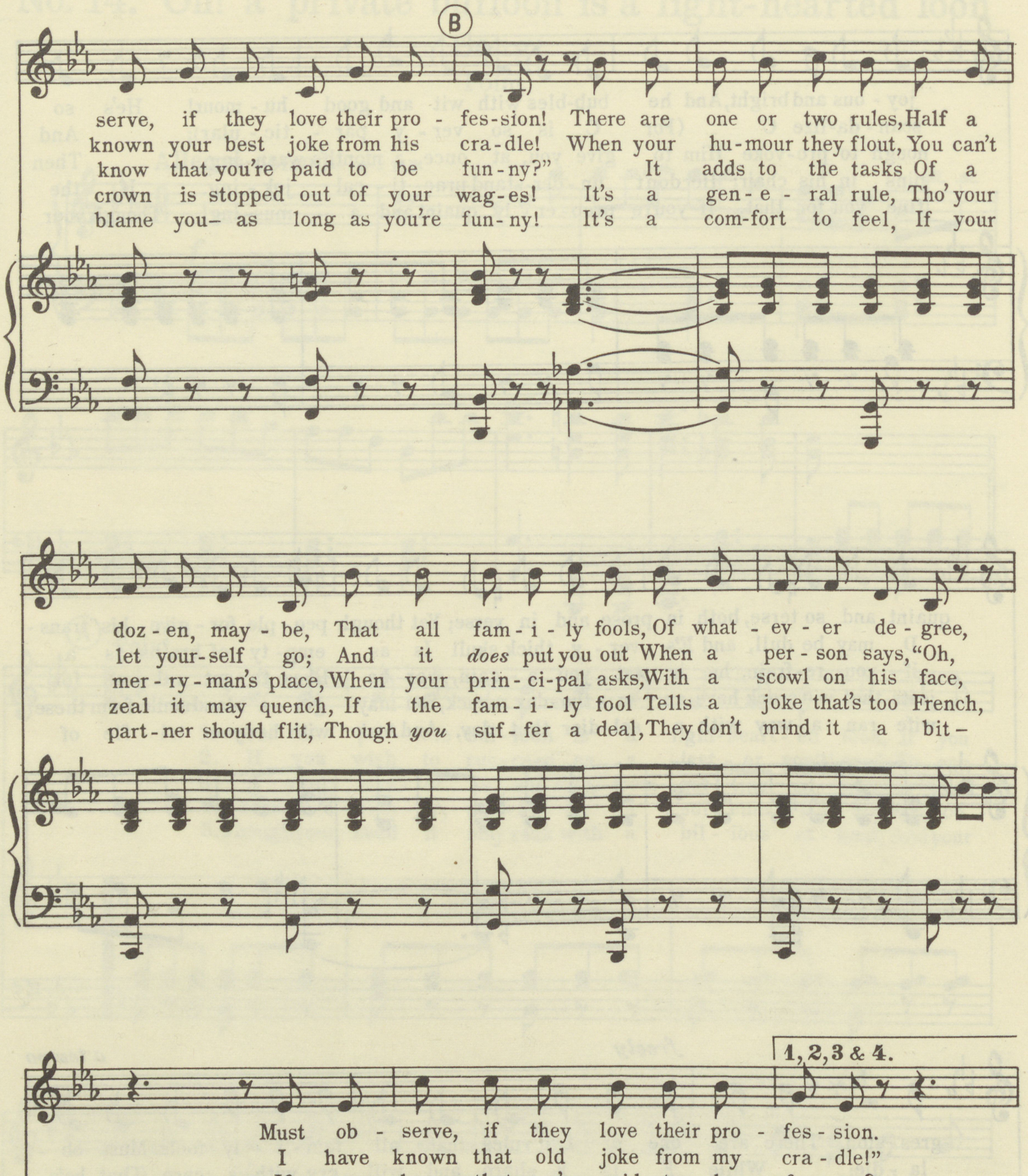
No. 14. Oh! a private buffoon is a light-hearted loon

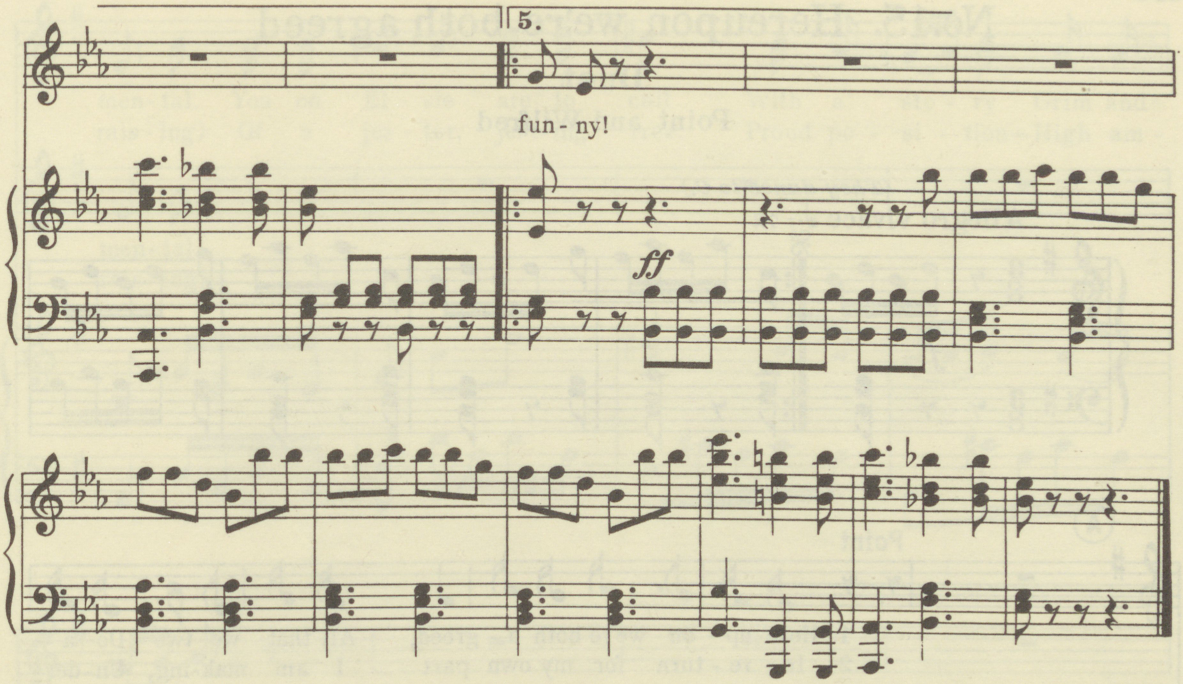
Song

Point


Allegro comodo ♩= 112
f
A
Point
1. Oh! a pri - vate buf - foon is a light - heart - ed loon, If you
2. If you wish to suc - ceed as a jest - er, you'll need To con -
3. If your mas - ter is sur - ly, from get - ting up ear - ly (And
4. Comes a Bish - op, may - be, or a sol - emn D. D. — Oh, be -
5. Though your head it may rack with a bil - ious at - tack, And your
lis - ten to pop - u - lar ru - mour; From the morn to the night he's so
sid - er each per - son's au - ric - ular: What is all right for B would quite
tem - pers are short in the morn - ing); An in - op - por - tune joke is e -
ware of his an - ger pro - vok - ing! Bet - ter not pull his hair — don't stick
sens - es with tooth - ache you're los - ing, Don't be mo - py and flat — they don't


joy - ous and bright, And he bub - bles with wit and good hu - mour! He's so
scan - da - lize C (For C is so ver - y par - tic - ular); And
nough to pro - voke Him to give you, at once, a month's warn - ing. Then
pins in his chair: He don't un - der - stand prac - ti - cal jok - ing. If the
fine you for that, If you're prop - er - ly quaint and a - mus - ing! Though your
quaint and so terse, both in prose and in verse; Yet though peo - ple for - give his trans -
D may be dull, and E's ver - y thick skull Is as emp - ty of brains as a
if you re - frain, he is at you a - gain, For he likes to get val - ue for
jests that you crack have an or - tho - dox smack, You may get a bland smile from these
wife ran a - way with a sol - dier that day, And took with her your tri - fle of
freely
a tempo
gres - sion, There are one or two rules that all fam - i - ly fools Must ob -
la - dle; While F is F sharp, and will cry with a carp That he's
mon - ey; He'll ask then and there, with an in - so - lent stare, "If you
sag - es; But should they, by chance, be im - port - ed from France, Half - a -
mon - ey; Bless your heart, they don't mind—they're ex - ceed - ing - ly kind—They don't
colla voce


B
serve, if they love their pro-fes-sion! There are one or two rules, Half a
known your best joke from his cra-dle! When your hu-mour they flout, You can't
know that you're paid to be fun-ny?" It adds to the tasks Of a
crown is stopped out of your wag-es! It's a gen-e-ral rule, Tho' your
blame you— as long as you're fun-ny! It's a com-fort to feel, If your
doz-en, may-be, That all fam-i-ly fools, Of what-ev-er de-gree,
let your-self go; And it does put you out When a per-son says, "Oh,
mer-ry-man's place, When your prin-ci-pal asks, With a scowl on his face,
zeal it may quench, If the fam-i-ly fool Tells a joke that's too French,
part-ner should flit, Though you suf-fer a deal, They don't mind it a bit—
1, 2, 3 & 4.
Must ob-serve, if they love their pro-fes-sion.
I have known that old joke from my cra-dle!"
If you know that you're paid to be fun-ny?
Half-a-crown is stopped out of his wag-es!
They don't blame you— so long as you're



Point: And so thou wouldst be a jester, eh?

Wilfred: Aye!

Point: Now, listen! My sweetheart, Elsie Maynard, was secretly wed to this Fairfax half an hour ere he escaped.

Wilfred: She did well.

Point: She did nothing of the kind, so hold thy peace and perpend. Now, while he liveth she is dead to me and I to her, and so, my jibes and jokes notwithstanding, I am the saddest and the sorriest dog in England!

Wilfred: Thou art a very dull dog indeed.

Point: Now, if thou wilt swear that thou didst shoot this Fairfax while he was trying to swim across the river—it needs but the discharge of an arquebus on a dark night—and that he sank and was seen no more, I'll make thee the very Archbishop of jesters, and that in two days' time! Now, what sayest thou?

Wilfred: *(rising)* I am to lie?

Point: Heartily. But thy lie must be a lie of circumstance, which I will support with the testimony of eyes, ears, and tongue.

Wilfred: And thou wilt qualify me as a jester?

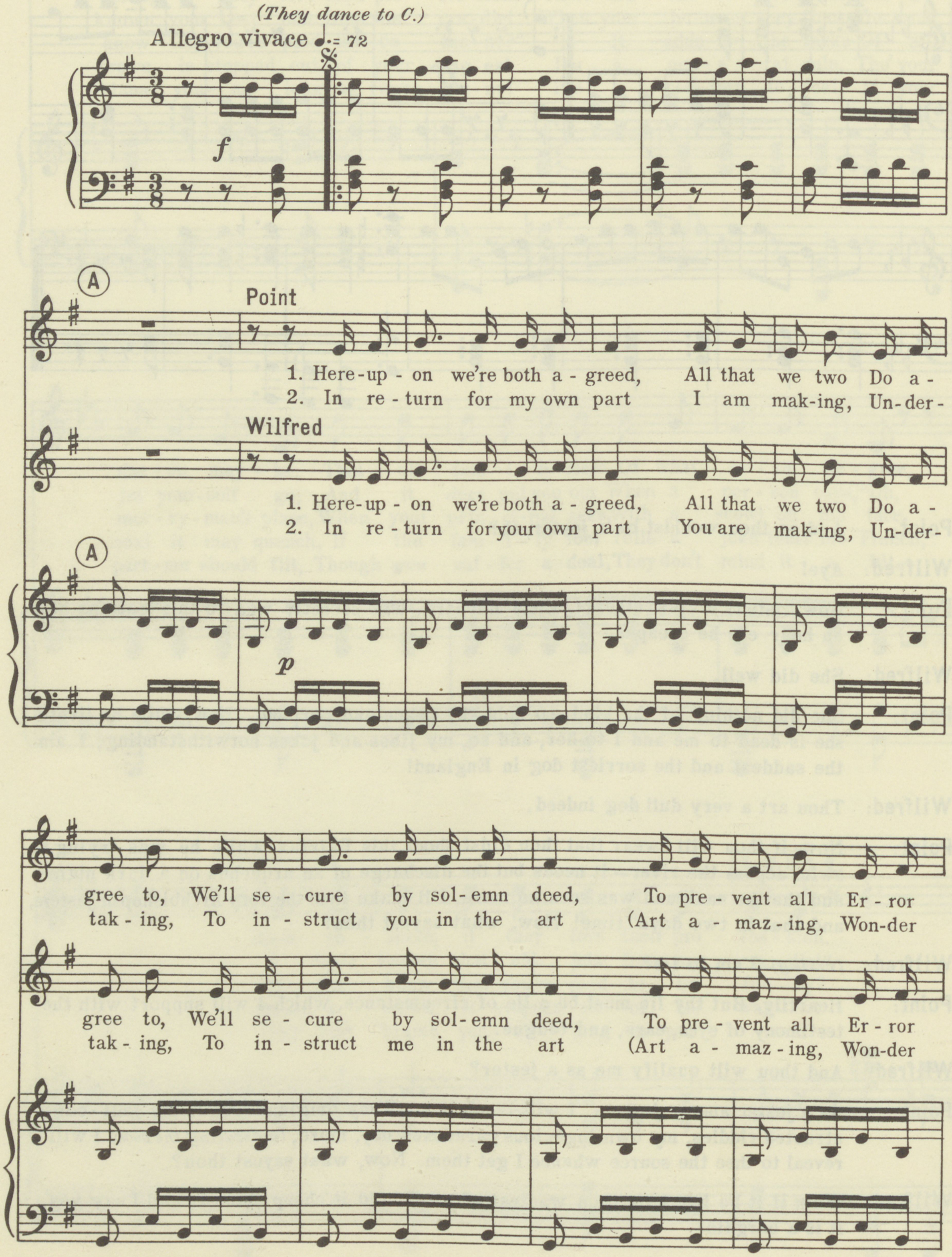
Point: As a jester among jesters. I will teach thee all my original songs, my self-constructed riddles, my own ingenious paradoxes; nay, more, *(indicating the book)* I will reveal to thee the source whence I get them. Now, what sayest thou?

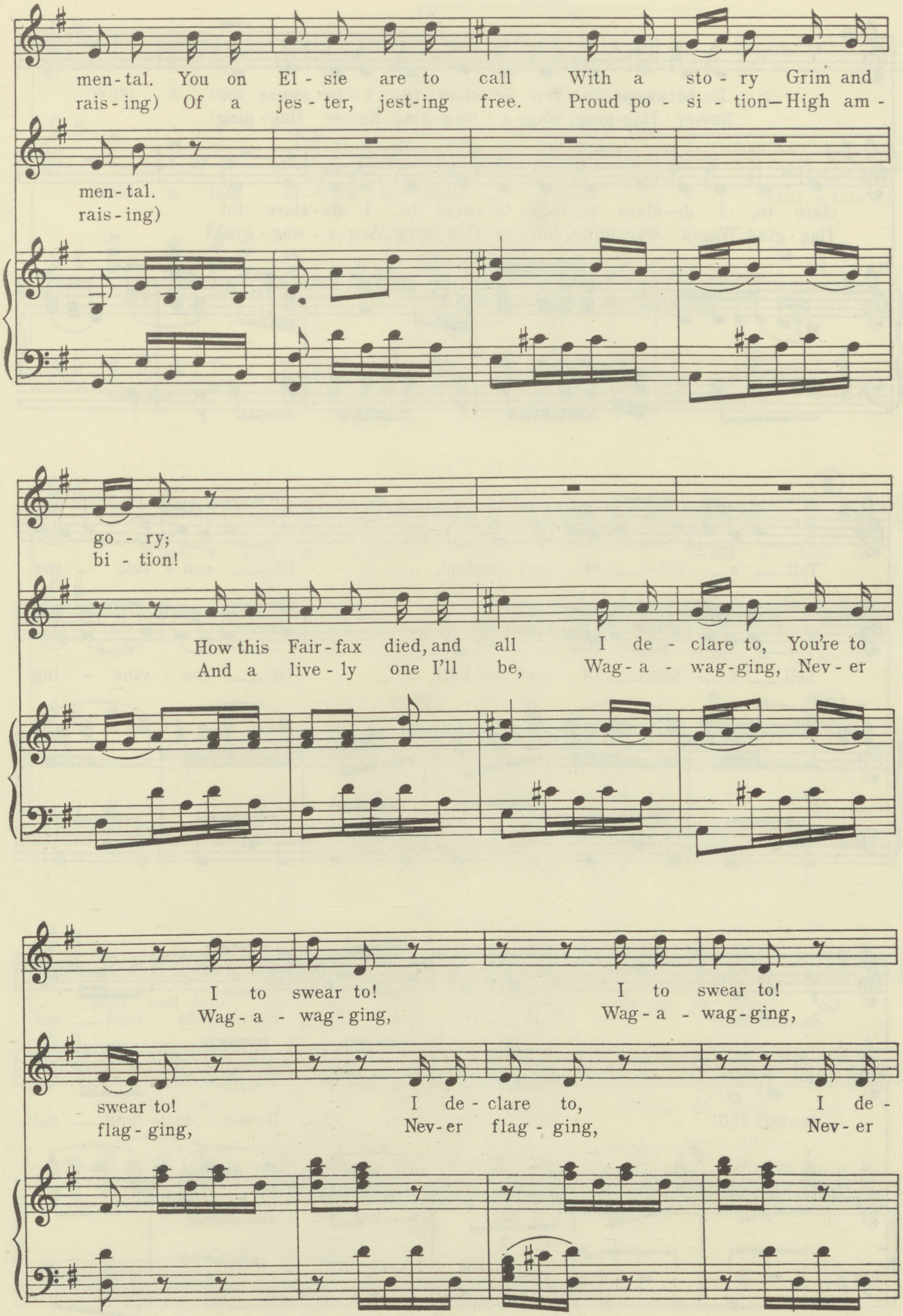
Wilfred: Why, if it be but a lie thou wantest of me, I hold it cheap enough, and I say yes, it is a bargain!

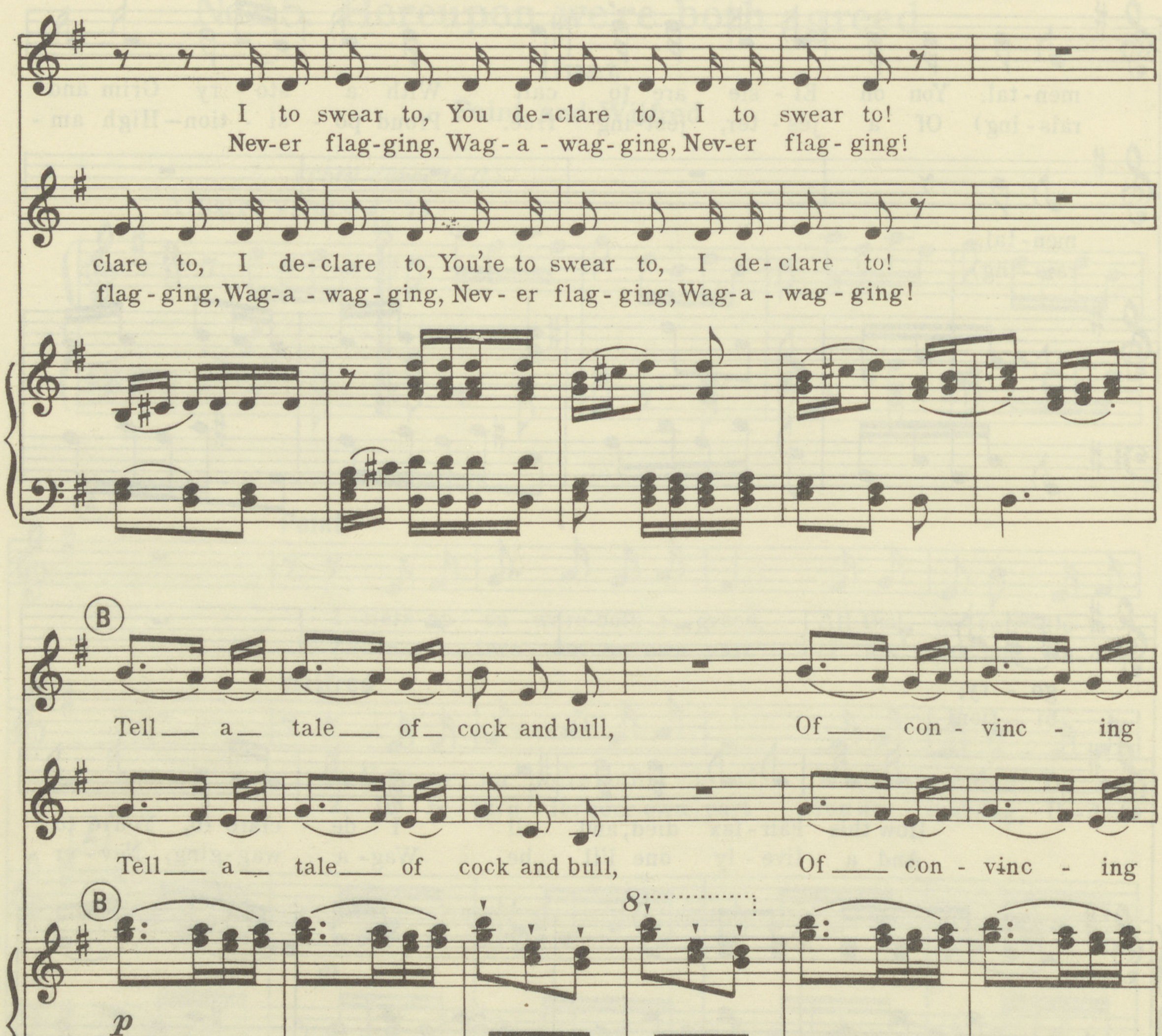
No.15. Hereupon we're both agreed

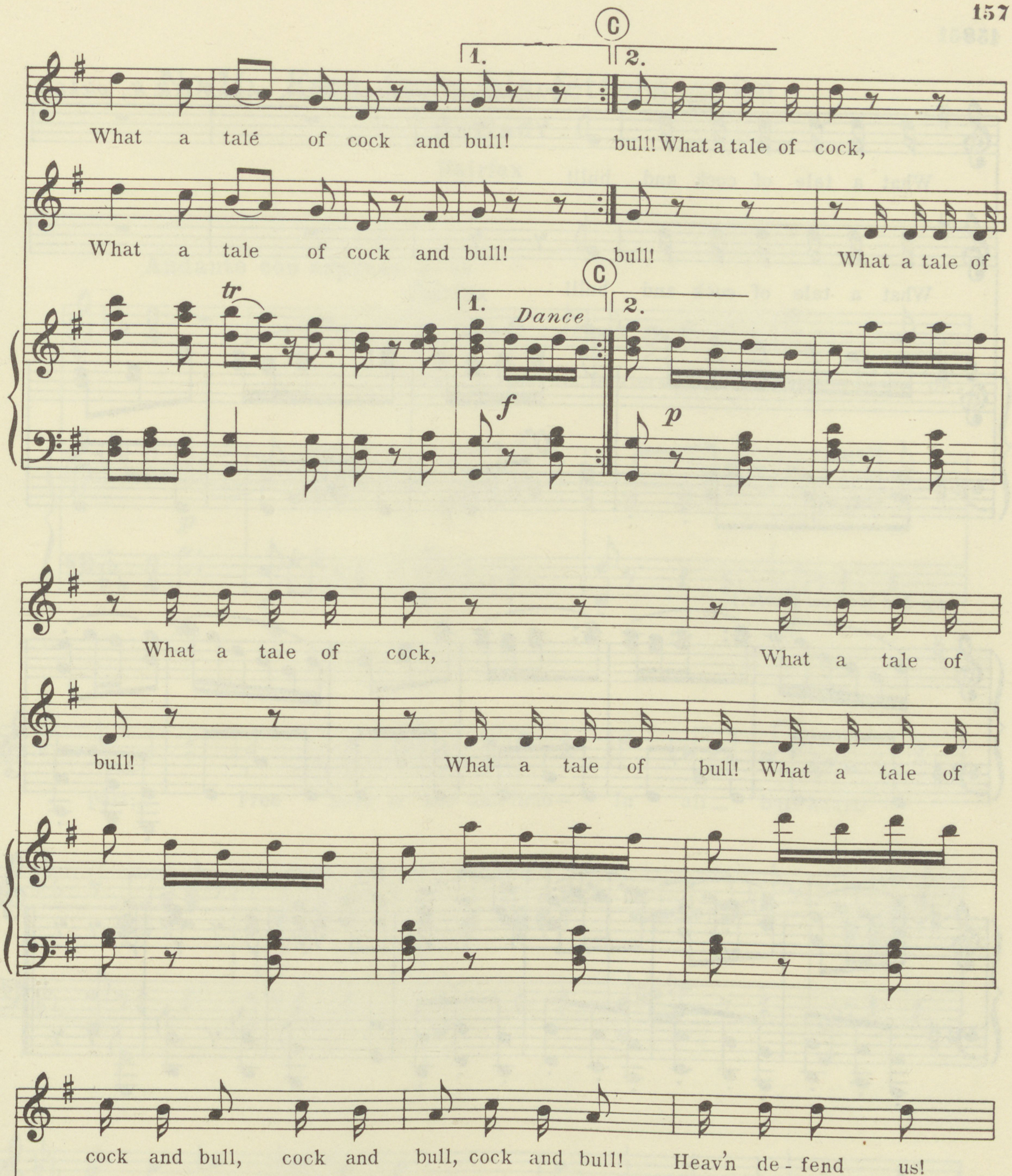
Duet

Point and Wilfred

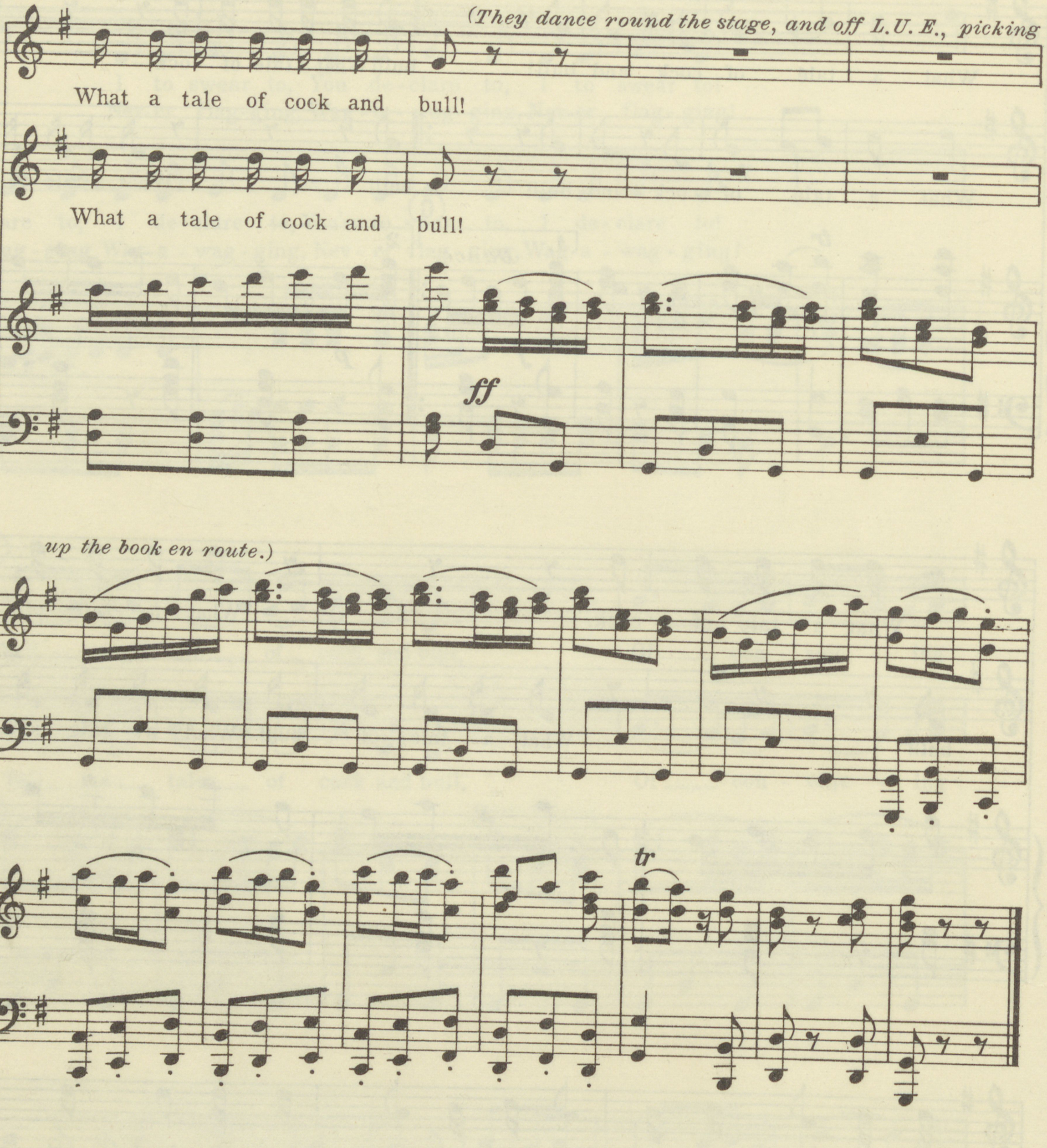

(They dance to C.)
Allegro vivace ♩. = 72
f
A
Point
1. Here-up - on we're both a - greed, All that we two Do a -
2. In re - turn for my own part I am mak-ing, Under -
Wilfred
1. Here-up - on we're both a - greed, All that we two Do a -
2. In re - turn for your own part You are mak-ing, Under -
A
p
gree to, We'll se - cure by sol - emn deed, To pre - vent all Er - ror
tak - ing, To in - struct you in the art (Art a - maz - ing, Won-der
gree to, We'll se - cure by sol - emn deed, To pre - vent all Er - ror
tak - ing, To in - struct me in the art (Art a - maz - ing, Won-der


men - tal. You on El - sie are to call With a sto - ry Grim and
rais - ing) Of a jes - ter, jest - ing free. Proud po - si - tion—High am -
men - tal.
rais - ing)
go - ry;
bi - tion!
How this Fair - fax died, and all I de - clare to, You're to
And a live - ly one I'll be, Wag - a - wag - ging, Nev - er
I to swear to! I to swear to!
Wag - a - wag - ging, Wag - a - wag - ging,
swear to! I de - clare to, I de -
flag - ging, Nev - er flag - ging, Nev - er


I to swear to, You de-clare to, I to swear to!
Nev-er flag-ging, Wag-a-wag-ging, Nev-er flag-ging!
clare to, I de-clare to, You're to swear to, I de-clare to!
flag-ging, Wag-a-wag-ging, Nev-er flag-ging, Wag-a-wag-ging!
B
Tell_ a_ tale_ of_ cock and bull, Of_ con-vinc-ing
Tell_ a_ tale_ of cock and bull, Of_ con-vinc-ing
B
p
8
de-tail full! Tale_ tre-men-dous, Heav'n_ de-fend_ us!
de-tail full! Tale_ tre-men-dous, Heav'n_ de-fend_ us!
8


C
1.
2.
What a talé of cock and bull! bull! What a tale of cock,
What a tale of cock and bull! bull! What a tale of
tr
Dance
f
p
What a tale of cock, What a tale of
bull! What a tale of bull! What a tale of
cock and bull, cock and bull, cock and bull! Heav'n de-fend us!
cock and bull, cock and bull, cock and bull! Heav'n de-fend us!
cresc.

(They dance round the stage, and off L. U. E., picking up the book en route.)



(Enter Fairfax, R. U. E.)

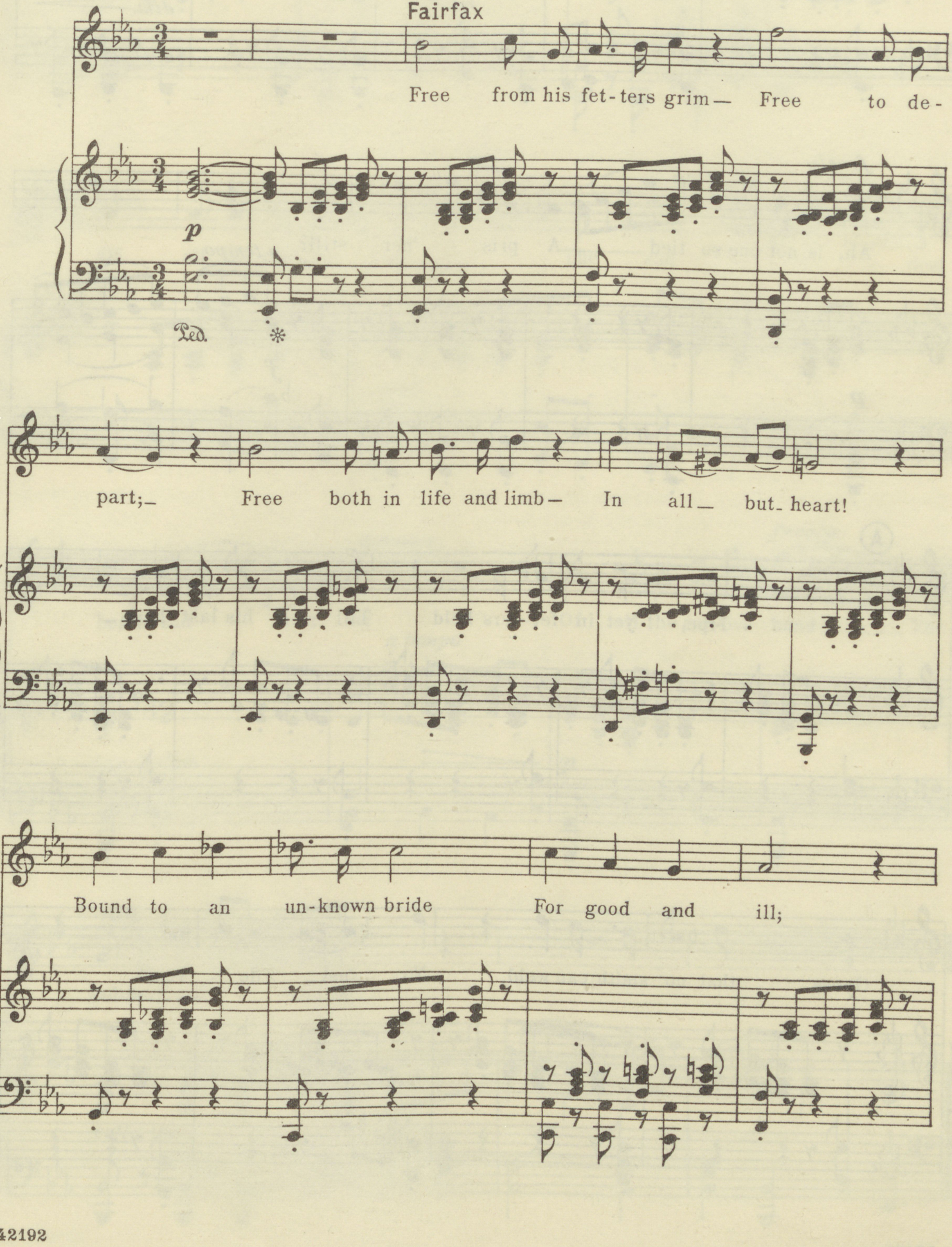
Fairfax: Two days gone, and no news of poor Fairfax. The dolts! They seek him everywhere save within a dozen yards of his dungeon. So I am free! Free, but for the cursed haste with which I hurried headlong into the bonds of matrimony with — Heaven knows whom! As far as I remember, she should have been young; but even had not her face been concealed by her kerchief, I doubt whether, in my then plight, I should have taken much note of her. Free? Bah! The Tower bonds were but a thread of silk compared with these conjugal fetters which I, fool that I was, placed upon mine own hands. From the one I broke readily enough—how to break the other!

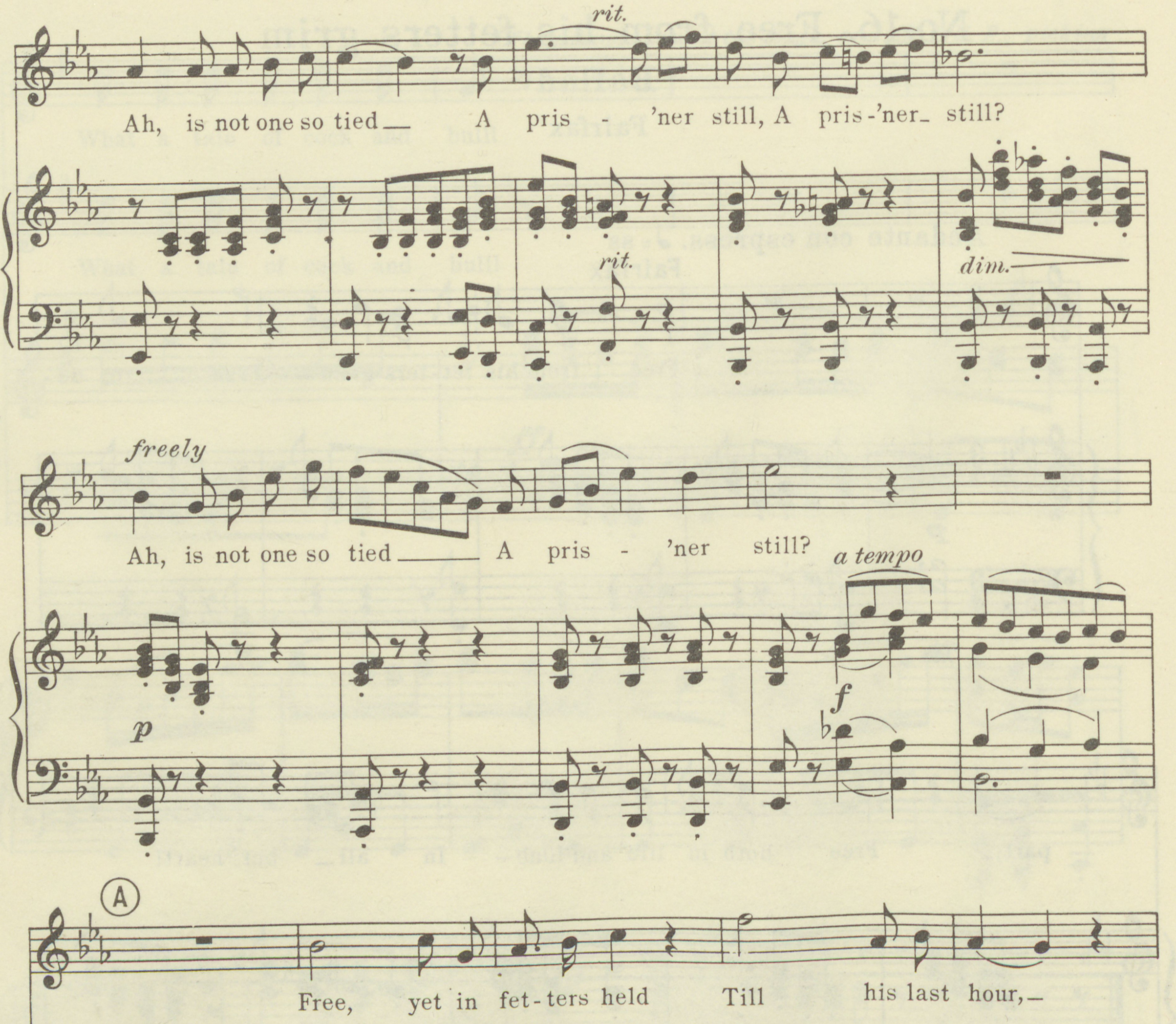
No. 16. Free from his fetters grim

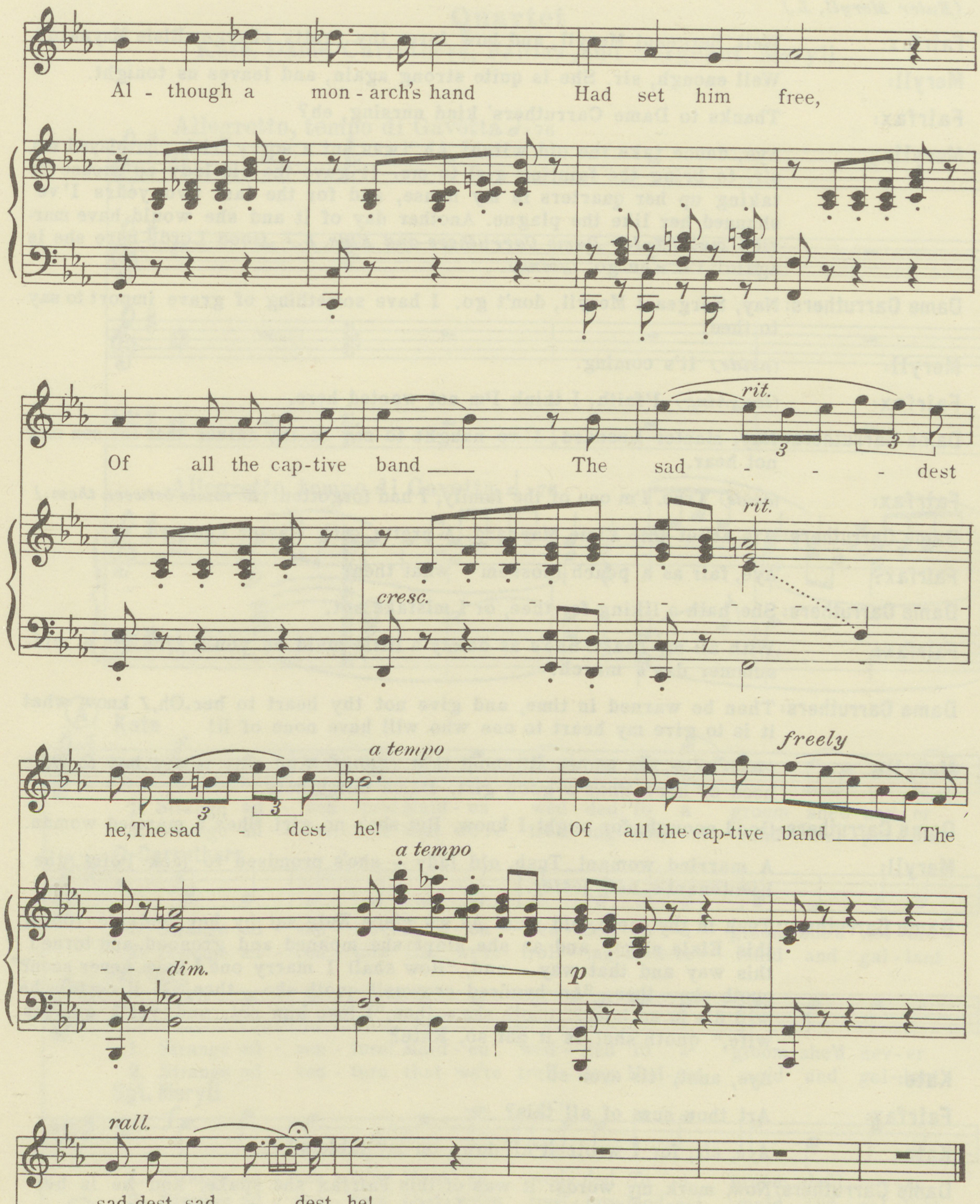
Ballad

Fairfax

Andante con espress. ♩= 88


Fairfax
Free from his fet-ters grim— Free to de-part;— Free both in life and limb— In all— but- heart!
Bound to an un-known bride For good and ill;
p
Ped.
*


rit.
Ah, is not one so tied — A pris - 'ner still, A pris-'ner — still?
rit.
dim.
freely
Ah, is not one so tied — A pris - 'ner still?
a tempo
p
f
A
Free, yet in fet-ters held Till his last hour, —
Gyves that no smith can weld, No rust — de - vour!


Al - though a mon - arch's hand Had set him free,
Of all the cap-tive band The sad - dest
rit.
cresc.
rit.
he, The sad - dest he!
a tempo
a tempo
freely
Of all the cap-tive band The
dim.
p
rall.
sad-dest, sad - dest he!
a tempo
colla voce
f
3

(Enter Meryll, L.)

Fairfax: Well, Sergeant Meryll, and how fares thy pretty charge, Elsie Maynard?

Meryll: Well enough, sir. She is quite strong again, and leaves us tonight.

Fairfax: Thanks to Dame Carruthers' kind nursing, eh?

Meryll: Aye, deuce take the old witch! Ah, 'twas but a sorry trick you played me, sir, to bring the fainting girl to me. It gave the old lady an excuse for taking up her quarters in my house, and for the last two years I've shunned her like the plague. Another day of it and she would have married me! *(Enter Dame Carruthers and Kate, L.)* Good Lord, here she is again! I'll e'en go. *(going)*

Dame Carruthers: Nay, Sergeant Meryll, don't go. I have something of grave import to say to thee.

Meryll: *(aside)* It's coming.

Fairfax: *(laughing)* I'faith, I think I'm not wanted here.

Dame Carruthers: Nay, Master Leonard, I've naught to say to thy father that his son may not hear.

Fairfax: *(aside)* True. I'm one of the family; I had forgotten! *(He comes between them.)*

Dame Carruthers: 'Tis about this Elsie Maynard. A pretty girl, Master Leonard.

Fairfax: Aye, fair as a peach blossom – what then?

Dame Carruthers: She hath a liking for thee, or I mistake not.

Fairfax: With all my heart. She's as dainty a little maid as you'll find in a midsummer day's march.

Dame Carruthers: Then be warned in time, and give not thy heart to her. Oh, *I* know what it is to give my heart to one who will have none of it!

Meryll: *(aside)* Aye, *she* knows all about that. *(aloud)* And why is my boy to take heed of her? She's a good girl, Dame Carruthers.

Dame Carruthers: Good enough, for aught I know. But she's no girl. She's a married woman.

Meryll: A married woman! Tush, old lady – she's promised to Jack Point, the Lieutenant's new jester.

Dame Carruthers: Tush in thy teeth, old man! As my niece Kate sat by her bedside today, this Elsie slept, and as she slept she moaned and groaned, and turned this way and that way – and, "How shall I marry one I have never seen?" quoth she – then, "An hundred crowns!" quoth she – then, "Is it certain he will die in an hour?" quoth she – then, "I love him not, and yet I am his wife," quoth she! Is it not so, Kate?

Kate: Aye, aunt, 'tis even so.

Fairfax: Art thou sure of all this?

Kate: Aye, sir, for I wrote it all down on my tablets.

Dame Carruthers: Now, mark my words: it was of this Fairfax she spake, and he is her husband, or I'll swallow my kirtle!

Meryll: *(aside)* Is it true, sir?

Fairfax: *(aside to Meryll)* True? Why, the girl was raving! *(aloud)* Why should she marry a man who had but an hour to live?

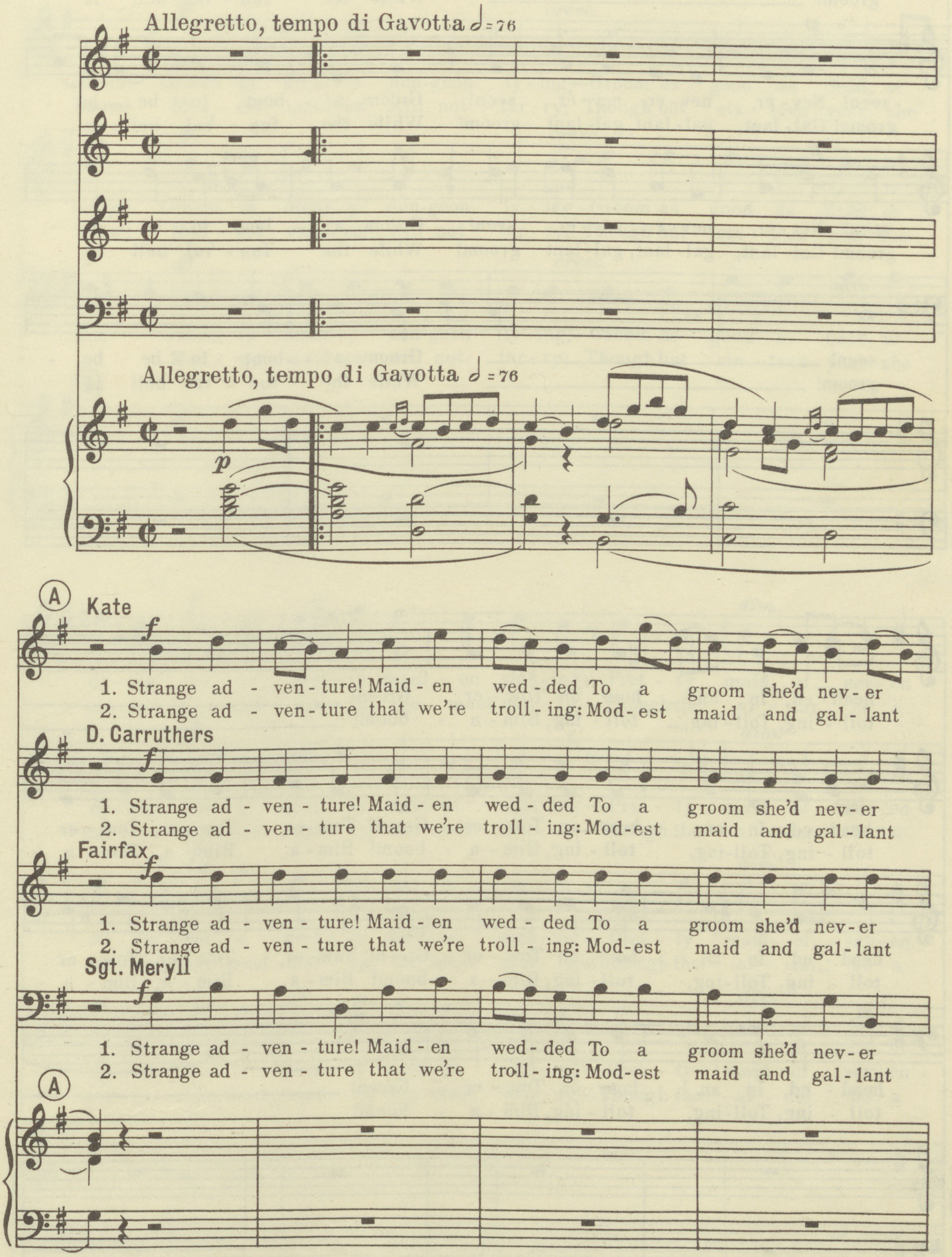
Dame Carruthers: Marry? There be those who would marry but for a minute, rather than die old maids.

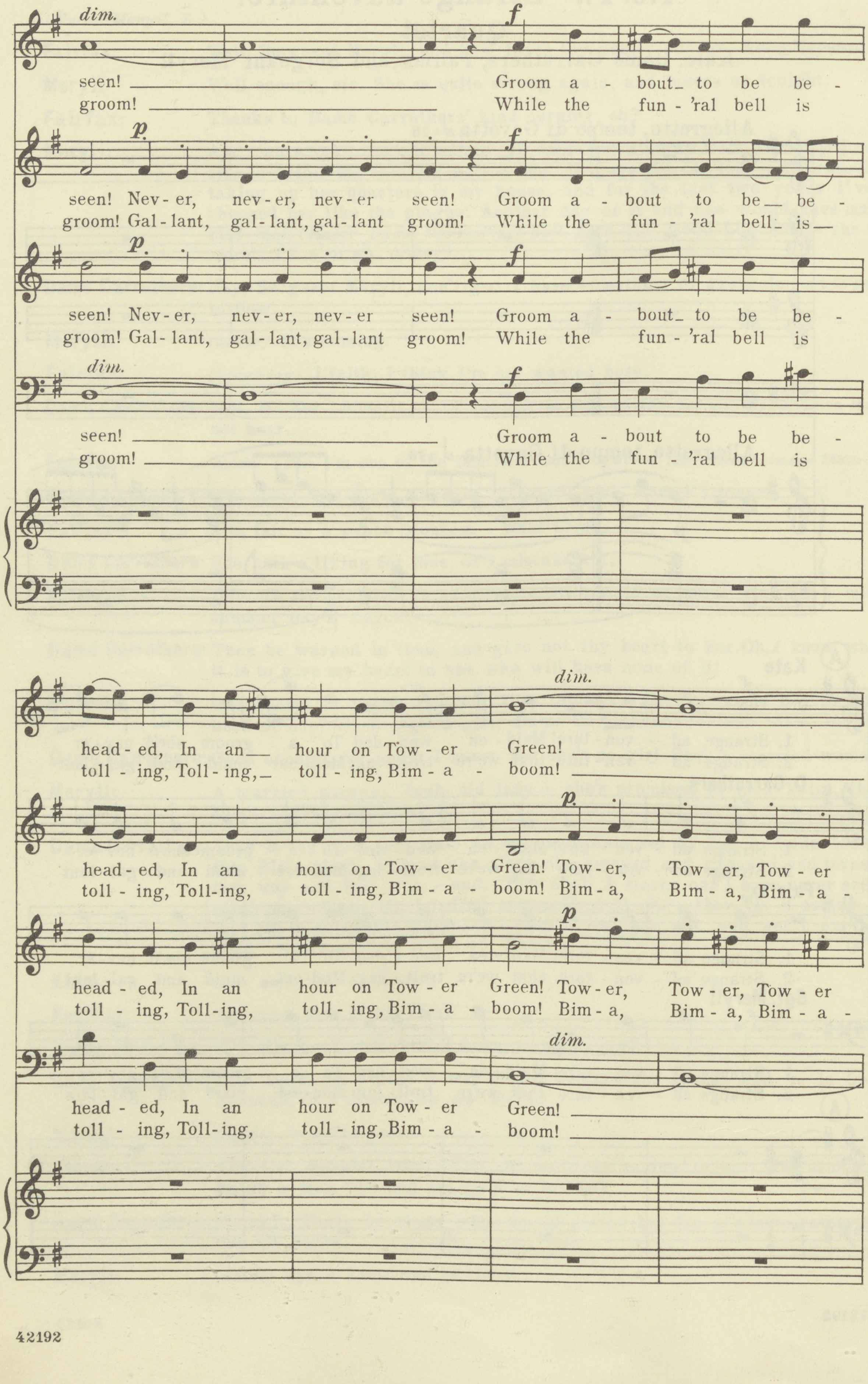
Meryll: *(aside)* Aye, I know one of them!

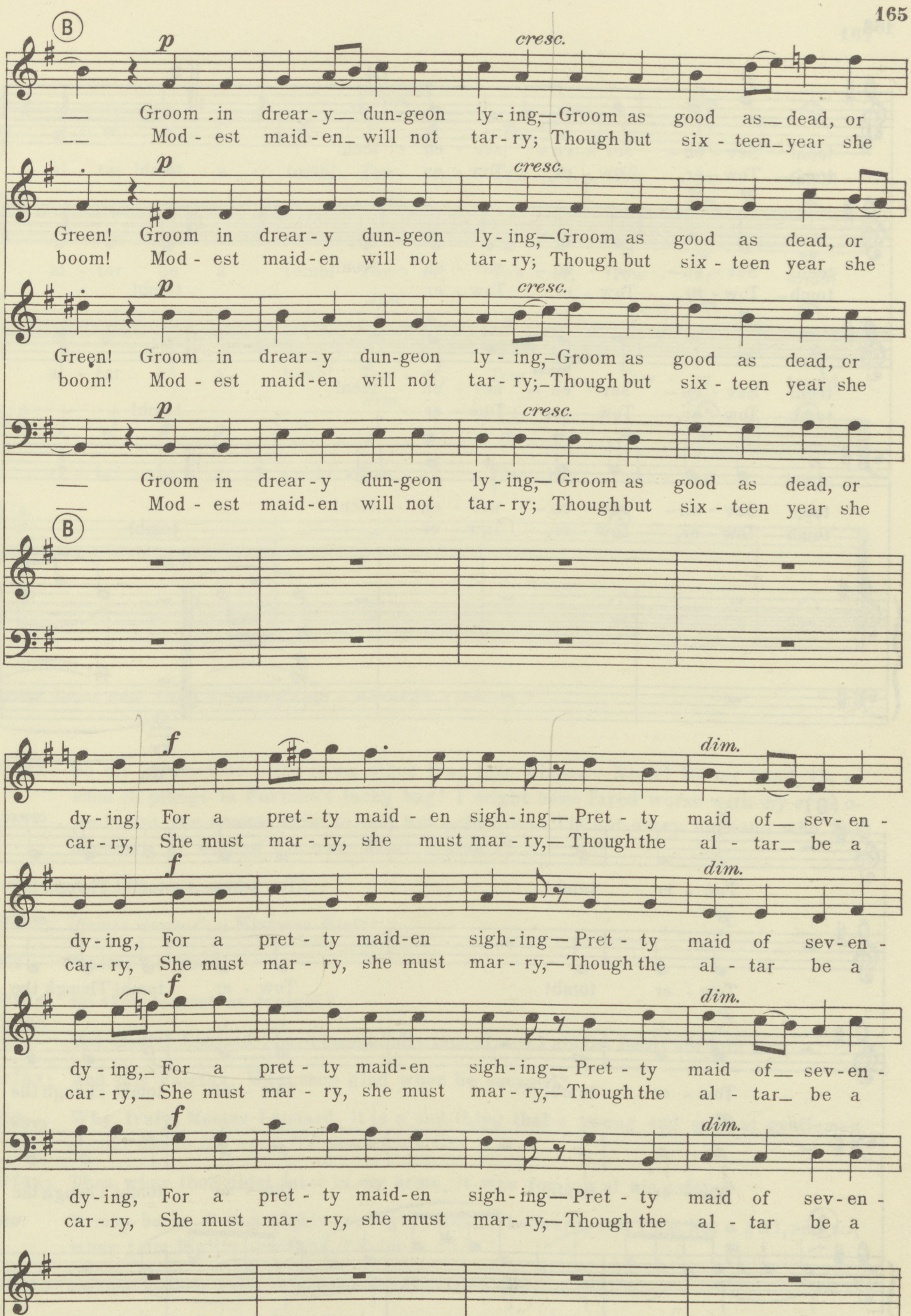
No. 17. Strange adventure!

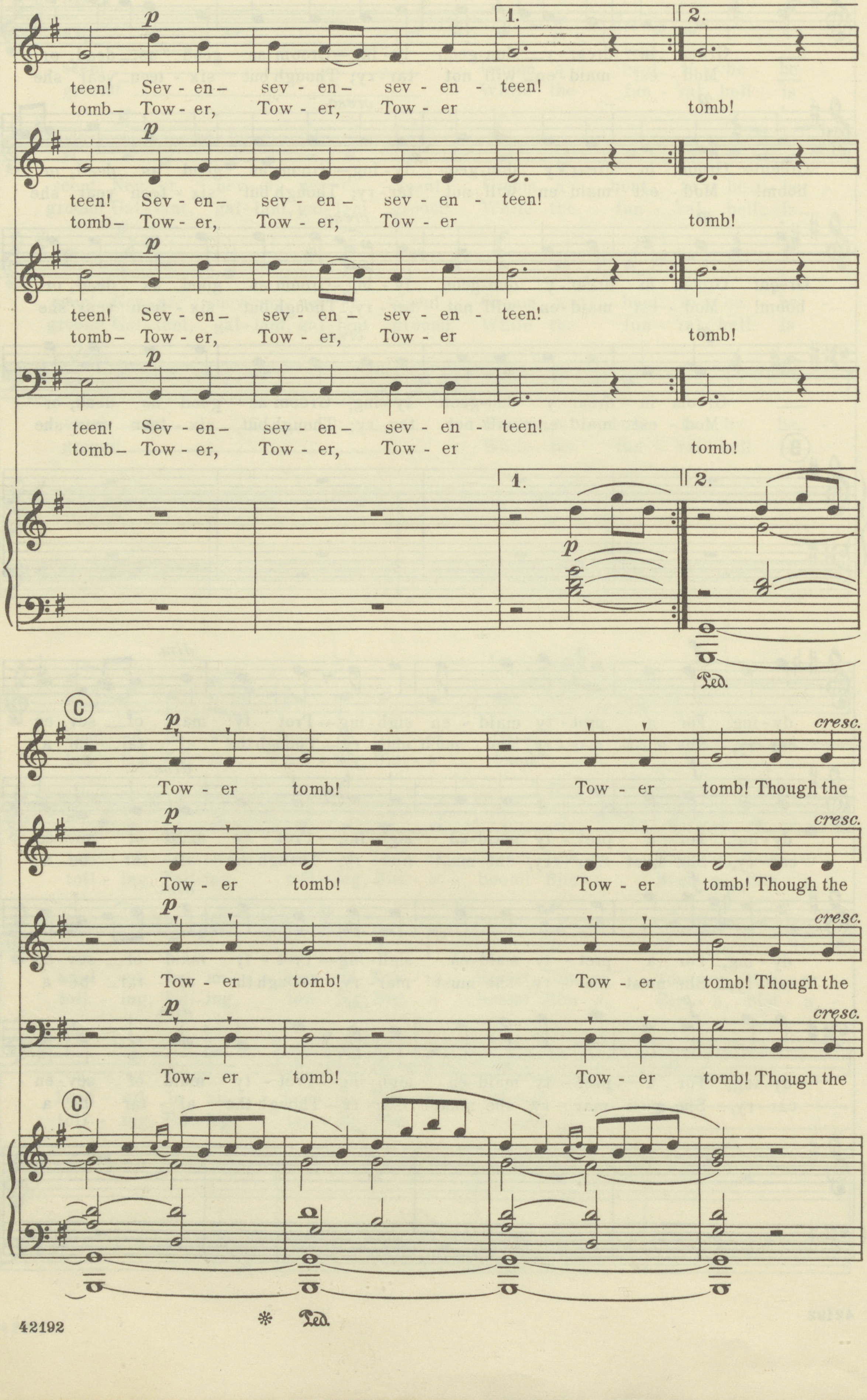
Quartet

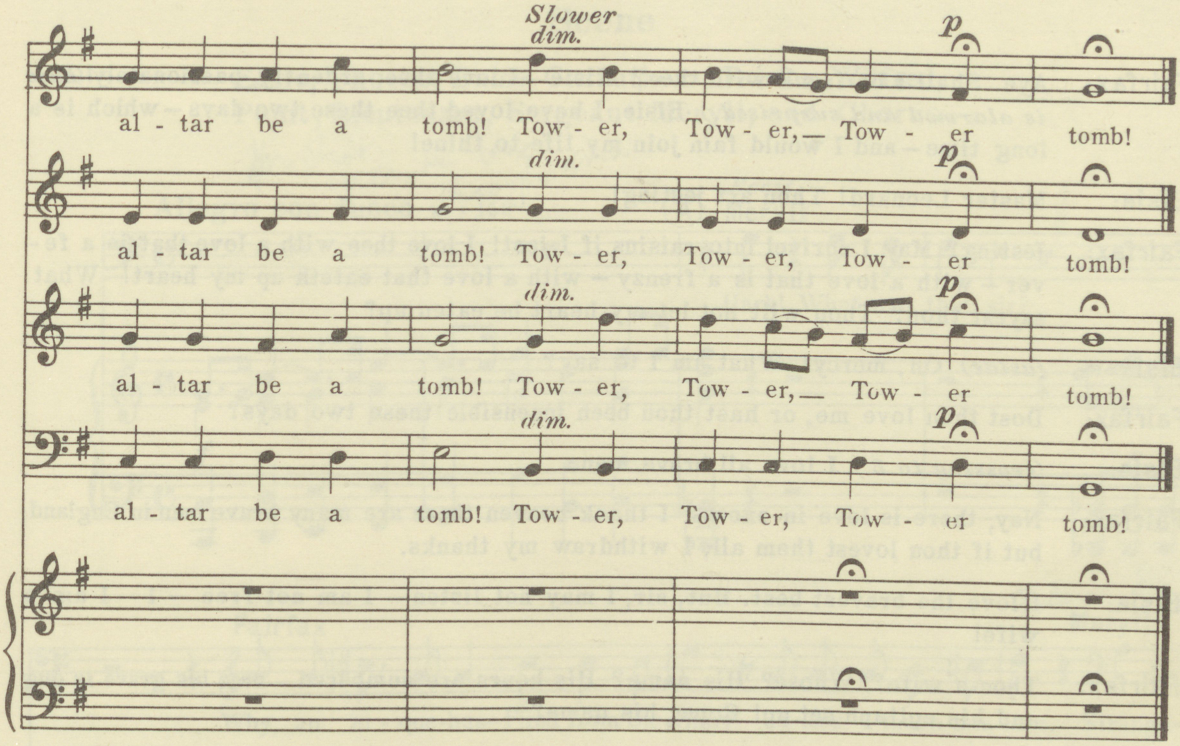
Kate, Dame Carruthers, Fairfax, and Sergeant Meryll


Allegretto, tempo di Gavotta 𝅗𝅥=76
Allegretto, tempo di Gavotta 𝅗𝅥=76
p
A
Kate
f
1. Strange ad - ven-ture! Maid - en wed - ded To a groom she'd nev - er
2. Strange ad - ven-ture that we're troll - ing: Mod - est maid and gal - lant
D. Carruthers
f
1. Strange ad - ven - ture! Maid - en wed - ded To a groom she'd nev - er
2. Strange ad - ven - ture that we're troll - ing: Mod-est maid and gal - lant
Fairfax
f
1. Strange ad - ven - ture! Maid - en wed - ded To a groom she'd nev - er
2. Strange ad - ven - ture that we're troll - ing: Mod-est maid and gal - lant
Sgt. Meryll
f
1. Strange ad - ven - ture! Maid - en wed - ded To a groom she'd nev - er
2. Strange ad - ven - ture that we're troll - ing: Mod-est maid and gal - lant
A


dim.
f
seen! Groom a - bout to be be -
groom! While the fun - 'ral bell is
p
f
seen! Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er seen! Groom a - bout to be be -
groom! Gal - lant, gal - lant, gal - lant groom! While the fun - 'ral bell is
p
f
seen! Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er seen! Groom a - bout to be be -
groom! Gal - lant, gal - lant, gal - lant groom! While the fun - 'ral bell is
dim.
f
seen! Groom a - bout to be be -
groom! While the fun - 'ral bell is
dim.
head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er Green!
toll - ing, Toll - ing, toll - ing, Bim - a - boom!
p
head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er Green! Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er
toll - ing, Toll - ing, toll - ing, Bim - a - boom! Bim - a, Bim - a, Bim - a -
p
head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er Green! Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er
toll - ing, Toll - ing, toll - ing, Bim - a - boom! Bim - a, Bim - a, Bim - a -
dim.
head - ed, In an hour on Tow - er Green!
toll - ing, Toll - ing, toll - ing, Bim - a - boom!


B
p
cresc.
— Groom in drear-y— dun-geon ly-ing,—Groom as good as—dead, or
—— Mod-est maid-en— will not tar-ry; Though but six-teen—year she
Green! Groom in drear-y dun-geon ly-ing,—Groom as good as dead, or
boom! Mod-est maid-en will not tar-ry; Though but six-teen year she
Green! Groom in drear-y dun-geon ly-ing,—Groom as good as dead, or
boom! Mod-est maid-en will not tar-ry;—Though but six-teen year she
— Groom in drear-y dun-geon ly-ing,—Groom as good as dead, or
— Mod-est maid-en will not tar-ry; Though but six-teen year she
f
dim.
dy-ing, For a pret-ty maid-en sigh-ing—Pret-ty maid of—sev-en-
car-ry, She must mar-ry, she must mar-ry,—Though the al-tar—be a
dy-ing, For a pret-ty maid-en sigh-ing—Pret-ty maid of sev-en-
car-ry, She must mar-ry, she must mar-ry,—Though the al-tar be a
dy-ing,—For a pret-ty maid-en sigh-ing—Pret-ty maid of—sev-en-
car-ry,—She must mar-ry, she must mar-ry,—Though the al-tar—be a
dy-ing, For a pret-ty maid-en sigh-ing—Pret-ty maid of sev-en-
car-ry, She must mar-ry, she must mar-ry,—Though the al-tar be a


1.
2.
p
teen! Sev - en - sev - en - sev - en - teen!
tomb – Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb!
p
teen! Sev - en - sev - en - sev - en - teen!
tomb – Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb!
p
teen! Sev - en - sev - en - sev - en - teen!
tomb – Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb!
p
teen! Sev - en - sev - en - sev - en - teen!
tomb – Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb!
1.
2.
p
Ped.
C
p
cresc.
Tow - er tomb! Tow - er tomb! Though the
p
cresc.
Tow - er tomb! Tow - er tomb! Though the
p
cresc.
Tow - er tomb! Tow - er tomb! Though the
p
cresc.
Tow - er tomb! Tow - er tomb! Though the
C
* Ped.


Slower
dim.
p
al - tar be a tomb! Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb!
dim.
p
al - tar be a tomb! Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb!
dim.
p
al - tar be a tomb! Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb!
dim.
p
al - tar be a tomb! Tow - er, Tow - er, Tow - er tomb!

(Exeunt Dame and Kate, L., Meryll up L. through archway.)

Fairfax: So my mysterious bride is no other than this winsome Elsie! By my hand, 'tis no such ill plunge in Fortune's lucky bag! I might have fared worse with my eyes open! But she comes. Now to test her principles. 'Tis not every husband who has a chance of wooing his own wife! *(going up C.)*

(Enter Elsie, L. She is crossing to R.)

Fairfax: *(Comes down C.)* Mistress Elsie!

Elsie: Master Leonard!

Fairfax: So thou leavest us tonight?

Elsie: Yes, Master Leonard I have been kindly tended, and I almost fear I am loth to go.

Fairfax: And this Fairfax. Wast thou glad when he escaped?

Elsie: Why, truly, Master Leonard, it is a sad thing that a young and gallant gentleman should die in the very fullness of his life.

Fairfax: Then when thou didst faint in my arms, it was for joy at his safety?

Elsie: It may be so. I was highly wrought, Master Leonard, and I am but a girl, and so, when I am highly wrought, I faint.

Fairfax: Now, dost thou know, I am consumed with a parlous jealousy?

Elsie: Thou? And of whom?

Fairfax: Why, of this Fairfax, surely!

Elsie: Of Colonel Fairfax?

Fairfax: Aye. Shall I be frank with thee? Elsie – I love thee, ardently, passionately! *(Elsie is alarmed and surprised.)* Elsie, I have loved thee these two days – which is a long time – and I would fain join my life to thine!

Elsie: Master Leonard! Thou art jesting!

Fairfax: Jesting? May I shrivel into raisins if I jest! I love thee with a love that is a fever – with a love that is a frenzy – with a love that eateth up my heart! What sayest thou? Thou wilt not let my heart be eaten up?

Elsie: *(aside)* Oh, mercy! What am I to say?

Fairfax: Dost thou love me, or hast thou been insensible these two days?

Elsie: *(crossing to L.)* I love all brave men.

Fairfax: Nay, there is love in excess. I thank heaven there are many brave men in England; but if thou lovest them all, I withdraw my thanks.

Elsie: I love the bravest best. But, sir, I may not listen – I am not free – I – I am a wife!

Fairfax: Thou a wife? Whose? His name? His hours are numbered – nay, his grave is dug and his epitaph set up! Come, his name?

Elsie: Oh, sir! Keep my secret – it is the only barrier that Fate could set up between us. *(looking anxiously around)* My husband is none other than Colonel Fairfax!

Fairfax: The greatest villain unhung! The most ill-favoured, ill-mannered, ill-natured, ill-omened, ill-tempered dog in Christendom!

Elsie: It is very like. He is naught to me – for I never saw him. I was blindfolded, and he was to have died within the hour; and he did not die – and I am wedded to him, and my heart is broken!

Fairfax: He was to have died, and he did *not* die? The scoundrel! The perjured, traitorous villain! Thou shouldst have insisted on his dying first, to make sure. 'Tis the only way with these Fairfaxes.

Elsie: I now wish I had!

Fairfax: *(aside)* Bloodthirsty little maiden! *(aloud)* A fig for this Fairfax! Be mine – he will never know – he dares not show himself; and if he dare, what art thou to him? Fly with me, Elsie – we will be married tomorrow, and thou shalt be the happiest wife in England!

Elsie: Master Leonard! I am amazed! *(crossing to R.C.)* Is it thus that brave soldiers speak to poor girls? Oh! for shame, for shame! I am wed – not the less because I love not my husband. I am a wife, sir, and I have a duty, and – oh, sir! – thy words terrify me – they are not honest – they are wicked words, and unworthy thy great and brave heart! Oh, shame upon thee! Shame upon thee!

Fairfax: Nay, Elsie, I did but jest. I spake but to try thee –

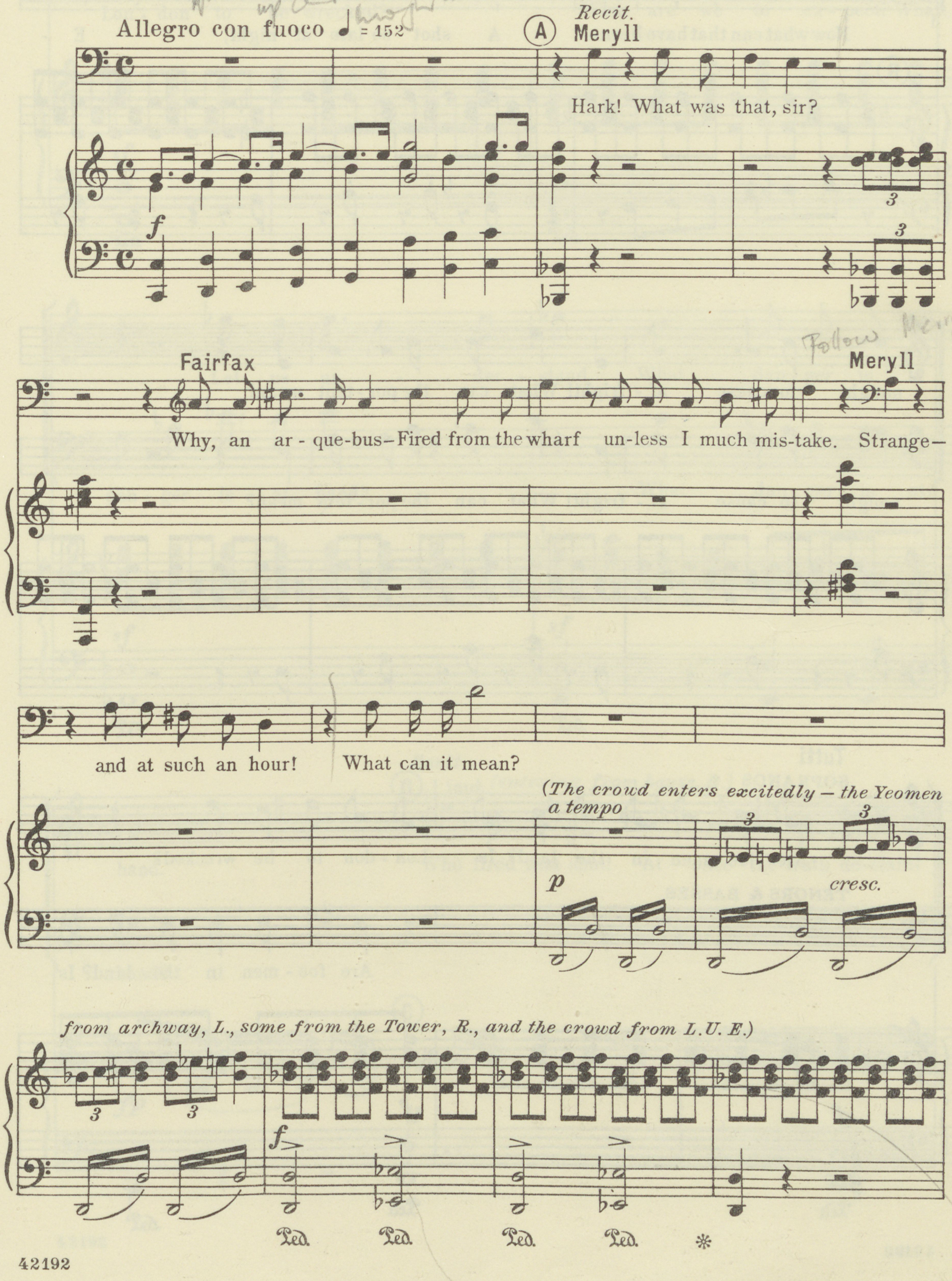
(Shot heard. Enter Meryll hastily, from Archway, L.)

No.18. Hark! What was that, sir?

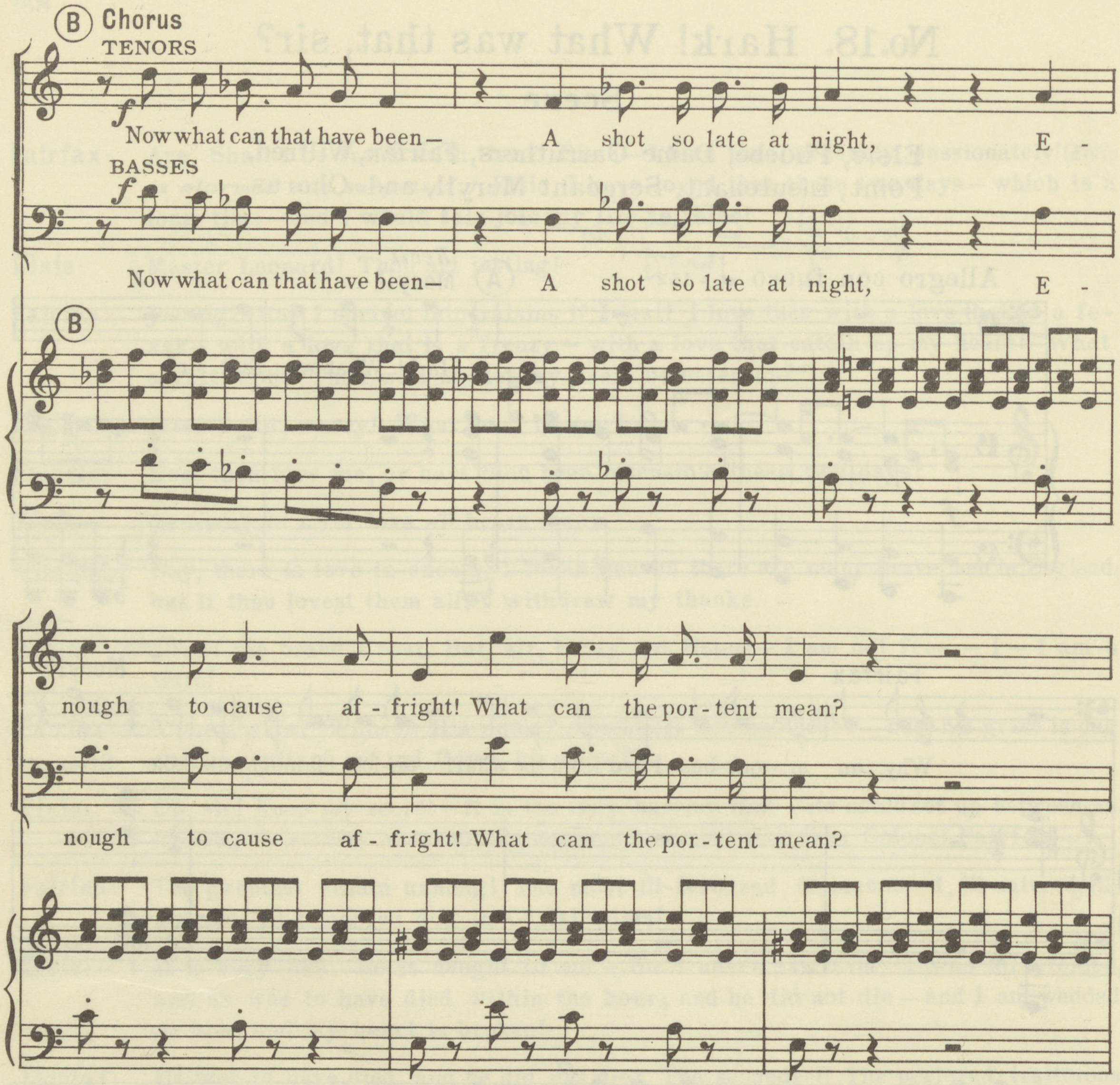
Scene

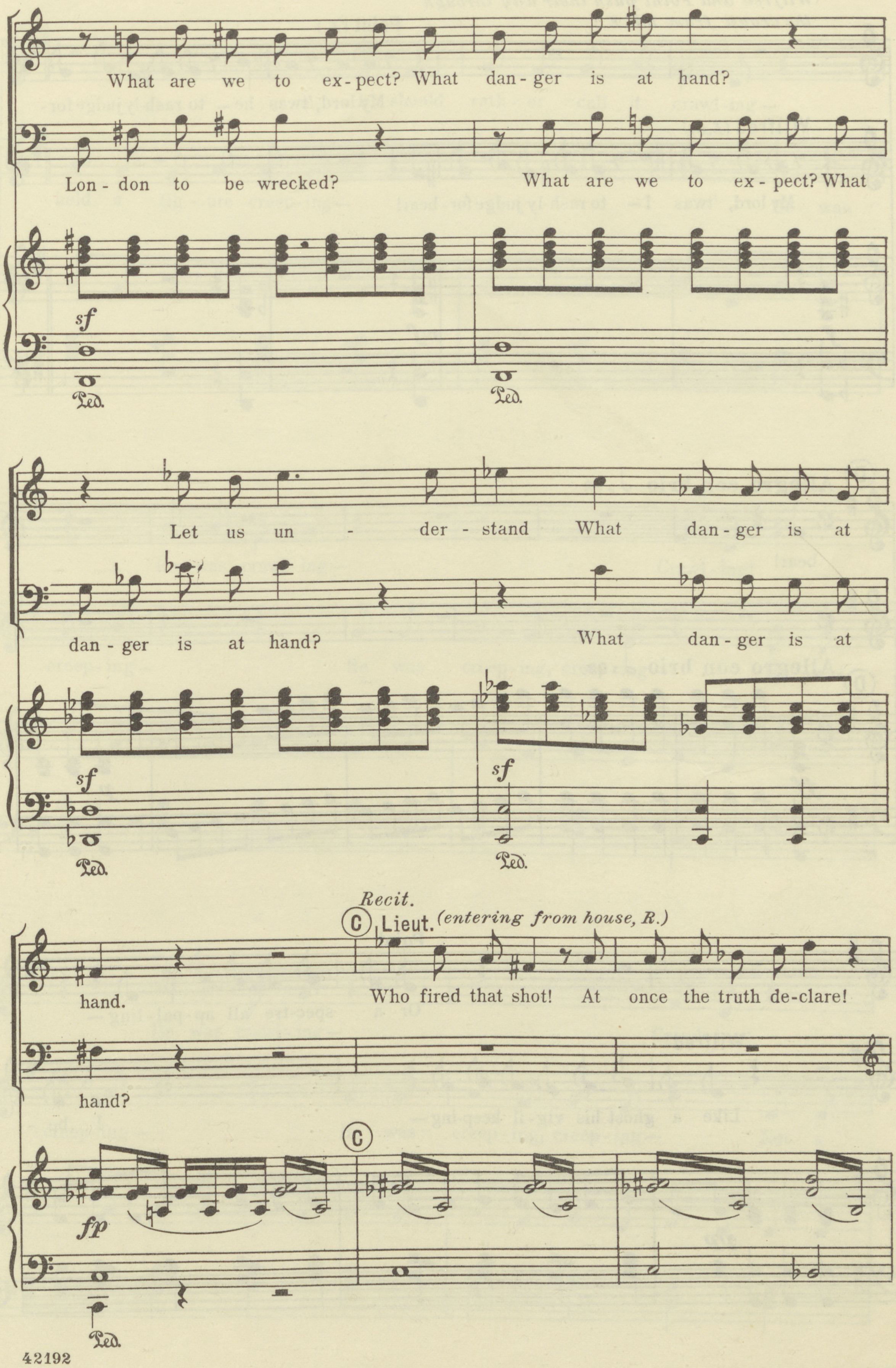
Elsie, Phoebe, Dame Carruthers, Fairfax, Wilfred,
Point, Lieutenant, Sergeant Meryll, and Chorus

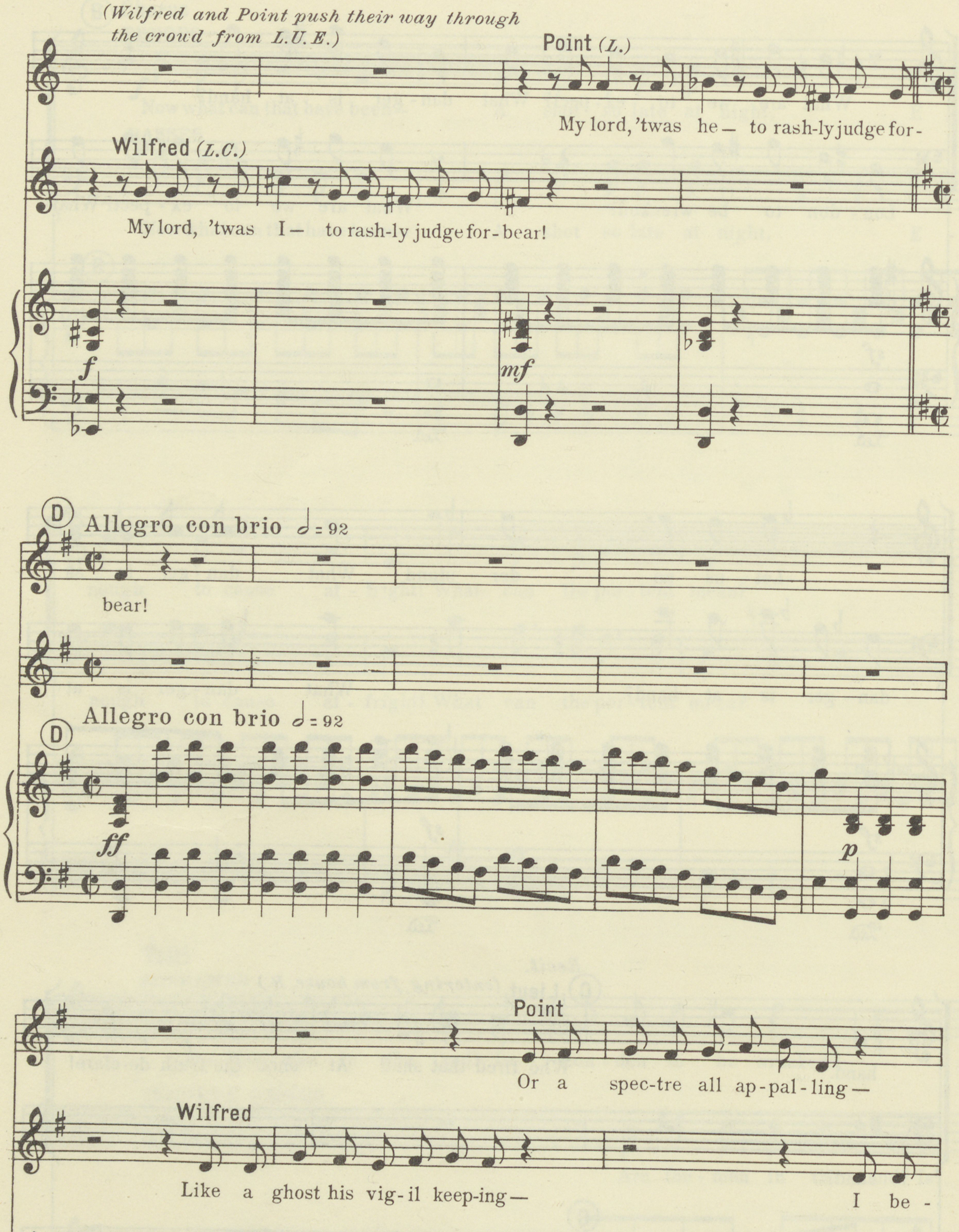
Gun shot up centre back through arch

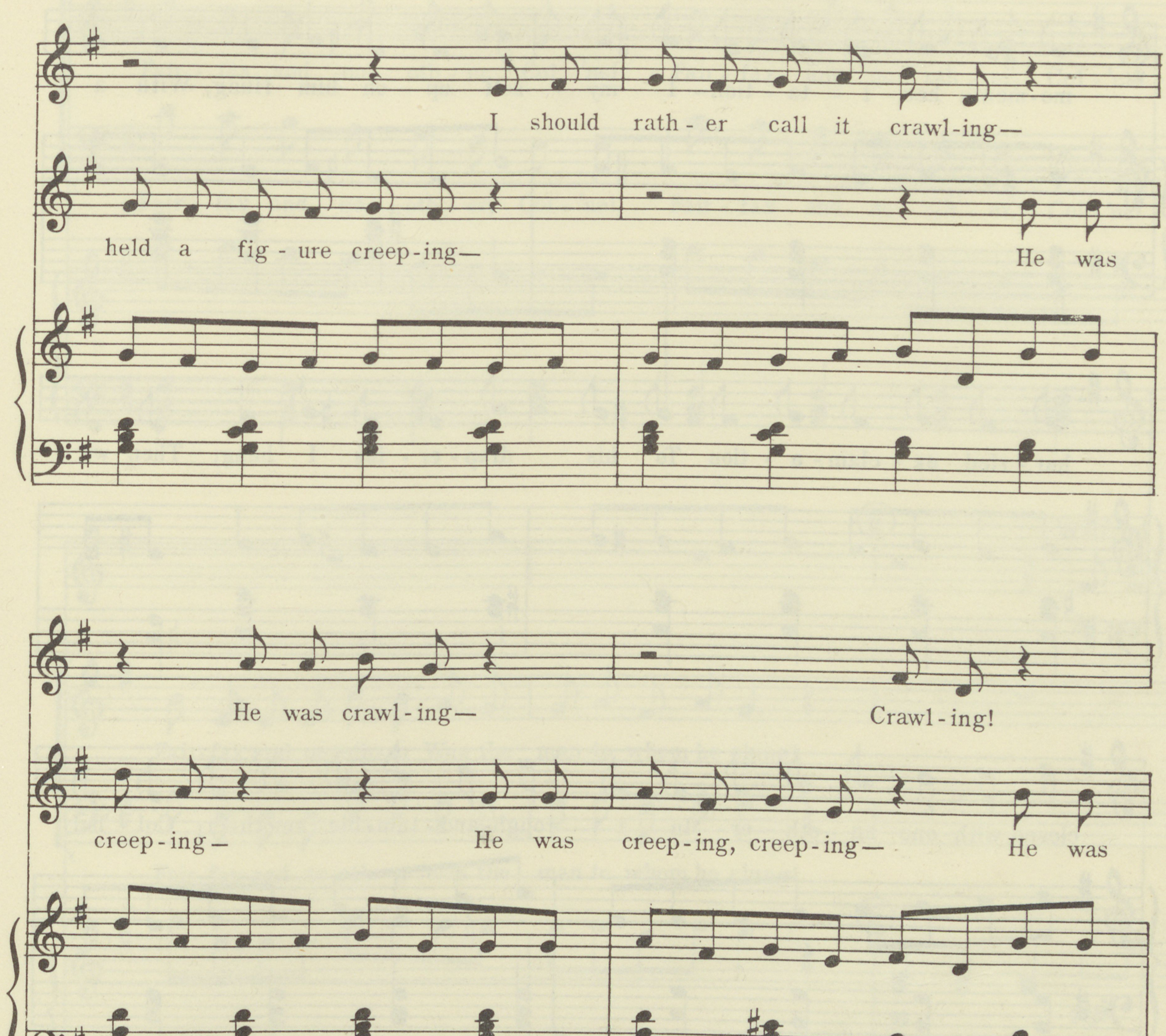

Allegro con fuoco ♩= 152
A
Recit.
Meryll
Hark! What was that, sir?
f
3
Fairfax
Why, an ar - que-bus-Fired from the wharf un-less I much mis-take.
Meryll
Strange-
and at such an hour! What can it mean?
(The crowd enters excitedly – the Yeomen from archway, L., some from the Tower, R., and the crowd from L.U.E.)
a tempo
p
cresc.
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
*

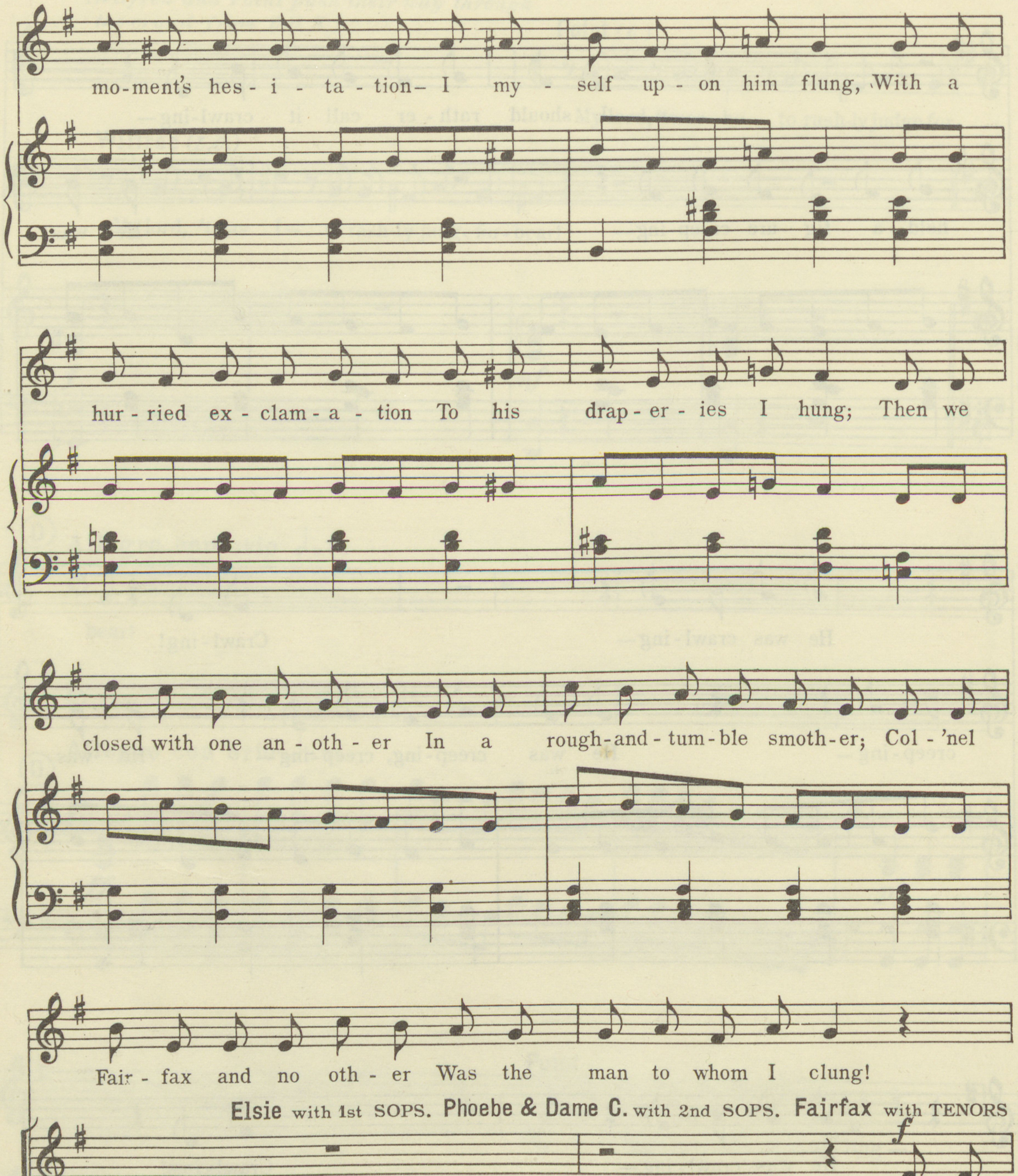
Follow Meryll

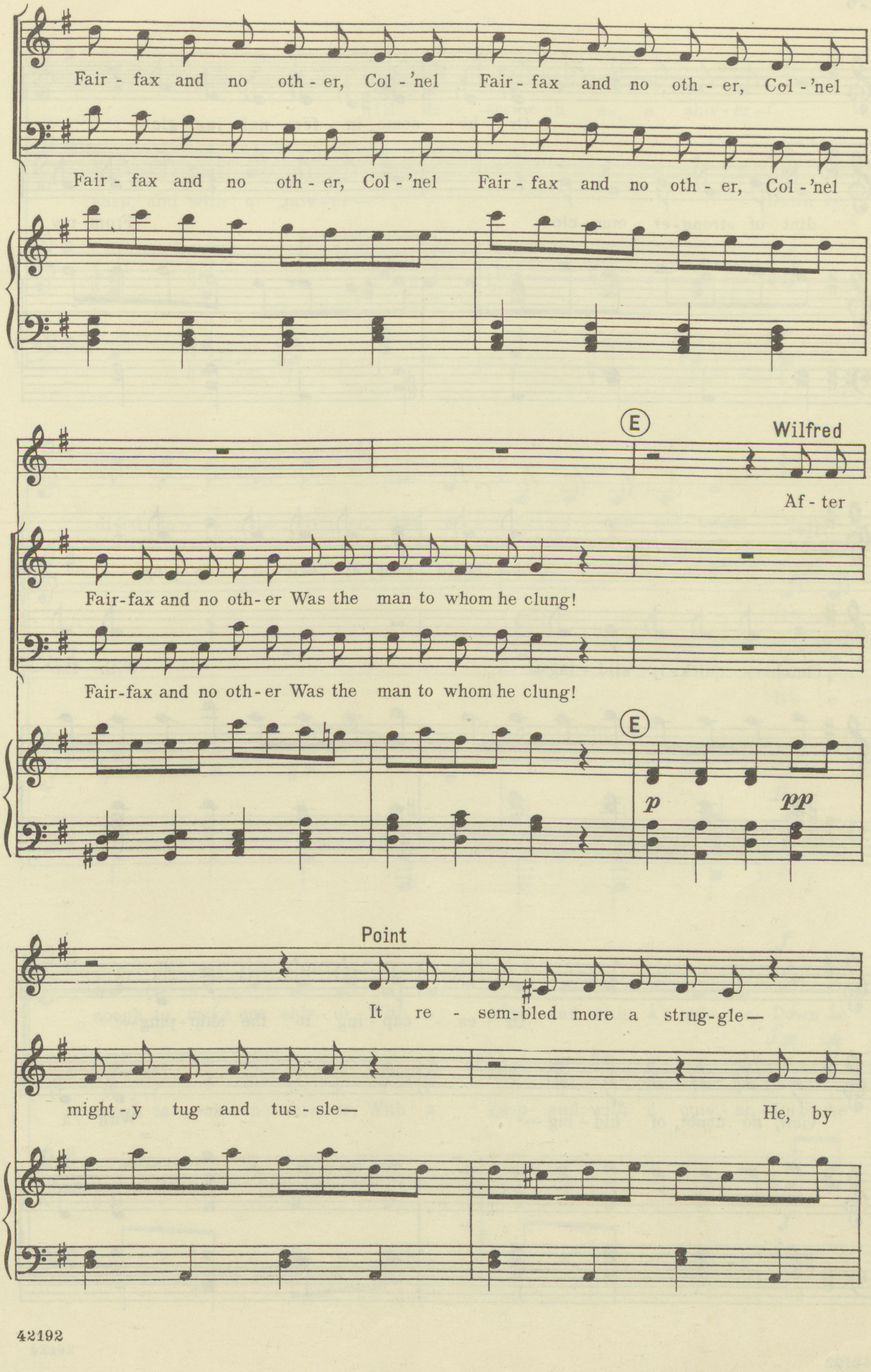

B
Chorus
TENORS
f
Now what can that have been— A shot so late at night, E-
BASSES
f
Now what can that have been— A shot so late at night, E-
B
nough to cause af-fright! What can the por-tent mean?
nough to cause af-fright! What can the por-tent mean?
Tutti
SOPRANOS
Are foe-men in the land? Is Lon-don to be wrecked?
TENORS & BASSES
Are foe-men in the land? Is
sf
sf
Ped.
Ped.

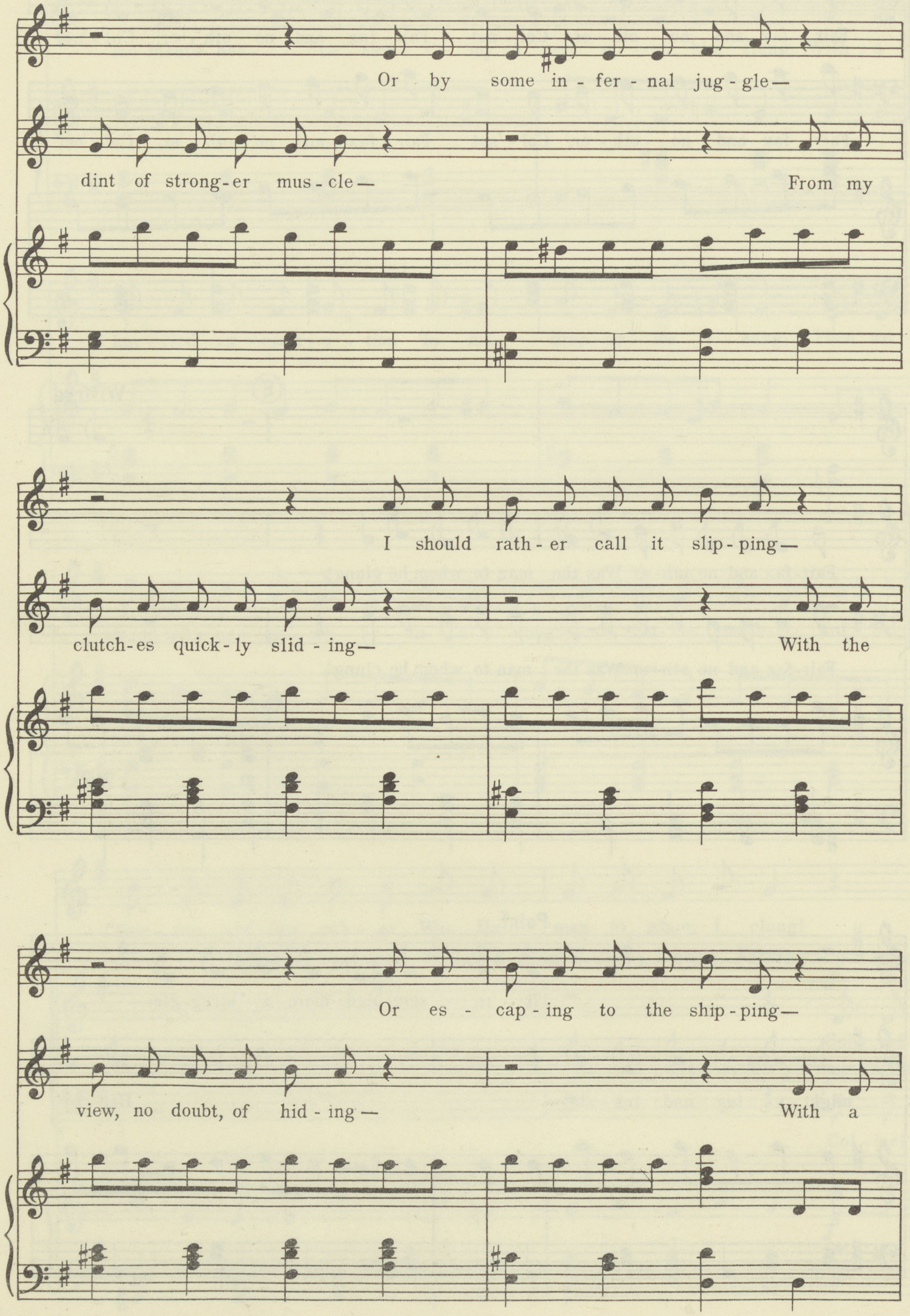

What are we to ex-pect? What dan-ger is at hand?
Lon-don to be wrecked? What are we to ex-pect? What
sf
Ped.
Ped.
Let us un - der - stand What dan-ger is at
dan-ger is at hand? What dan-ger is at
sf
sf
Ped.
Ped.
Recit.
C Lieut. (entering from house, R.)
hand. Who fired that shot! At once the truth de-clare!
hand?
C
fp
Ped.

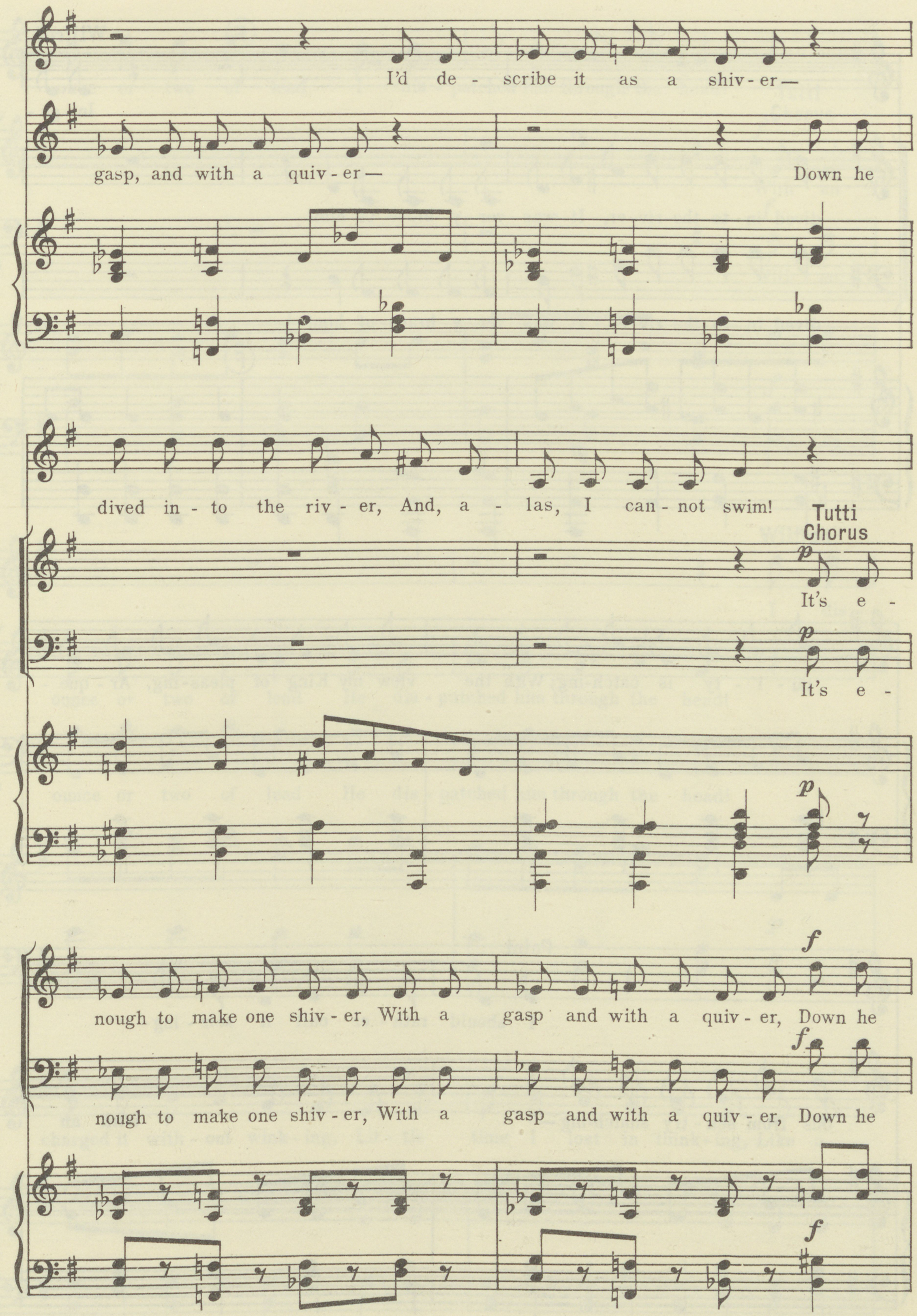

(Wilfred and Point push their way through the crowd from L.U.E.)
Point (L.)
My lord, 'twas he — to rash-ly judge for-
Wilfred (L.C.)
My lord, 'twas I — to rash-ly judge for-bear!
f
mf
D
Allegro con brio 𝅗𝅥 = 92
bear!
ff
p
Point
Or a spec-tre all ap-pal-ling —
Wilfred
Like a ghost his vig-il keep-ing —
I be-
pp

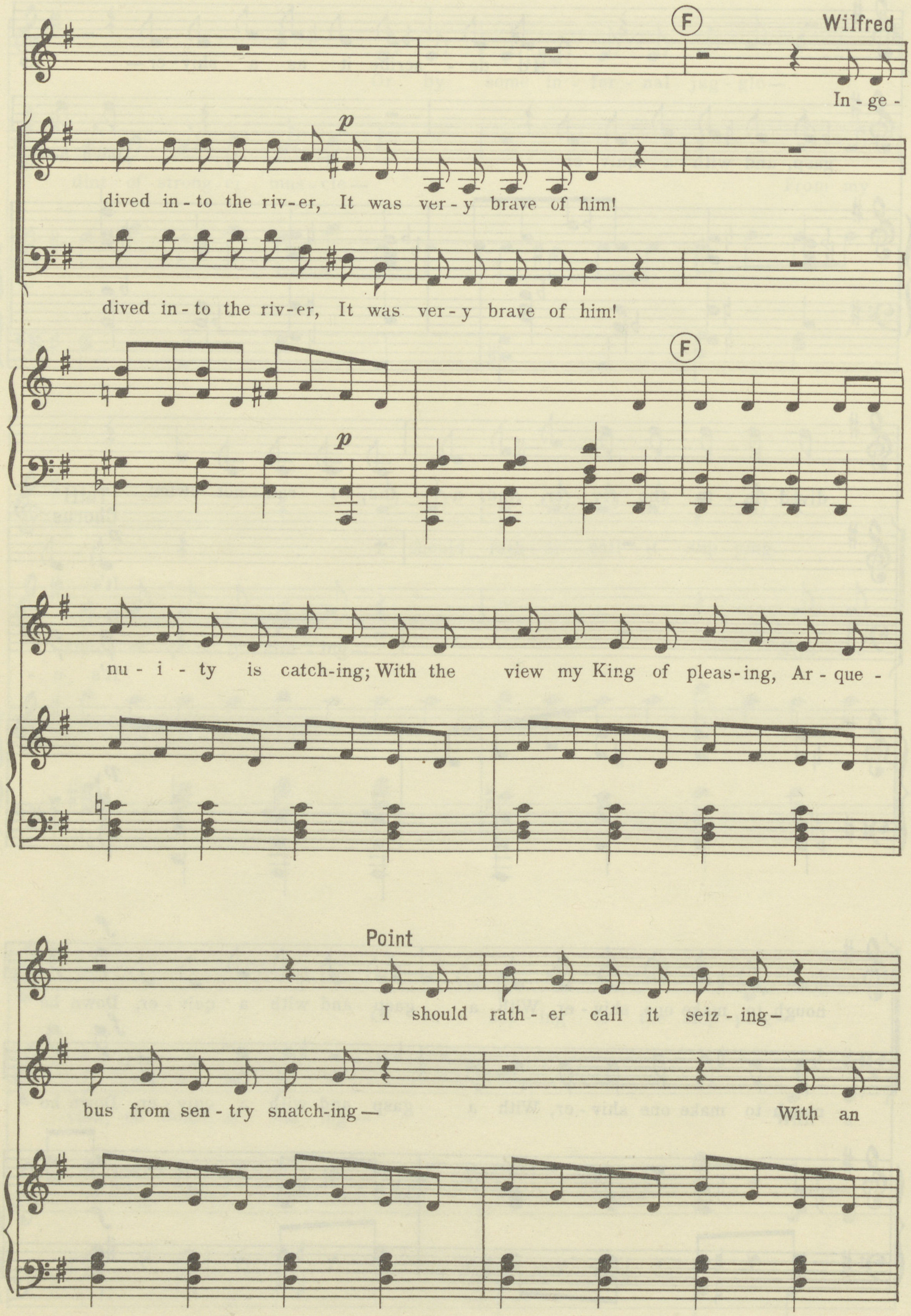

I should rath - er call it crawl - ing—
held a fig - ure creep - ing—
He was
He was crawl - ing—
Crawl - ing!
creep - ing—
He was creep - ing, creep - ing—
He was
He was crawl - ing—
Crawl - ing!
creep - ing—
He was creep - ing, creep - ing—
Not a

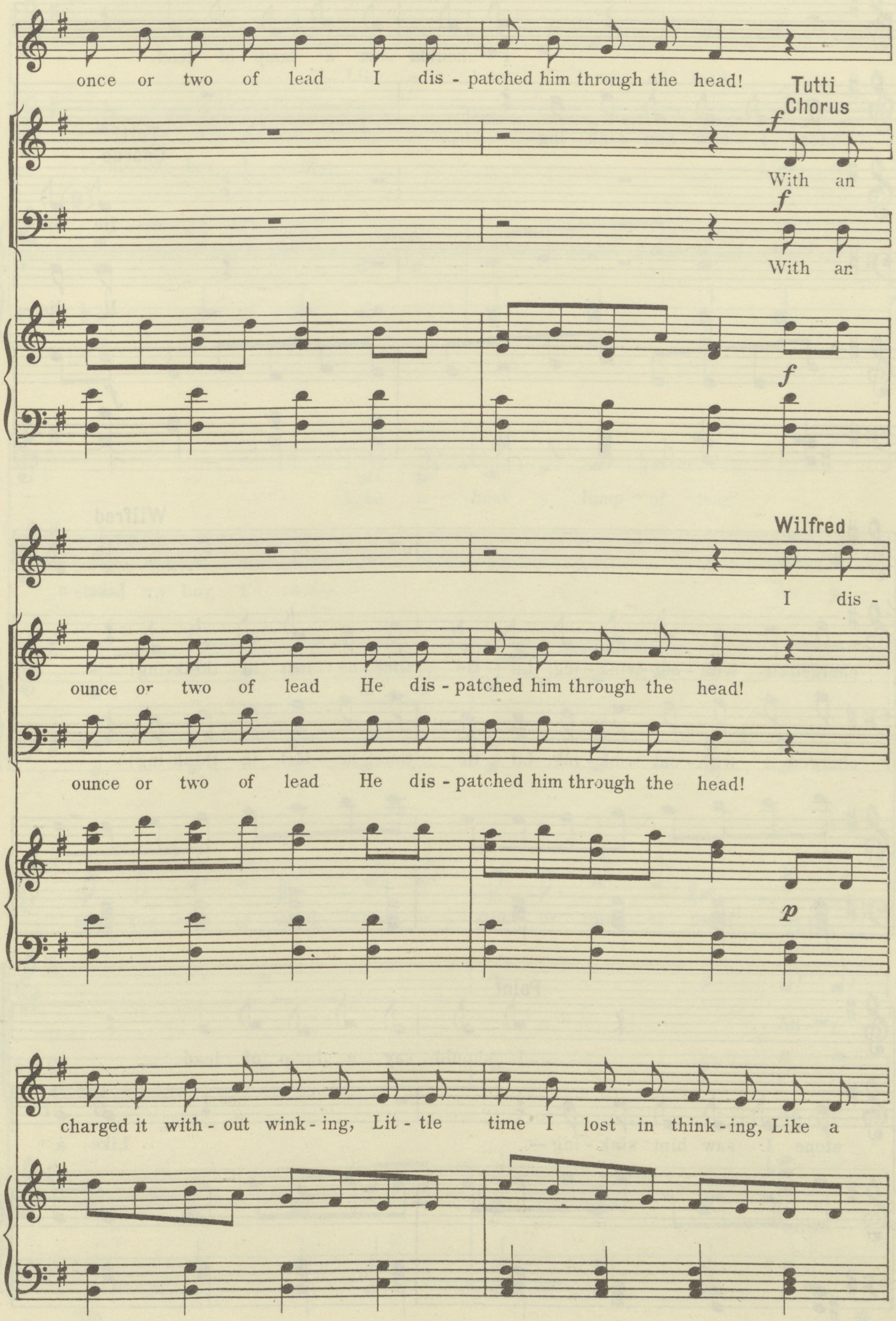

mo-ment's hes-i-ta-tion-I my-self up-on him flung, With a
hur-ried ex-clam-a-tion To his drap-er-ies I hung; Then we
closed with one an-oth-er In a rough-and-tum-ble smoth-er; Col-'nel
Fair-fax and no oth-er Was the man to whom I clung!
Elsie with 1st SOPS. Phoebe & Dame C. with 2nd SOPS. Fairfax with TENORS
f
Col-'nel
Lieut. & Meryll with BASSES
f
Col-'nel
f

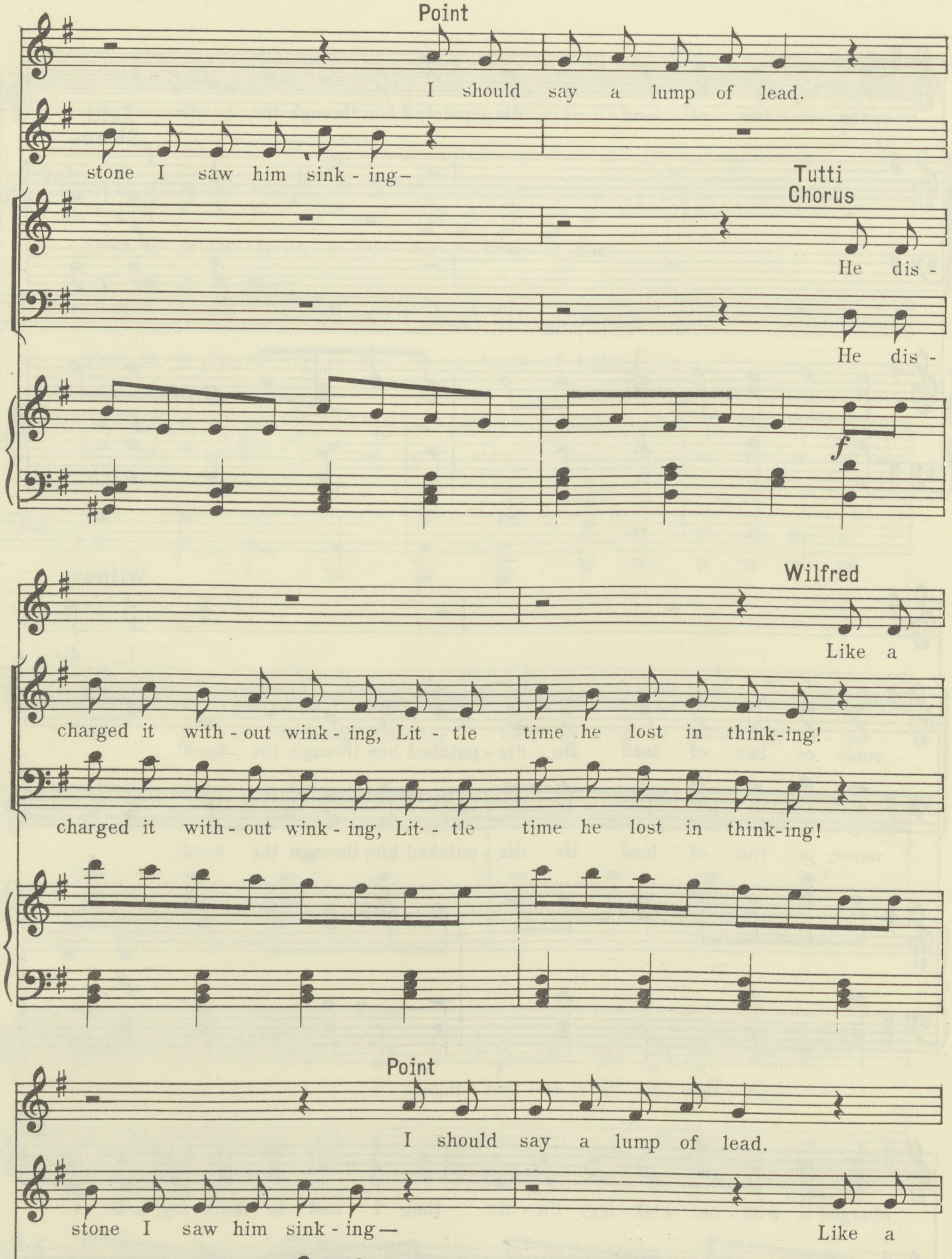

Fair - fax and no oth - er, Col - 'nel Fair - fax and no oth - er, Col - 'nel
Fair - fax and no oth - er, Col - 'nel Fair - fax and no oth - er, Col - 'nel
E
Wilfred
Af - ter
Fair-fax and no oth-er Was the man to whom he clung!
Fair-fax and no oth-er Was the man to whom he clung!
E
p
pp
Point
It re - sem-bled more a strug-gle—
might - y tug and tus - sle—
He, by

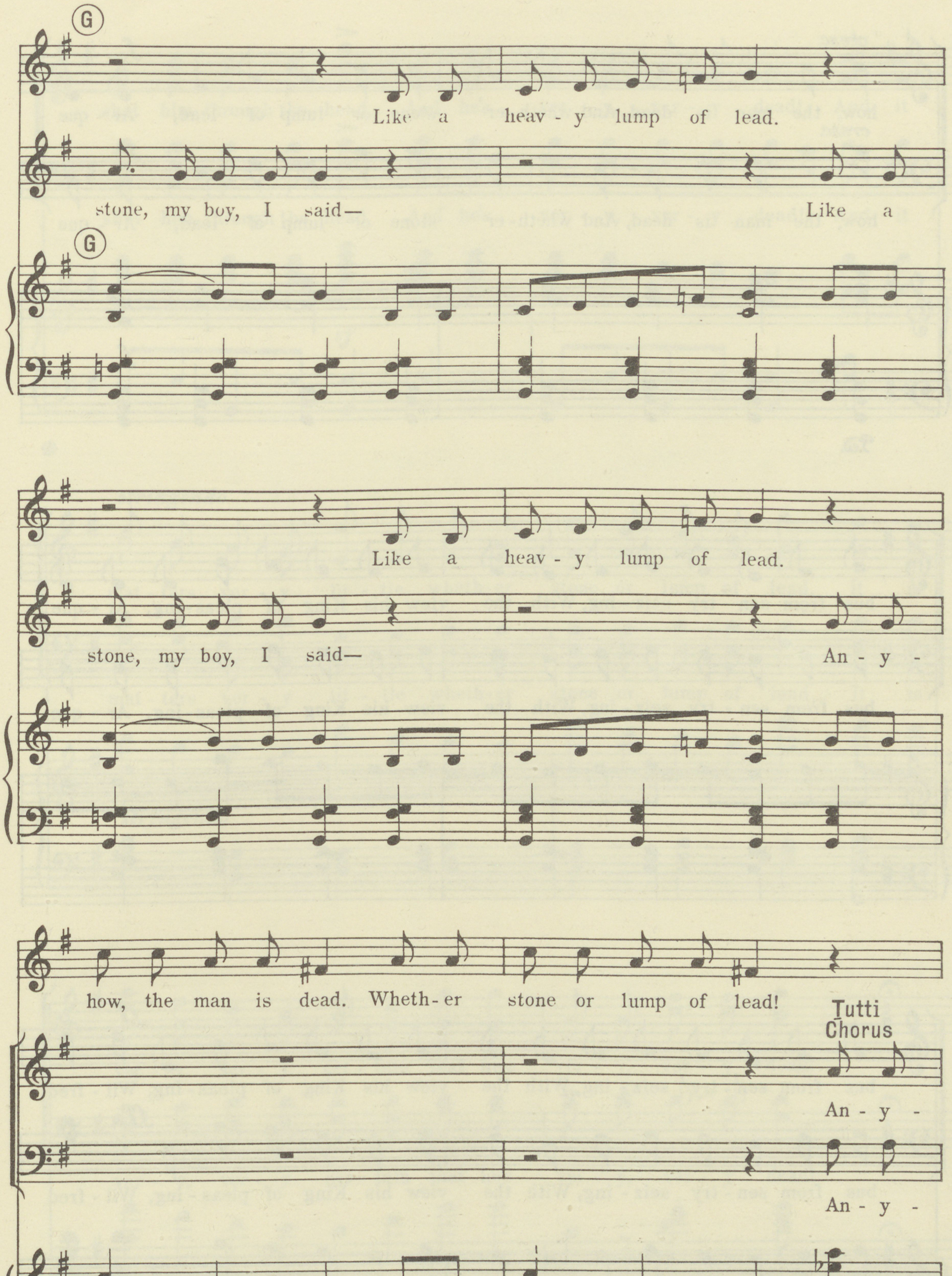

Or by some in - fer - nal jug - gle—
dint of strong - er mus - cle—
From my
I should rath - er call it slip - ping—
clutch - es quick - ly slid - ing—
With the
Or es - cap - ing to the ship - ping—
view, no doubt, of hid - ing—
With a

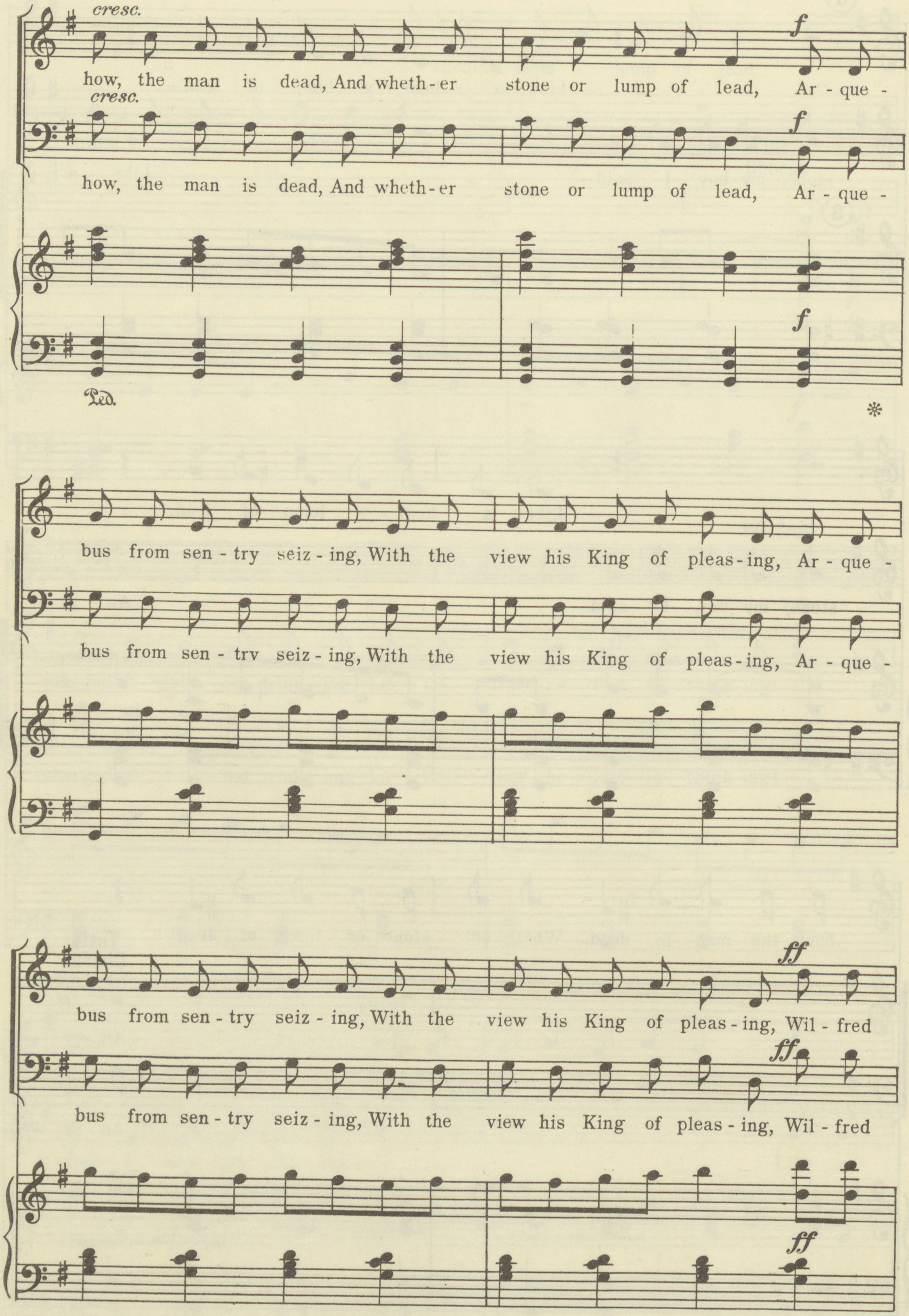

I'd de - scribe it as a shiv - er—
gasp, and with a quiv - er—
Down he
dived in - to the riv - er, And, a - las, I can - not swim!
Tutti
Chorus
p
It's e -
p
It's e -
p
f
nough to make one shiv - er, With a gasp and with a quiv - er, Down he
f
nough to make one shiv - er, With a gasp and with a quiv - er, Down he
f

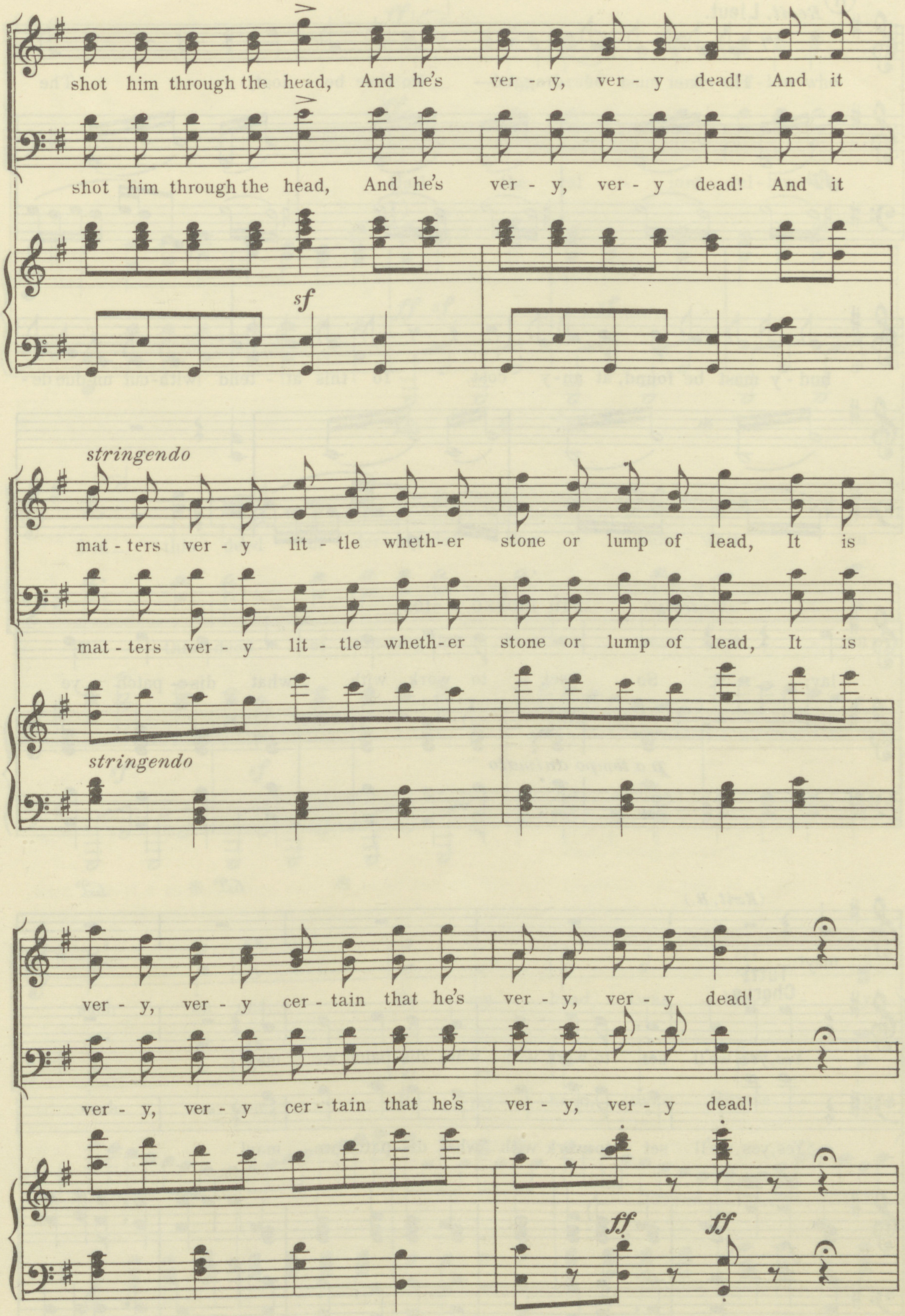

F
Wilfred
Inge -
p
dived in-to the riv-er, It was ver-y brave of him!
dived in-to the riv-er, It was ver-y brave of him!
F
p
nu - i - ty is catch-ing; With the view my King of pleas-ing, Ar - que -
Point
I should rath - er call it seiz - ing—
bus from sen - try snatch-ing—
With an

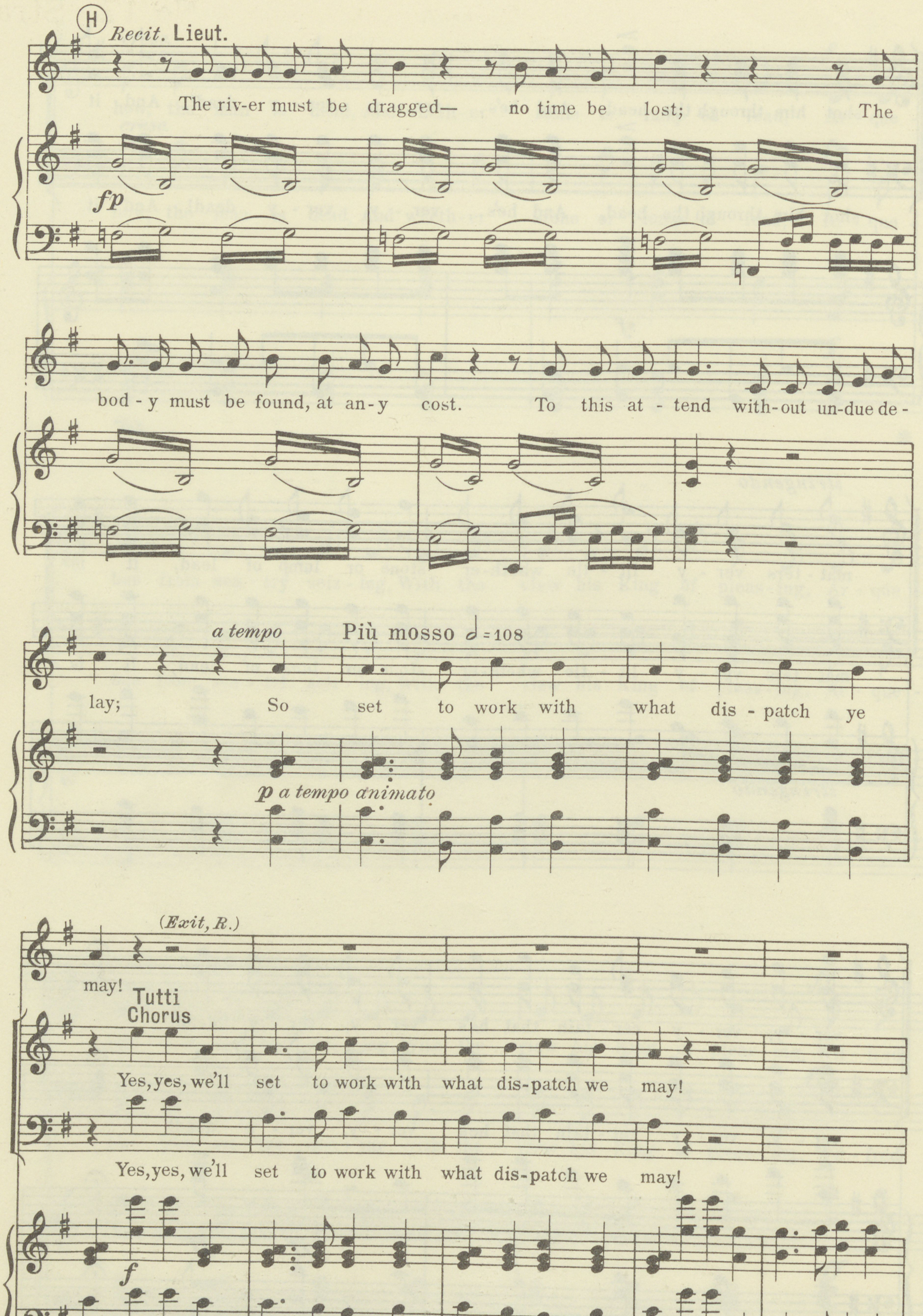

once or two of lead I dis - patched him through the head!
Tutti
Chorus
f
With an
f
With an
f
Wilfred
I dis -
ounce or two of lead He dis - patched him through the head!
ounce or two of lead He dis - patched him through the head!
p
charged it with - out wink - ing, Lit - tle time I lost in think - ing, Like a

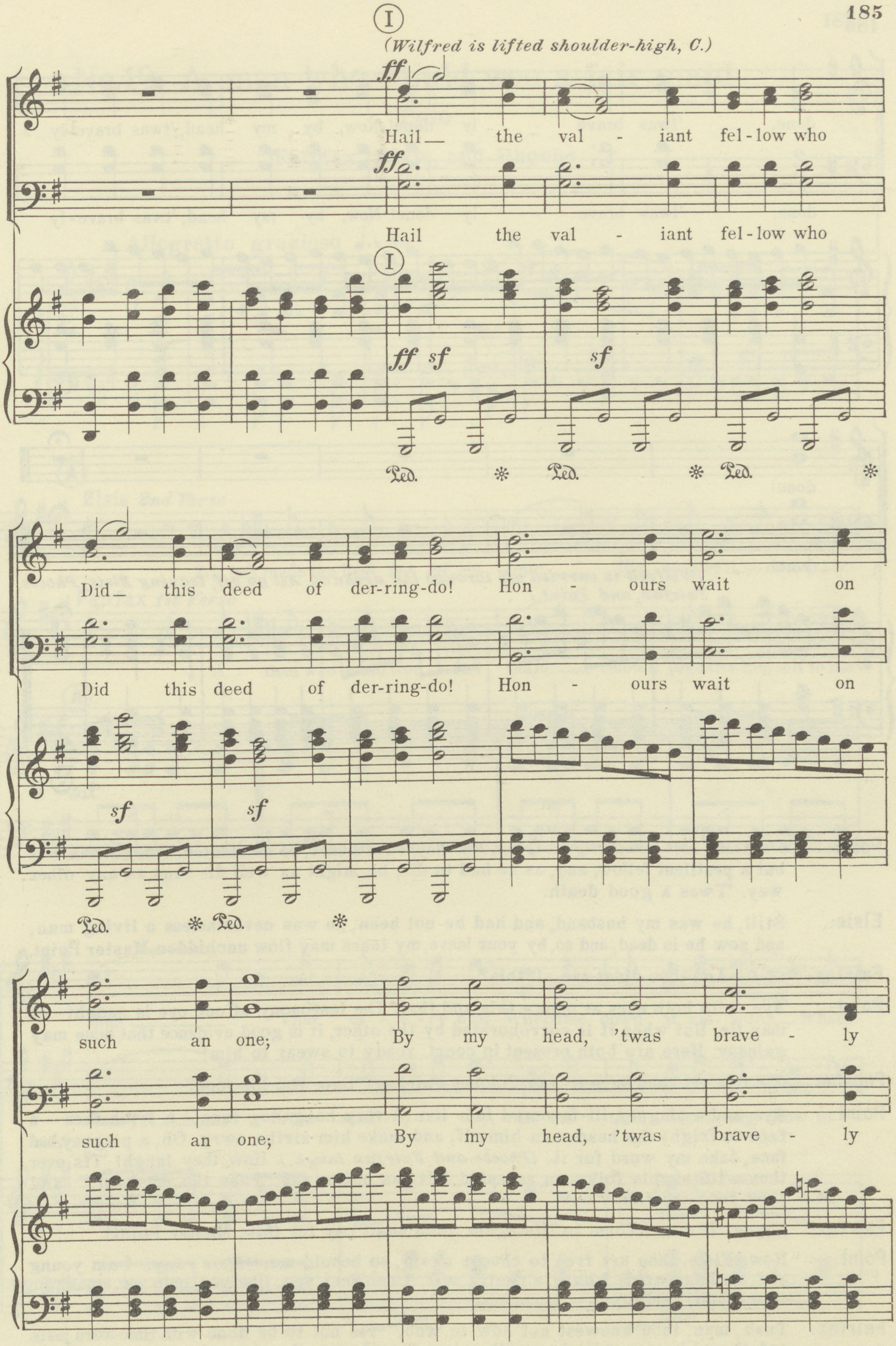

Point
I should say a lump of lead.
stone I saw him sink - ing–
Tutti
Chorus
He dis -
He dis -
f
Wilfred
Like a
charged it with - out wink - ing, Lit - tle time he lost in think - ing!
charged it with - out wink - ing, Lit - tle time he lost in think - ing!
Point
I should say a lump of lead.
stone I saw him sink - ing —
Like a

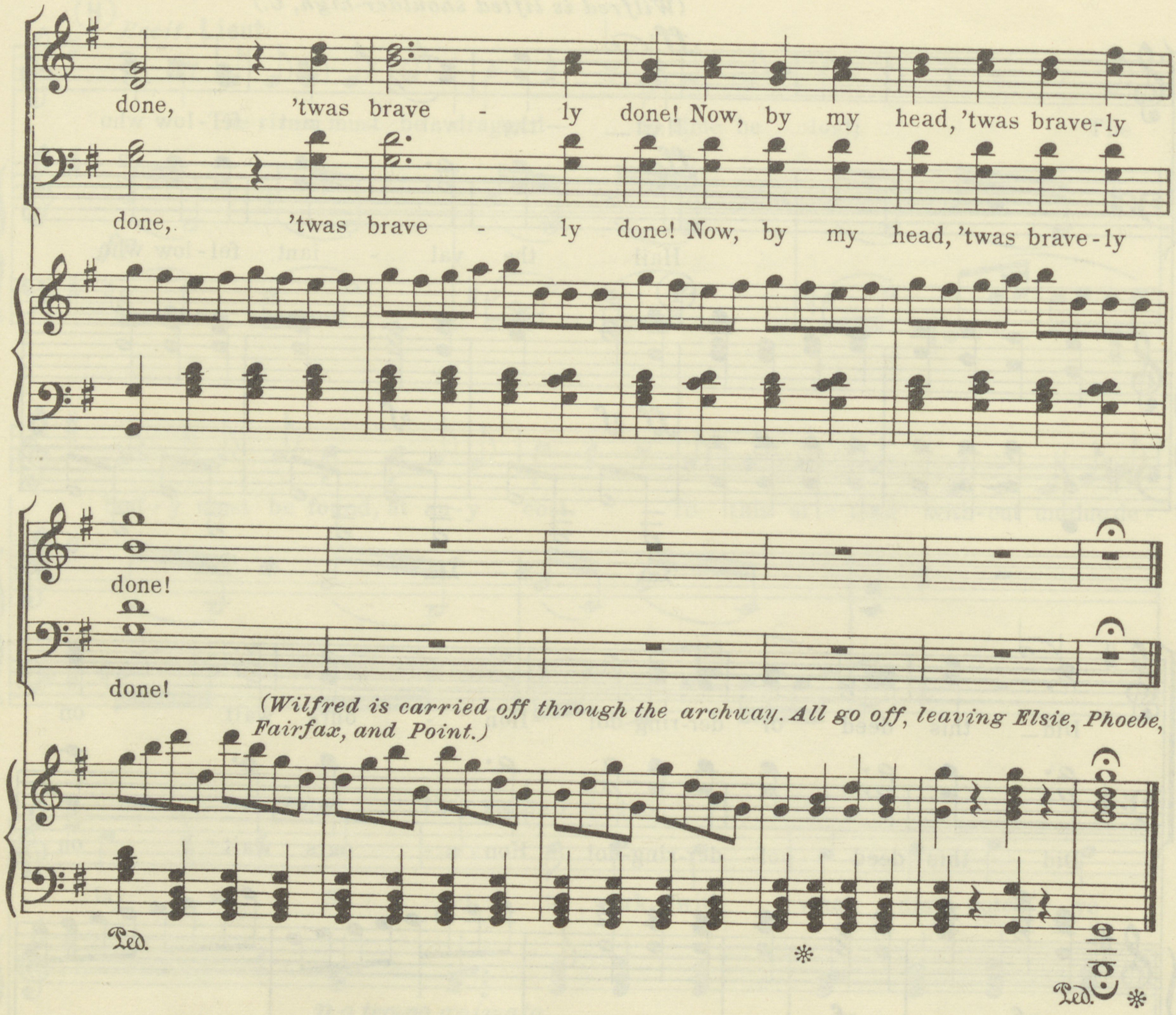

G
Like a heav - y lump of lead.
stone, my boy, I said— Like a
G
Like a heav - y lump of lead.
stone, my boy, I said— An - y -
how, the man is dead. Wheth - er stone or lump of lead!
Tutti
Chorus
An - y -
An - y -
cresc.
Ped.
*


cresc.
how, the man is dead, And wheth-er stone or lump of lead, Ar-que-
f
cresc.
how, the man is dead, And wheth-er stone or lump of lead, Ar-que-
f
f
Ped.
*
bus from sen-try seiz-ing, With the view his King of pleas-ing, Ar-que-
bus from sen-trv seiz-ing, With the view his King of pleas-ing, Ar-que-
ff
bus from sen-try seiz-ing, With the view his King of pleas-ing, Wil-fred
ff
bus from sen-try seiz-ing, With the view his King of pleas-ing, Wil-fred
ff


shot him through the head, And he's ver - y, ver - y dead! And it
shot him through the head, And he's ver - y, ver - y dead! And it
sf
stringendo
mat - ters ver - y lit - tle wheth - er stone or lump of lead, It is
mat - ters ver - y lit - tle wheth - er stone or lump of lead, It is
stringendo
ver - y, ver - y cer - tain that he's ver - y, ver - y dead!
ver - y, ver - y cer - tain that he's ver - y, ver - y dead!
ff
ff


H
Recit. Lieut.
The riv-er must be dragged— no time be lost; The bod-y must be found, at an-y cost. To this at-tend with-out un-due de-lay;
fp
a tempo
Più mosso 𝅗𝅥 = 108
So set to work with what dis-patch ye may!
p a tempo animato
(Exit, R.)
Tutti
Chorus
Yes, yes, we'll set to work with what dis-patch we may!
Yes, yes, we'll set to work with what dis-patch we may!
f


I
(Wilfred is lifted shoulder-high, C.)
ff
Hail— the val - iant fel-low who
ff
Hail the val - iant fel-low who
I
ff
sf
sf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Did this deed of der-ring-do! Hon - ours wait on
Did this deed of der-ring-do! Hon - ours wait on
sf
sf
Ped. * Ped. *
such an one; By my head, 'twas brave - ly
such an one; By my head, 'twas brave - ly


done, 'twas brave - ly done! Now, by my head, 'twas brave-ly
done, 'twas brave - ly done! Now, by my head, 'twas brave-ly
done!
done!
Ped.
*
Ped.
*

(Wilfred is carried off through the archway. All go off, leaving Elsie, Phoebe, Fairfax, and Point.)

Point: *(to Elsie, who is sitting weeping, R.)* Nay, sweetheart, be comforted. This Fairfax was but a pestilent fellow, and, as he had to die, he might as well die thus as any other way. 'Twas a good death.

Elsie: Still, he was my husband, and had he not been, he was nevertheless a living man, and now he is dead, and so, by your leave, my tears may flow unchidden, Master Point.

Fairfax: *(R.C.)* And thou didst see all this?

Point: Aye, with both eyes at once – this and that. The testimony of one eye is naught – he may lie. But when it is corroborated by the other, it is good evidence that none may gainsay. Here are both present in court, ready to swear to him!

Phoebe: *(C.)* But art thou sure it was Colonel Fairfax? Saw you his face?

Point: Aye, and a plaguey, ill-favoured face too. A very hang-dog face – a felon face – a face to fright the headsman himself, and make him strike awry. Oh, a plaguey, bad face, take my word for it. *(Phoebe and Fairfax laugh.)* How they laugh! 'Tis ever thus with simple folk – an accepted wit has but to say "Pass the mustard," and they roar their ribs out!

Fairfax: *(aside)* If ever I come to life again, thou shalt pay for this, Master Point!

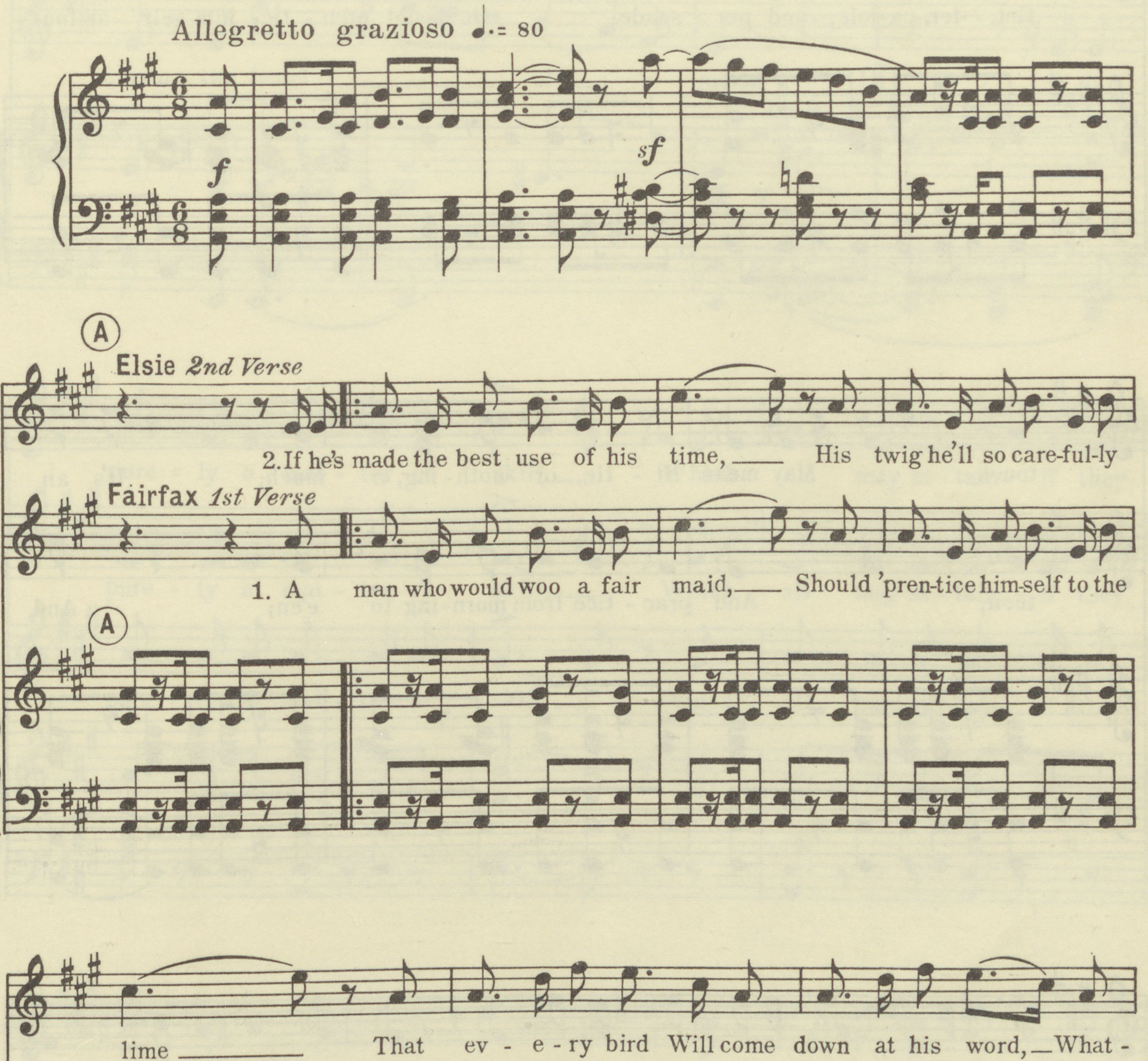
Point: Now, Elsie, thou art free to choose again, so behold me: *(Elsie rises.)* I am young and well-favoured. I have a pretty wit. I can jest you, jibe you, quip you, crank you, wrack you, riddle you –

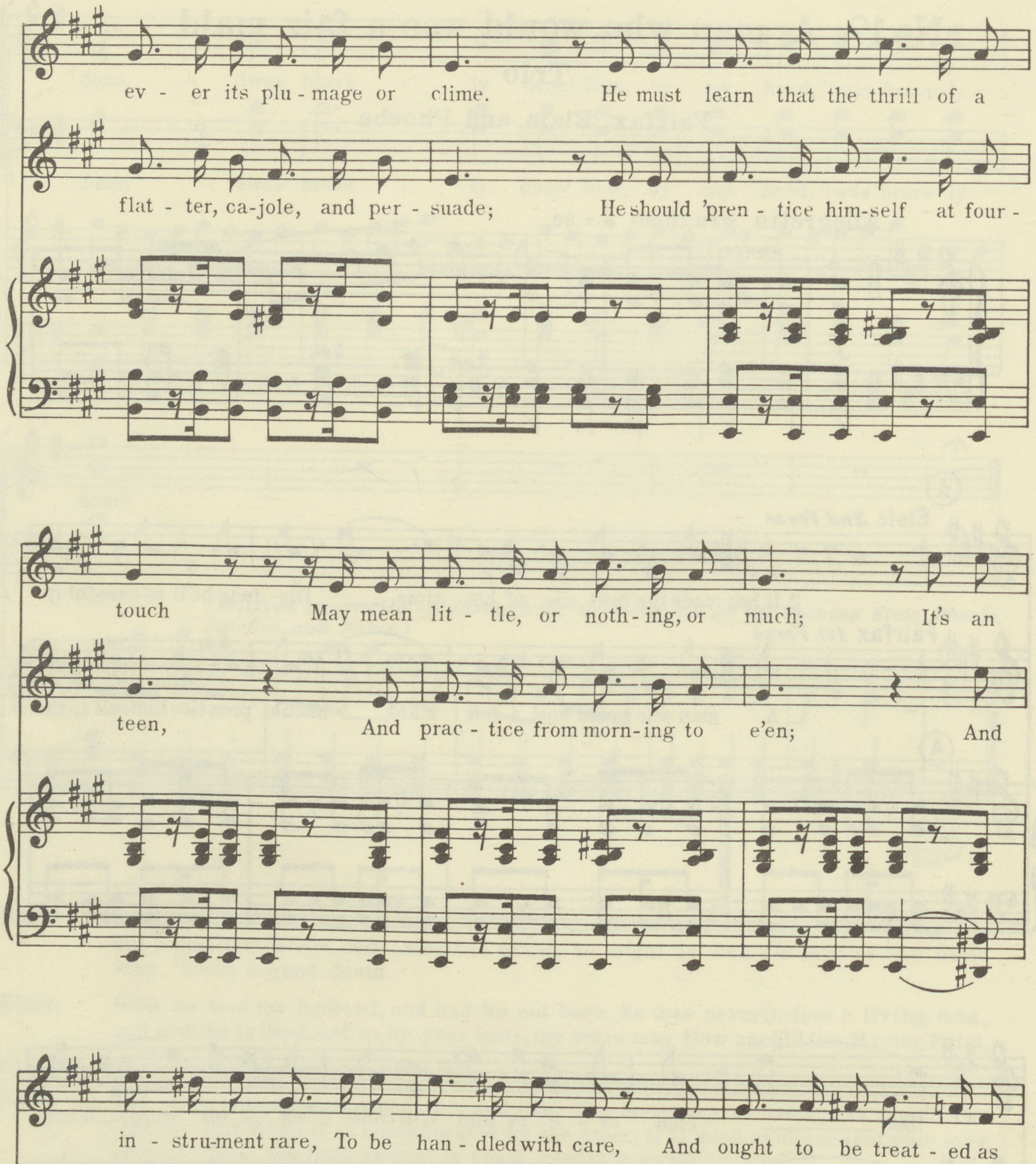
Fairfax: Tush, man, thou knowest not how to woo. 'Tis not to be done with time-worn jests and thread-bare sophistries; with quips, conundrums, rhymes, and paradoxes. 'Tis an art in itself, and must be studied gravely and conscientiously.

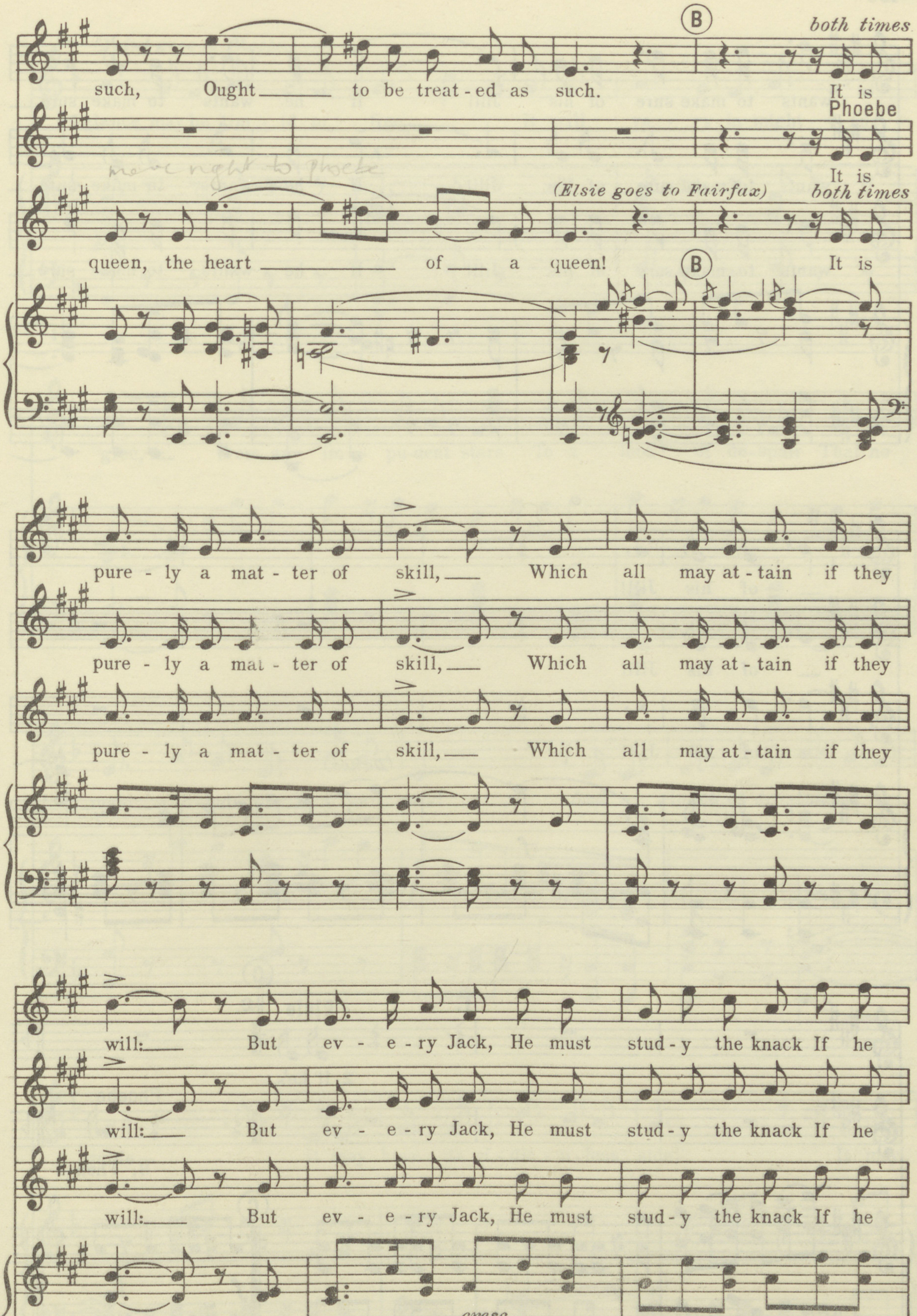
No.19. A man who would woo a fair maid

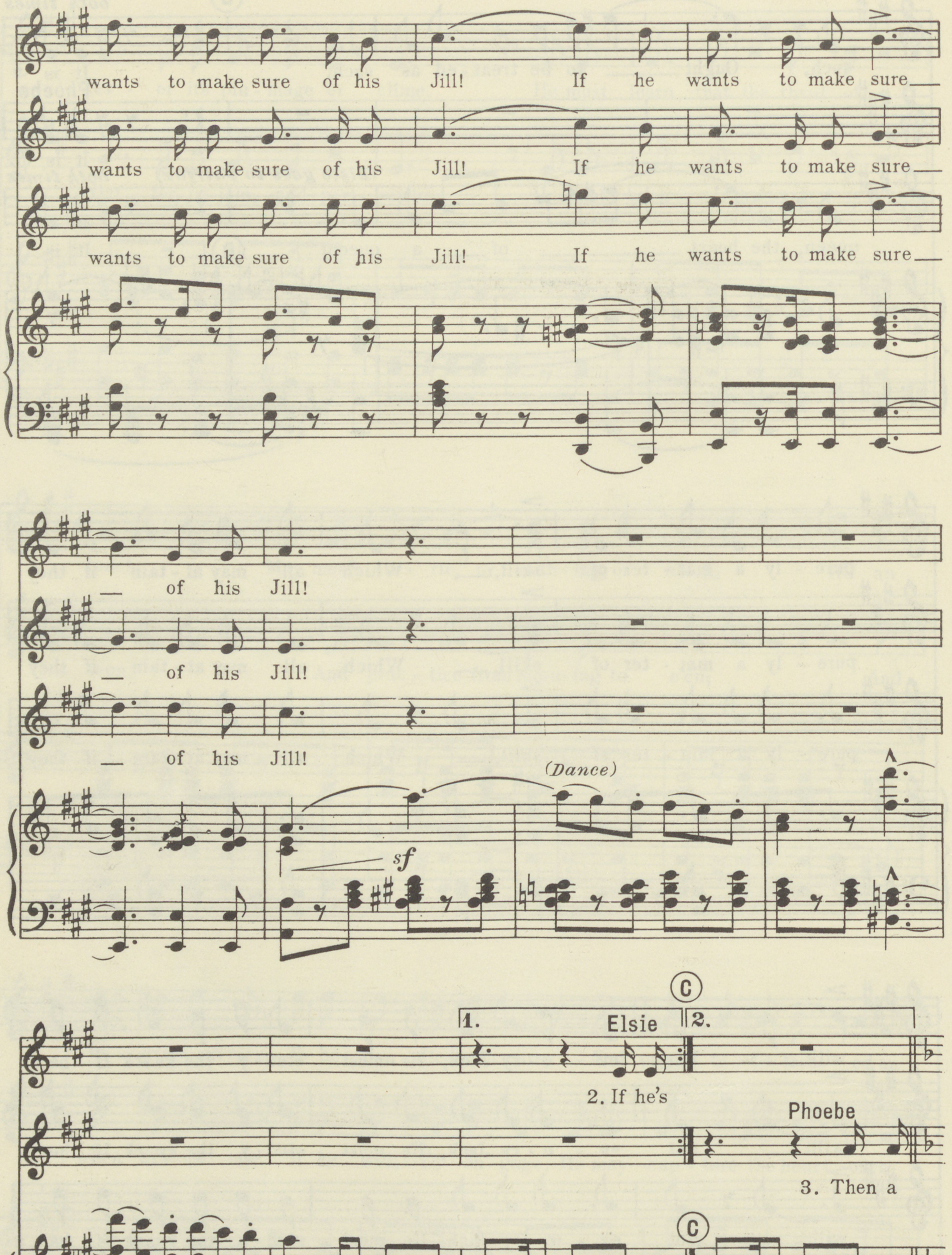
Trio

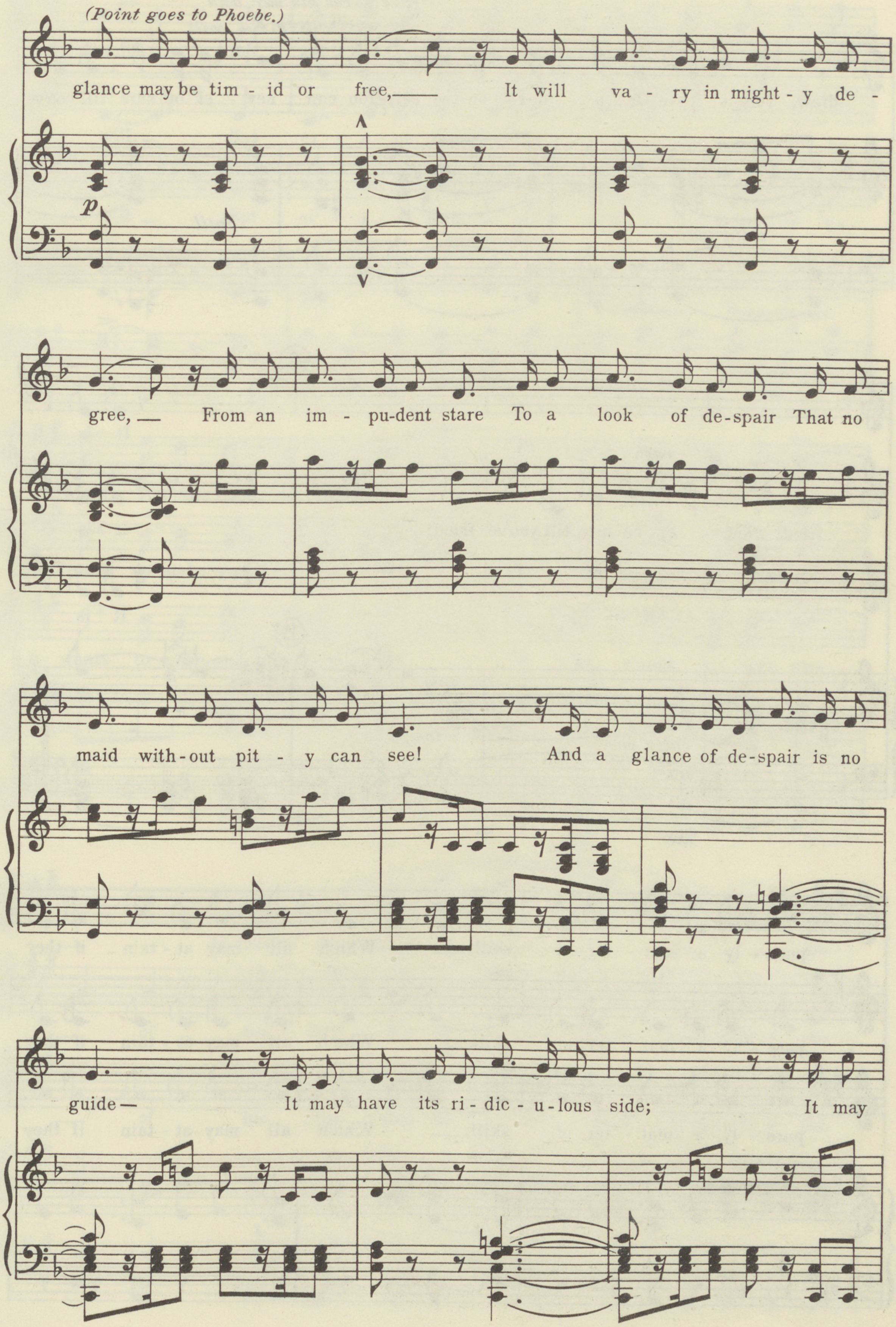
Fairfax, Elsie, and Phoebe

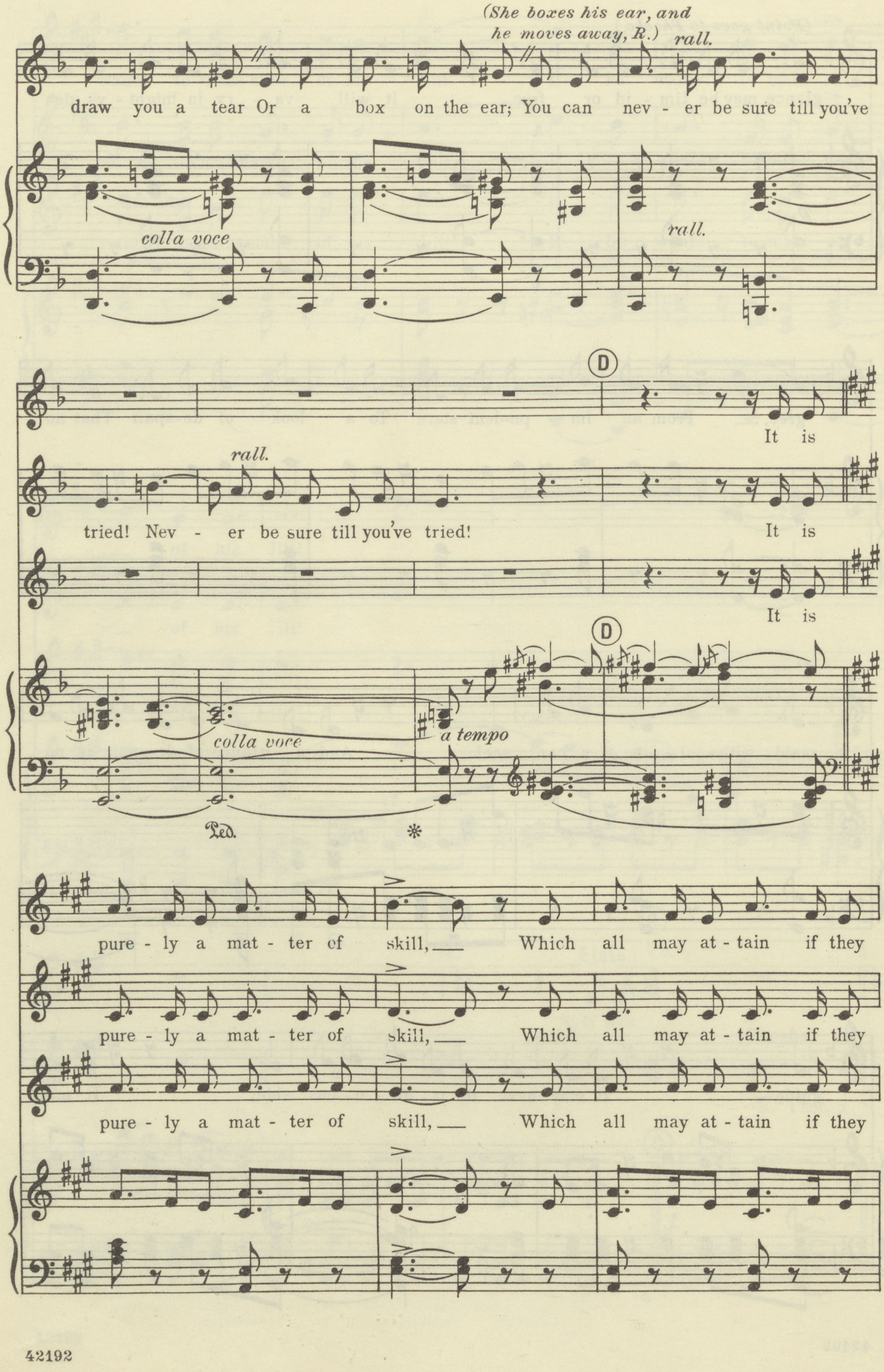

Allegretto grazioso ♩.= 80
f
sf
A
Elsie 2nd Verse
2. If he's made the best use of his time, His twig he'll so care-ful-ly
Fairfax 1st Verse
1. A man who would woo a fair maid, Should 'pren-tice him-self to the
A
lime That ev-e-ry bird Will come down at his word, What-
trade, And stud-y all day, In me-thod-i-cal way, How to

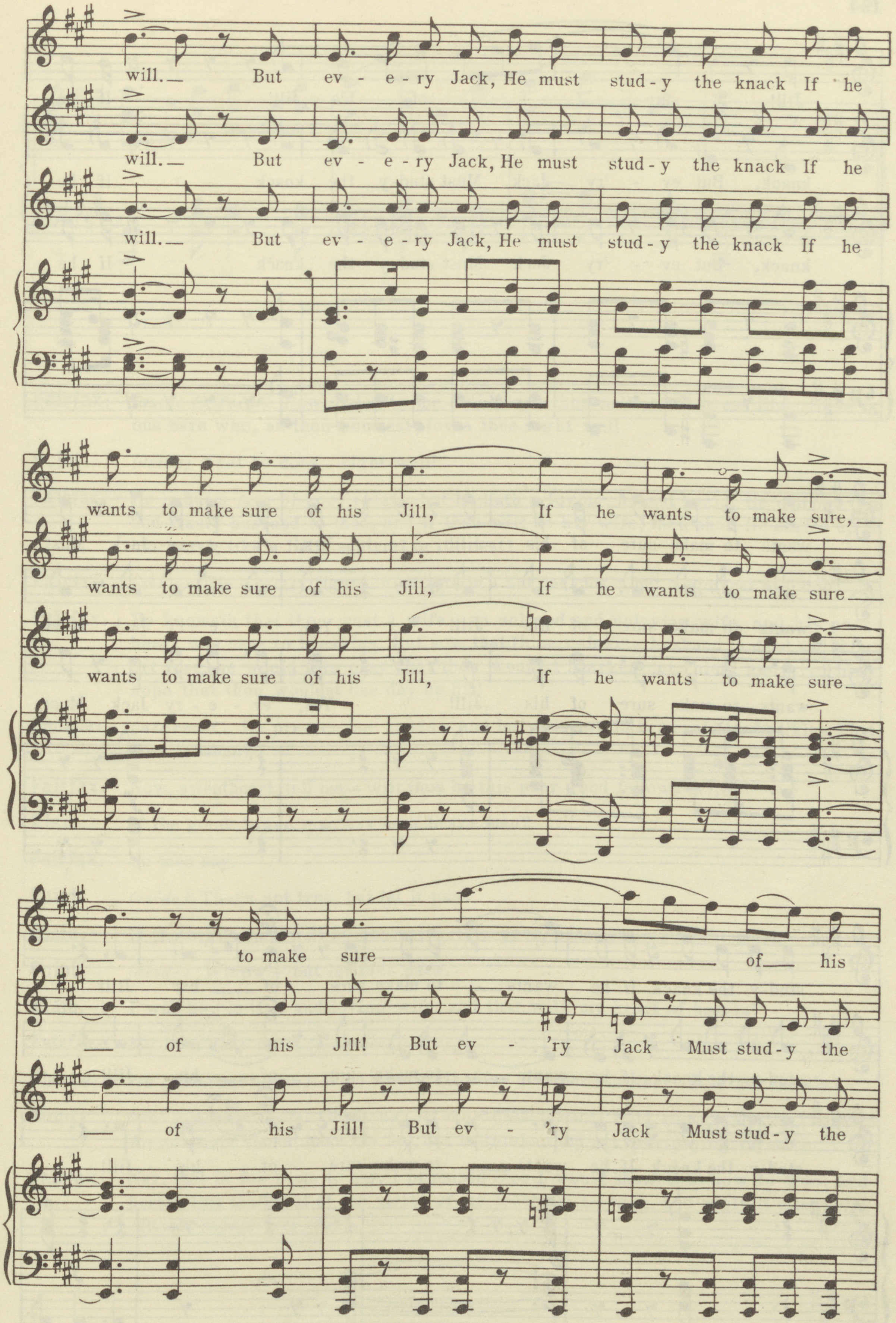

ev - er its plu - mage or clime. He must learn that the thrill of a
flat - ter, ca-jole, and per - suade; He should 'pren - tice him-self at four -
touch May mean lit - tle, or noth - ing, or much; It's an
teen, And prac - tice from morn-ing to e'en; And
in - stru-ment rare, To be han - dled with care, And ought to be treat - ed as
when he's of age, If he will, I'll en - gage, He may cap - ture the heart of a

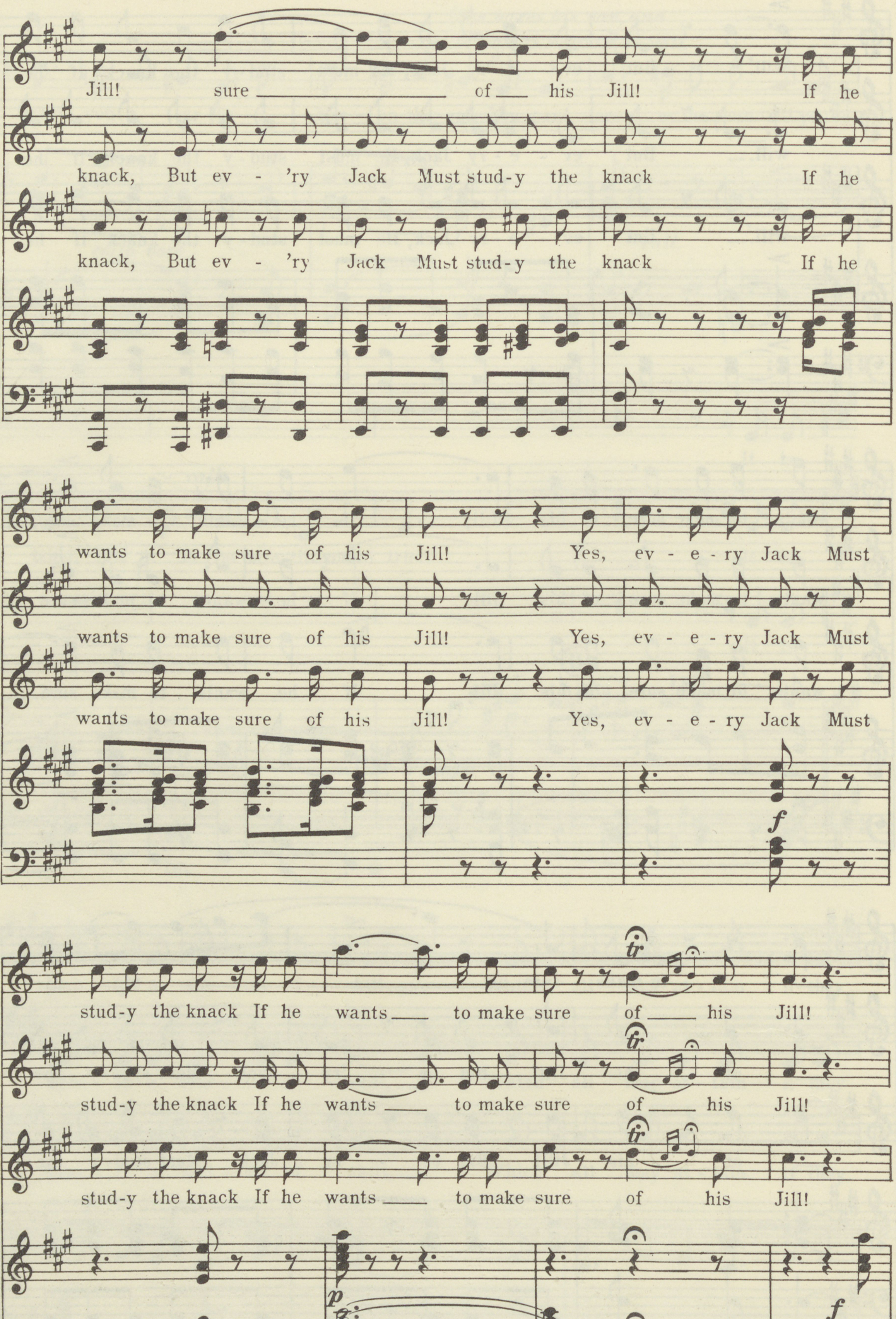

Ⓑ
both times
such, Ought to be treat-ed as such. It is
Phoebe
It is
move right to phoebe
(Elsie goes to Fairfax)
both times
queen, the heart of a queen! It is
Ⓑ
pure-ly a mat-ter of skill, Which all may at-tain if they
pure-ly a mat-ter of skill, Which all may at-tain if they
pure-ly a mat-ter of skill, Which all may at-tain if they
will: But ev-e-ry Jack, He must stud-y the knack If he
will: But ev-e-ry Jack, He must stud-y the knack If he
will: But ev-e-ry Jack, He must stud-y the knack If he
cresc.

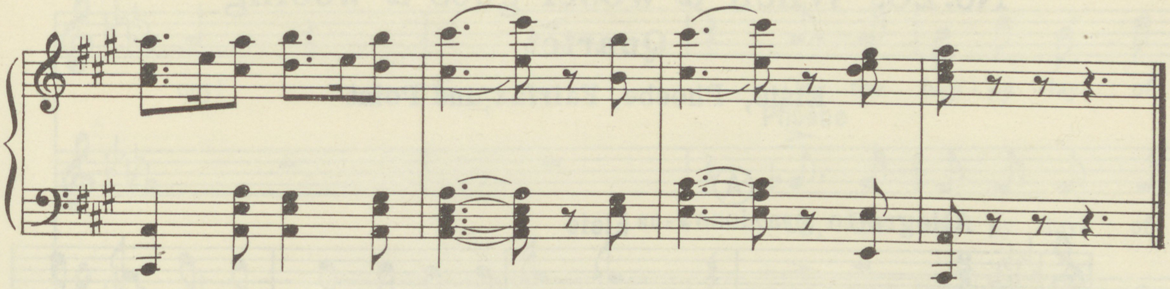

wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure
wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure
wants to make sure of his Jill! If he wants to make sure
of his Jill!
of his Jill!
of his Jill!
sf
(Dance)
C
1.
Elsie
2. If he's
2.
Phoebe
3. Then a
C
p
f


(Point goes to Phoebe.)
glance may be tim - id or free, It will va - ry in might - y de -
p
gree, From an im - pu-dent stare To a look of de-spair That no
maid with-out pit - y can see! And a glance of de-spair is no
guide — It may have its ri - dic - u-lous side; It may


(She boxes his ear, and
he moves away, R.)
rall.
draw you a tear Or a box on the ear; You can nev - er be sure till you've
colla voce
rall.
D
It is
rall.
tried! Nev - er be sure till you've tried!
It is
It is
D
colla voce
a tempo
Ped.
*
pure - ly a mat - ter of skill, Which all may at - tain if they
pure - ly a mat - ter of skill, Which all may at - tain if they
pure - ly a mat - ter of skill, Which all may at - tain if they


will. — But ev - e - ry Jack, He must stud - y the knack If he
will. — But ev - e - ry Jack, He must stud - y the knack If he
will. — But ev - e - ry Jack, He must stud - y the knack If he
wants to make sure of his Jill, If he wants to make sure, —
wants to make sure of his Jill, If he wants to make sure —
wants to make sure of his Jill, If he wants to make sure —
— to make sure — of — his
— of his Jill! But ev - 'ry Jack Must stud - y the
— of his Jill! But ev - 'ry Jack Must stud - y the


Jill! sure of his Jill! If he
knack, But ev - 'ry Jack Must stud-y the knack If he
knack, But ev - 'ry Jack Must stud-y the knack If he
wants to make sure of his Jill! Yes, ev - e - ry Jack Must
wants to make sure of his Jill! Yes, ev - e - ry Jack Must
wants to make sure of his Jill! Yes, ev - e - ry Jack Must
f
stud-y the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill!
stud-y the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill!
stud-y the knack If he wants to make sure of his Jill!
tr
tr
tr
p
f



Fairfax: *(aside to Point)* Now, listen to me – 'tis done thus *(aloud)*–Mistress Elsie, there is one here who, as thou knowest, loves thee right well.

Point: *(aside)* That he does – right well!

Fairfax: He is but a man of poor estate, but he hath a loving, honest heart. He will be a true and trusty husband to thee, and if thou wilt be his wife, thou shalt lie curled up in his heart, like a little squirrel in its nest!

Point: *(aside)* 'Tis a pretty figure. A maggot in a nut lies closer, but a squirrel will do.

Fairfax: He knoweth that thou wast a wife – an unloved and unloving wife, and his poor heart was near to breaking. But now that thine unloving husband is dead, and thou art free, he would fain pray that thou wouldst hearken unto him, and give him hope that thou wouldst one day be his!

Phoebe: *(alarmed)* He presses her hands – and he whispers in her ear! Ods bodikins, what does it mean?

Fairfax: Now, sweetheart, tell me – wilt thou be this poor good fellow's wife?

Elsie: If the good, brave man – *is* he a brave man?

Fairfax: So men say.

Point: *(aside)* That's not true, but let it pass.

Elsie: If the brave man will be content with a poor, penniless, untaught maid –

Point: *(aside)* Widow – but let *that* pass.

Elsie: I will be his true and loving wife, and that with my heart of hearts!

Fairfax: My own dear love! *(embracing her)*

Phoebe: *(in great agitation)* Why, what's all this? Brother – brother – it is not seemly!

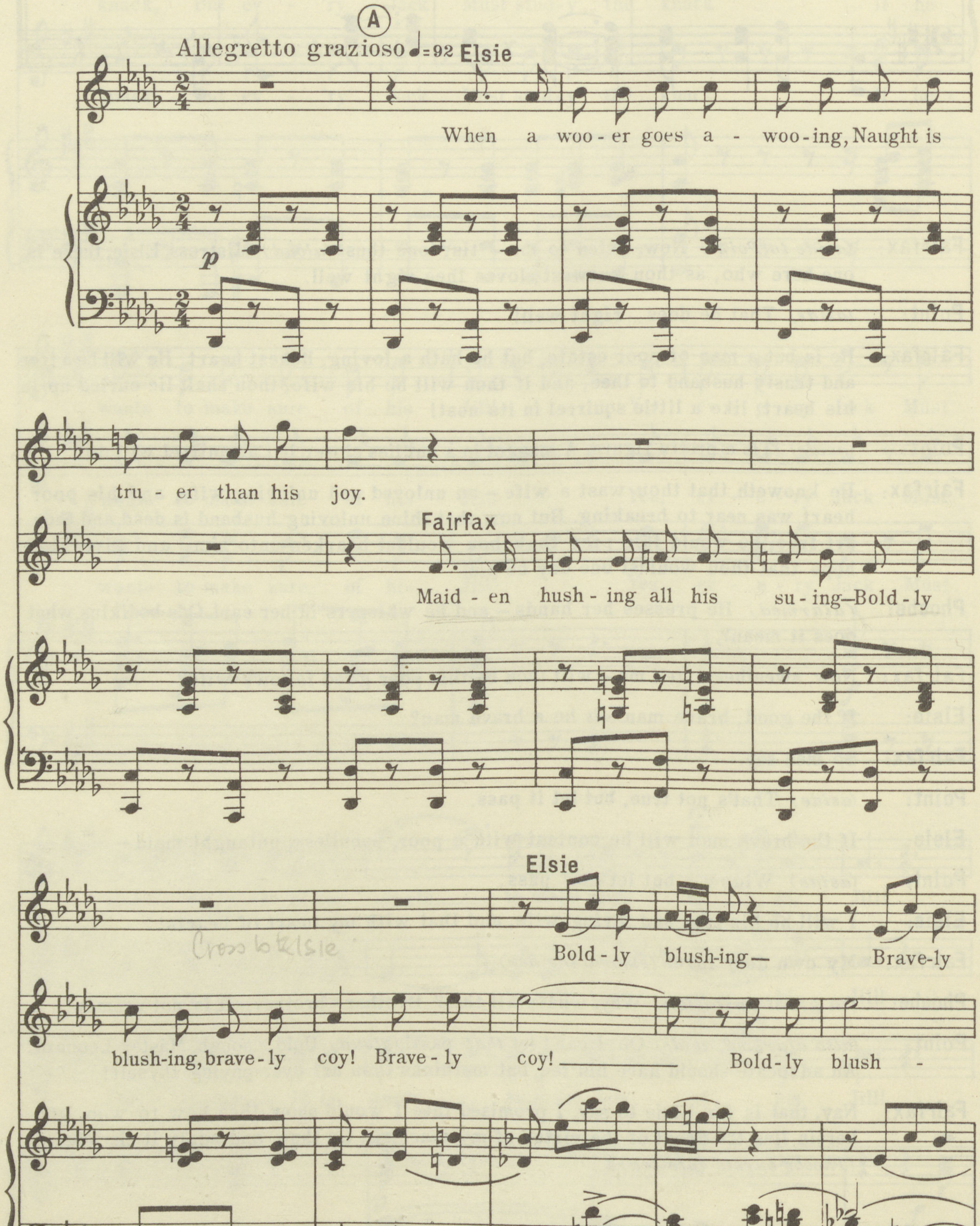
Point: *(also alarmed, aside)* Oh, I can't let *that* pass! *(aloud)* Hold, enough, Master Leonard! An advocate should have his fee, but methinks thou art over-paying thyself!

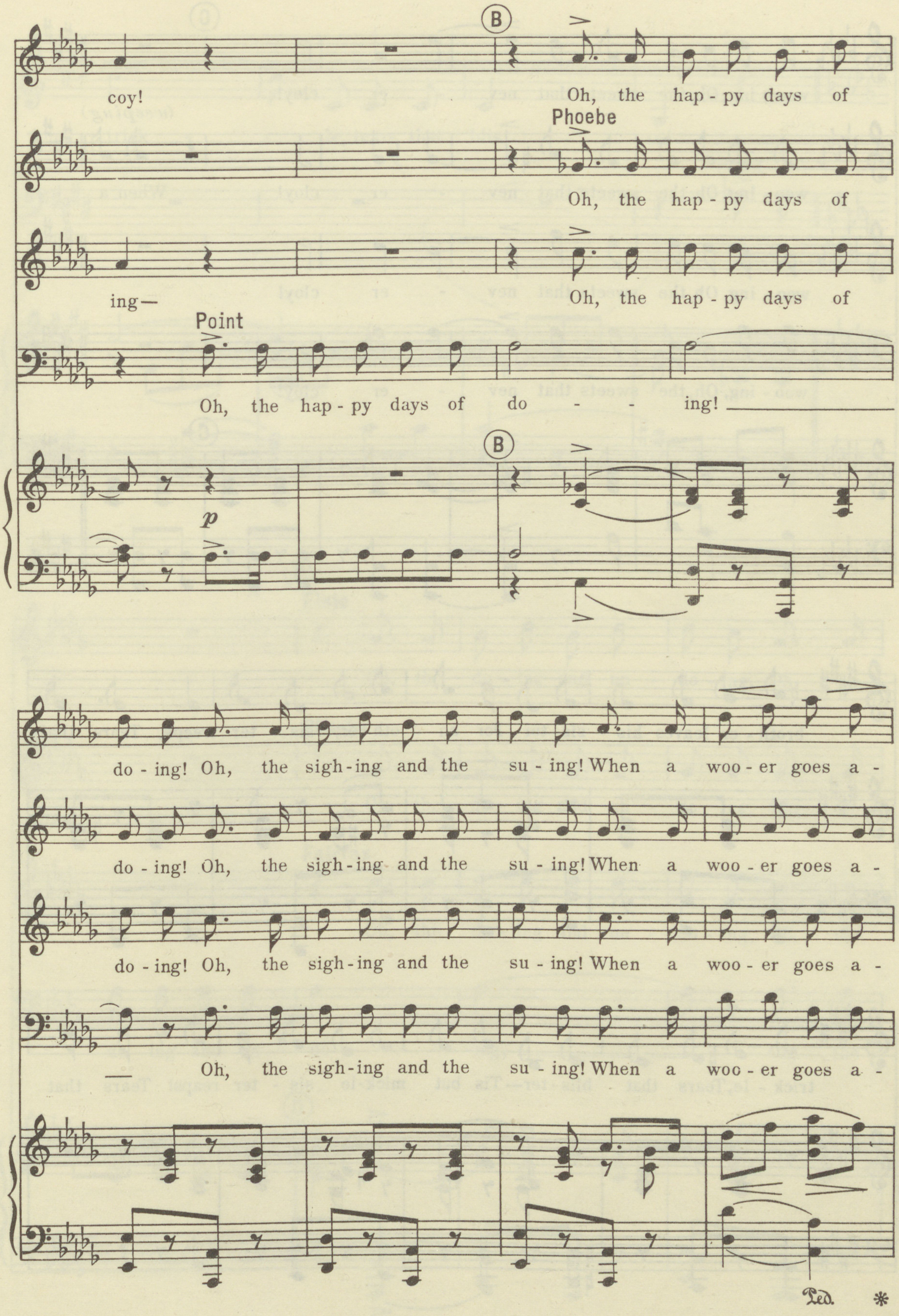
Fairfax: Nay, that is for Elsie to say. I promised thee I would show thee how to woo, and herein lies the proof of the virtue of my teaching. Go thou, and apply it elsewhere! *(Phoebe bursts into tears.)*

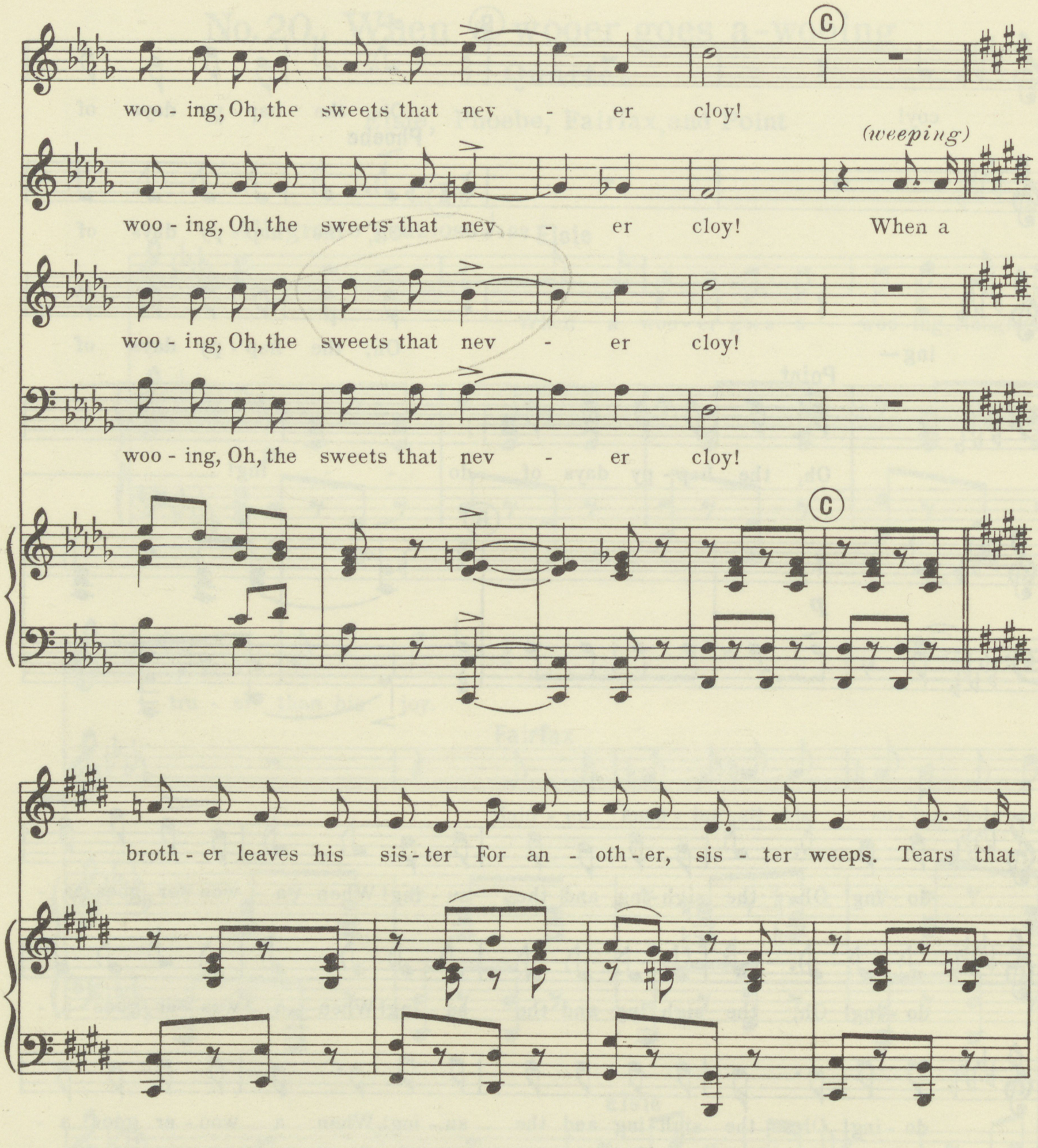
No. 20. When a wooer goes a-wooing

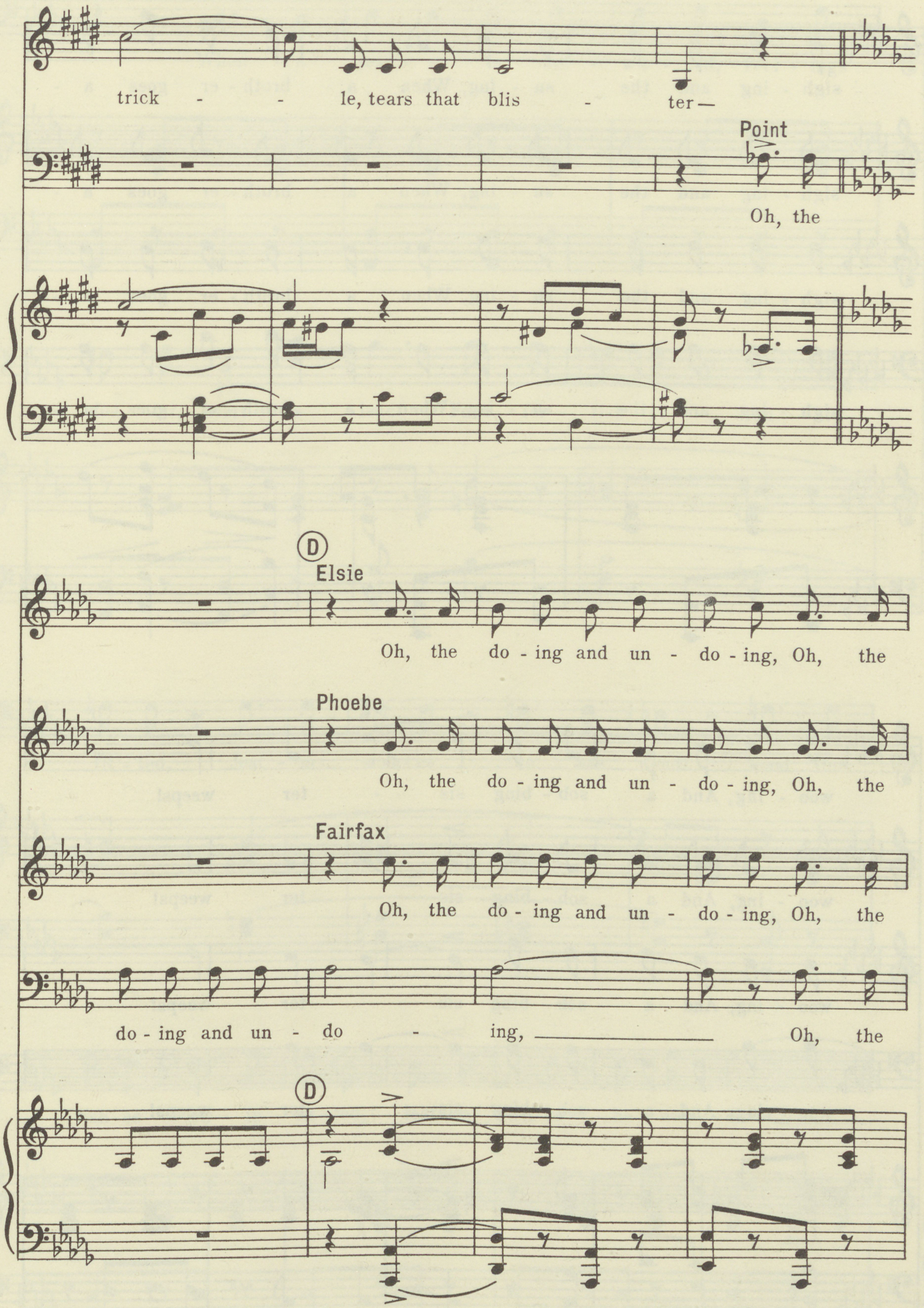
Quartet

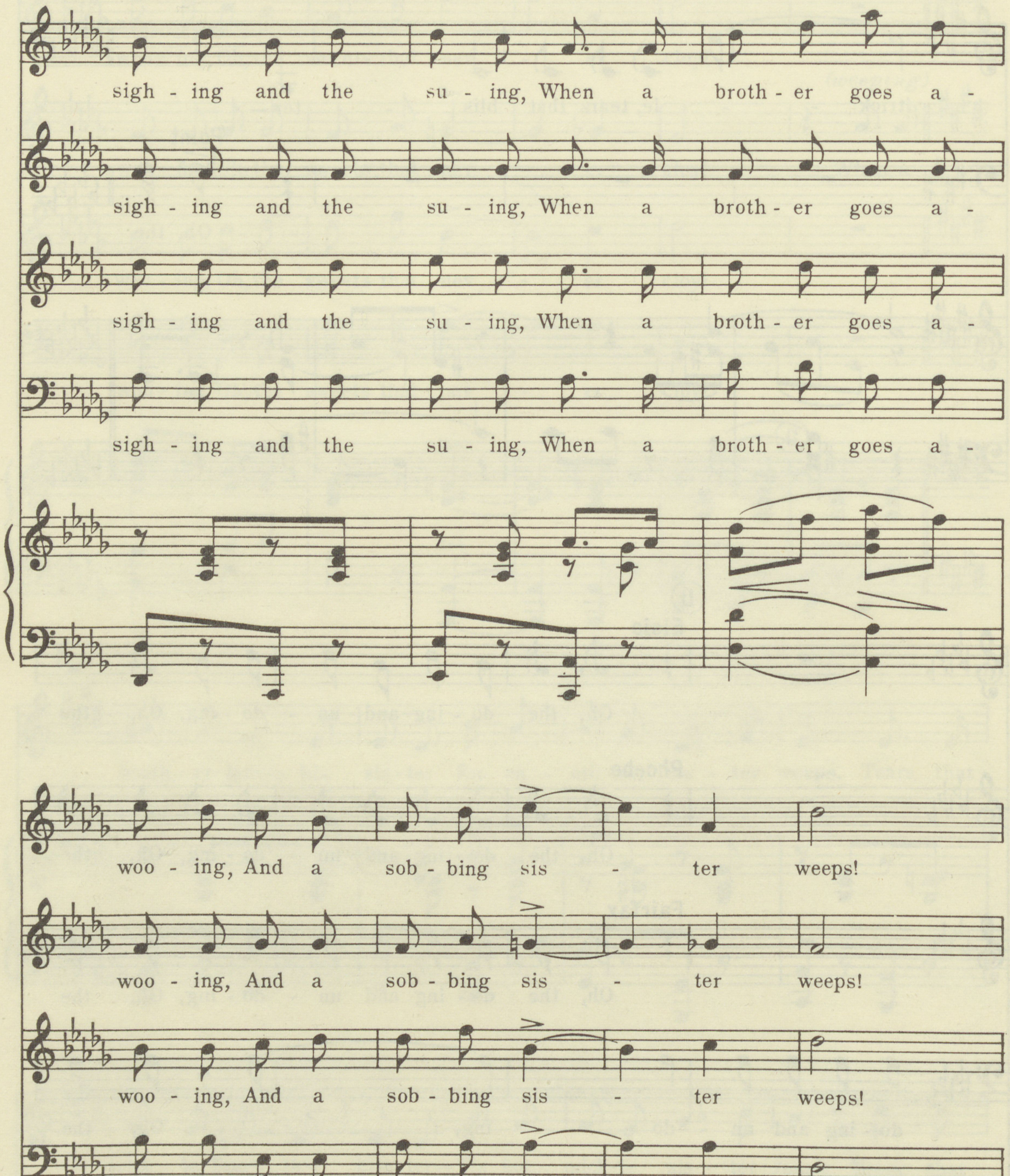
Elsie, Phoebe, Fairfax, and Point

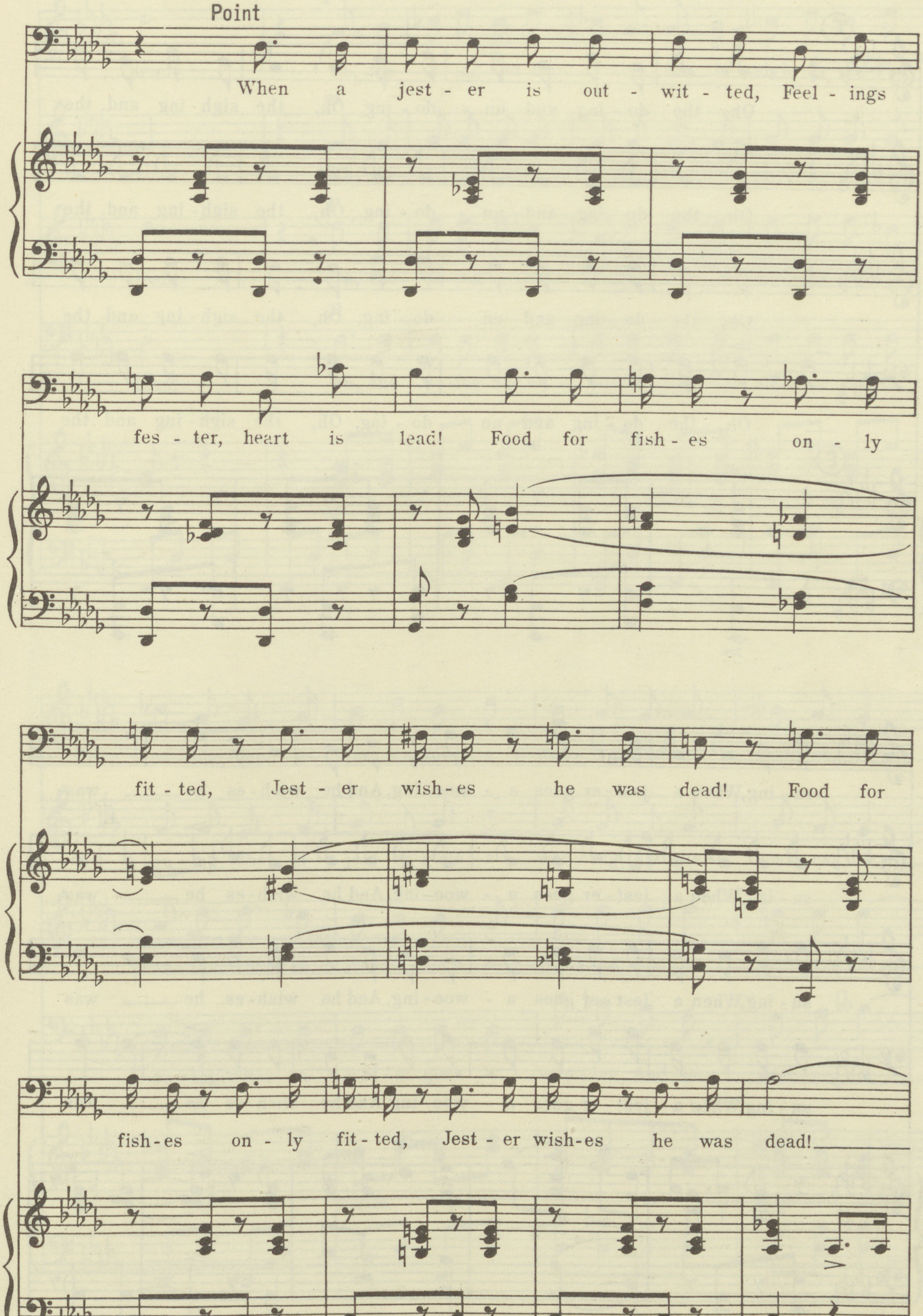

A
Allegretto grazioso ♩=92
Elsie
When a woo-er goes a-woo-ing, Naught is
p
tru-er than his joy.
Fairfax
Maid-en hush-ing all his su-ing—Bold-ly
blush-ing, brave-ly coy! Brave-ly coy! Bold-ly blush-
Cross to Elsie
Elsie
Bold-ly blush-ing— Brave-ly

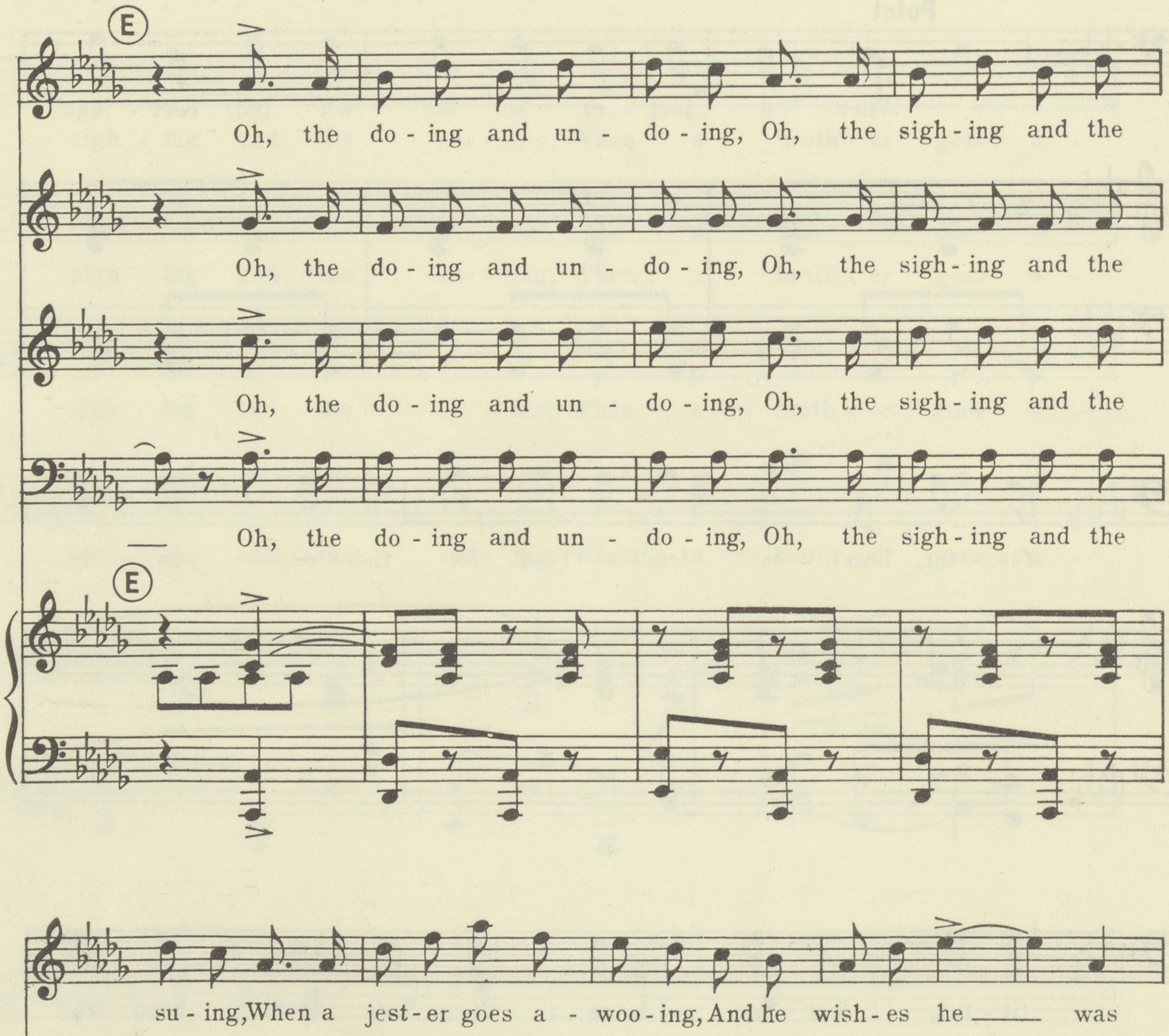

B
coy! Oh, the hap-py days of
Phoebe
Oh, the hap-py days of
ing— Oh, the hap-py days of
Point
Oh, the hap-py days of do - - ing!
B
p
do-ing! Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing! When a woo-er goes a-
do-ing! Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing! When a woo-er goes a-
do-ing! Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing! When a woo-er goes a-
Oh, the sigh-ing and the su-ing! When a woo-er goes a-
Ped. *

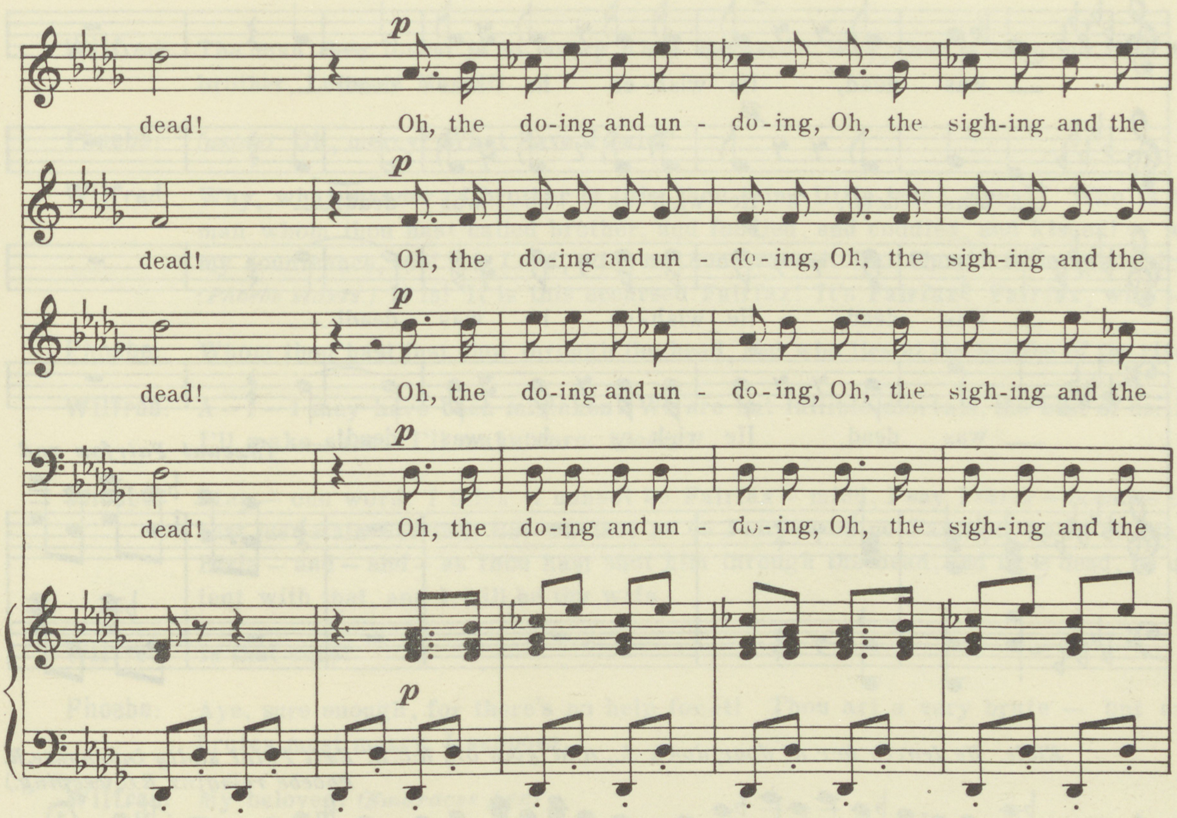

C
woo - ing, Oh, the sweets that nev - er cloy!
(weeping)
woo - ing, Oh, the sweets that nev - er cloy! When a
woo - ing, Oh, the sweets that nev - er cloy!
woo - ing, Oh, the sweets that nev - er cloy!
C
broth - er leaves his sis - ter For an - oth - er, sis - ter weeps. Tears that
trick - le, Tears that blis - ter— Tis but mick - le sis - ter reaps! Tears that

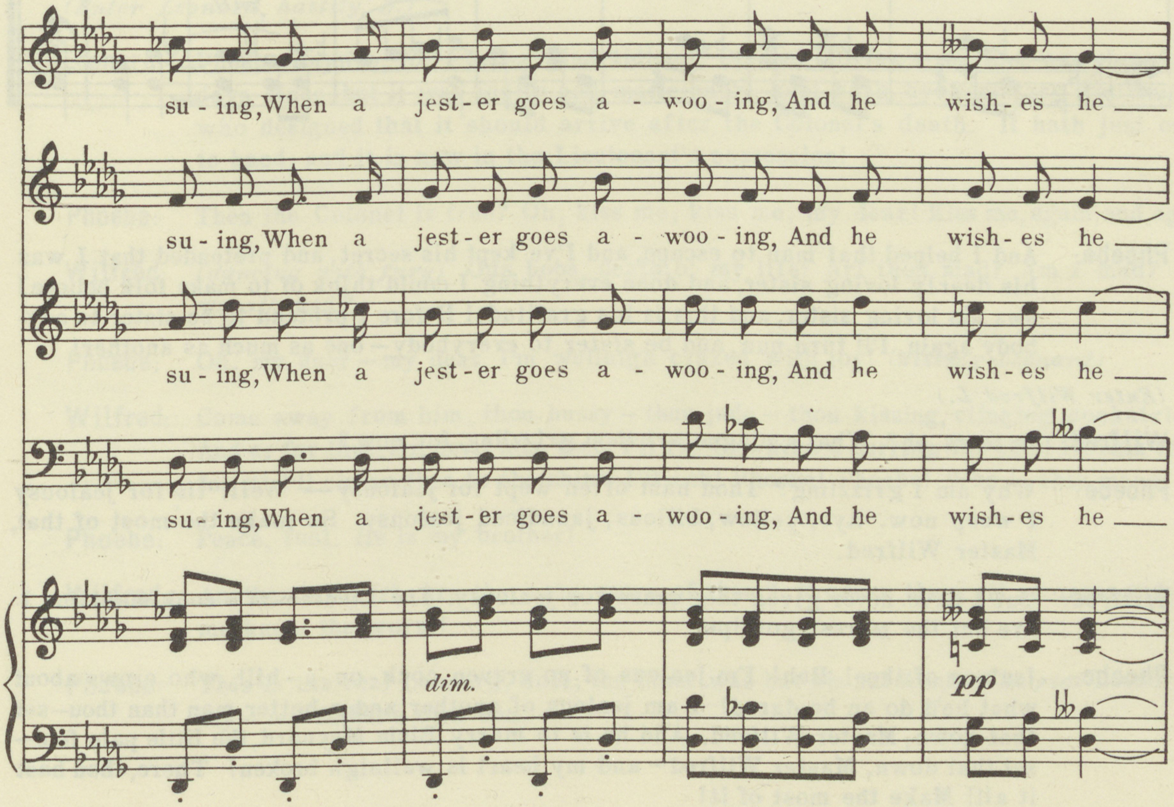

trick - - le, tears that blis - ter—
Point
Oh, the
D
Elsie
Oh, the do - ing and un - do - ing, Oh, the
Phoebe
Oh, the do - ing and un - do - ing, Oh, the
Fairfax
Oh, the do - ing and un - do - ing, Oh, the
do - ing and un - do - ing, Oh, the
D

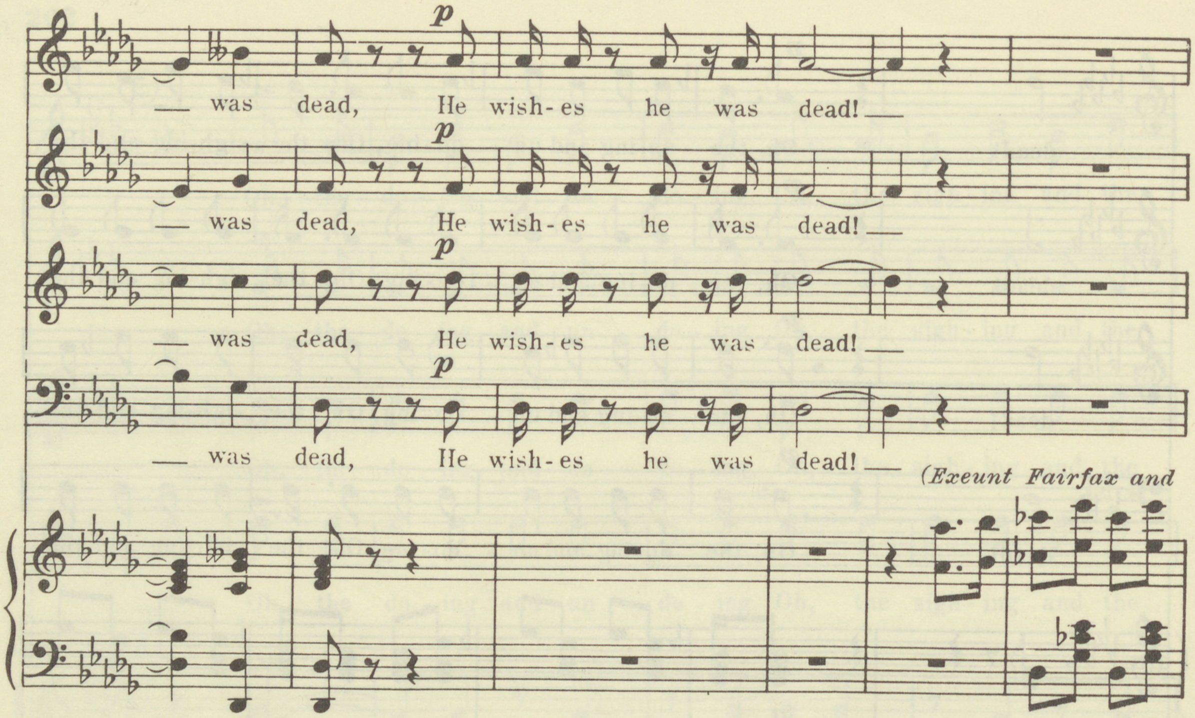

sigh - ing and the su - ing, When a broth - er goes a -
sigh - ing and the su - ing, When a broth - er goes a -
sigh - ing and the su - ing, When a broth - er goes a -
sigh - ing and the su - ing, When a broth - er goes a -
woo - ing, And a sob - bing sis - ter weeps!
woo - ing, And a sob - bing sis - ter weeps!
woo - ing, And a sob - bing sis - ter weeps!
woo - ing, And a sob - bing sis - ter weeps!


Point
When a jest - er is out - wit - ted, Feel - ings
fes - ter, heart is lead! Food for fish - es on - ly
fit - ted, Jest - er wish - es he was dead! Food for
fish - es on - ly fit - ted, Jest - er wish - es he was dead!

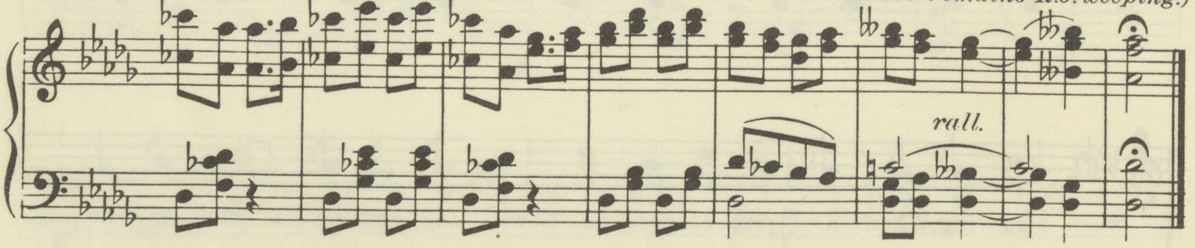

E
Oh, the do-ing and un-do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the
Oh, the do-ing and un-do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the
Oh, the do-ing and un-do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the
— Oh, the do-ing and un-do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the
E
su-ing, When a jest-er goes a-woo-ing, And he wish-es he — was
su-ing, When a jest-er goes a-woo-ing, And he wish-es he — was
su-ing, When a jest-er goes a-woo-ing, And he wish-es he — was
su-ing, When a jest-er goes a-woo-ing, And he wish-es he — was


p
dead! Oh, the do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the
p
dead! Oh, the do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the
p
dead! Oh, the do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the
p
dead! Oh, the do-ing and un - do-ing, Oh, the sigh-ing and the
p


su - ing, When a jest-er goes a - woo - ing, And he wish - es he
su - ing, When a jest-er goes a - woo - ing, And he wish - es he
su - ing, When a jest-er goes a - woo - ing, And he wish - es he
su - ing, When a jest-er goes a - woo - ing, And he wish - es he
dim.
pp


p
— was dead, He wish-es he was dead! —
— was dead, He wish-es he was dead! —
— was dead, He wish-es he was dead! —
— was dead, He wish-es he was dead! —

(Exeunt Fairfax and Elsie. He leaves her at door, down L., and goes off, R.U.E. Exit Point sadly into house, R. Phoebe remains R.C. weeping.)



Phoebe: And I helped that man to escape, and I've kept his secret, and pretended that I was his dearly loving sister, and done everything I could think of to make folk believe I *was* his loving sister, and this is his gratitude! Before I pretend to be sister to anybody again, I'll turn nun, and be sister to everybody— one as much as another!

(Enter Wilfred, L.)

Wilfred: In tears, eh? What a plague art thou grizzling for now?

Phoebe: Why am I grizzling? Thou hast often wept for jealousy— Well, 'tis for jealousy I weep now. Aye, yellow, bilious, jaundiced jealousy. So make the most of that, Master Wilfred.

Wilfred: But I have never given thee cause for jealousy. The Lieutenant's cook-maid and I are but the merest gossips!

Phoebe: Jealous of thee! Bah! I'm jealous of no craven cock-on-a-hill, who crows about what he'd do an he dared! I am jealous of another and a better man than thou—set that down, Master Wilfred. And he is to marry Elsie Maynard, the little pale fool—set that down, Master Wilfred— and my heart is wellnigh broken! There, thou hast it all! Make the most of it!

Wilfred: The man thou lovest is to marry Elsie Maynard? Why, that is no other than thy brother, Leonard Meryll!

Phoebe: *(aside)* Oh, mercy! What have I said?

Wilfred: Why, what manner of brother is this, thou lying little jade? Speak! Who is this man whom thou hast called brother, and fondled, and coddled, and kissed! — with my connivance, too! Oh Lord, with my connivance! Ha! Should it be this Fairfax! *(Phoebe starts.)* It is! It is this accursed Fairfax! It's Fairfax! Fairfax, who –

Phoebe: Whom thou hast just shot through the head, and who lies at the bottom of the river!

Wilfred: A – I – I may have been mistaken. We are but fallible mortals, the best of us. But I'll make sure – I'll make sure. *(going)*

Phoebe: Stay – one word. I think it cannot be Fairfax – mind, I say I *think* – because thou hast just slain Fairfax. But whether he be Fairfax or no Fairfax, he is to marry Elsie – and – and – as thou hast shot him through the head, and he is dead, be content with that, and I will be thy wife.

Wilfred: Is that sure?

Phoebe: Aye, sure enough, for there's no help for it! Thou art a very brute — but even brutes must marry, I suppose.

Wilfred: My beloved! *(Embraces her.)*

Phoebe: *(aside)* Ugh!

(Enter Leonard, hastily, L.)

Leonard: Phoebe, rejoice, for I bring glad tidings. Colonel Fairfax's reprieve was signed two days since, but it was foully and maliciously kept back by Secretary Poltwhistle, who designed that it should arrive after the Colonel's death. It hath just come to hand, and it is now in the Lieutenant's possession!

Phoebe: Then the Colonel is free? Oh, kiss me, kiss me, my dear! Kiss me, again, and again!

Wilfred: *(dancing with fury)* Ods bobs, death o' my life! Art thou mad? Am *I* mad? Are we *all* mad?

Phoebe: Oh, my dear – my dear, I'm wellnigh crazed with joy! *(kissing Leonard)*

Wilfred: Come away from him, thou hussy – thou jade – thou kissing, clinging cockatrice! And as for thee, sir, devil take thee, I'll rip thee like a herring for this! I'll skin thee for it! I'll cleave thee to the chine! I'll – oh! Phoebe! Phoebe! Who is this man?

Phoebe: Peace, fool. He is my brother!

Wilfred: Another brother! Are there any more of them? Produce them all at once, and let me know the worst!

Phoebe: This is the real Leonard, dolt; the other was but his substitute. The *real* Leonard, I say – my father's own son.

Wilfred: How do I know this? Has he "brother" writ large on his brow? I mistrust thy brothers! Thou art but a false jade!

(Exit Leonard, laughing.)

Phoebe: Now, Wilfred, be just. Truly I did deceive thee before - but it was to save a precious life - and to save it, not for me, but for another. They are to be wed this very-day. Is not this enough for thee? Come - I am thy Phoebe- thy very own - and we will be wed in a year - or two - or three, at the most. Is not that enough for thee?

(Enter Meryll, excitedly, L., followed by Dame Carruthers, who listens, unobserved.)

Meryll: Phoebe, hast thou heard the brave news?

Phoebe: *(still in Wilfred's arms)* Aye, father.

Meryll: I'm nigh mad with joy! *(seeing Wilfred)* Why, what's all this?

Phoebe: Oh, father, he discovered our secret through my folly, and the price of his silence is -

Wilfred: Phoebe's heart.

Phoebe: Oh, dear, no - Phoebe's hand.

Wilfred: It's the same thing!

Phoebe: Is it? *(Exeunt Wilfred and Phoebe, L.)*

Meryll: *(looking after them)* 'Tis pity, but the Colonel had to be saved at any cost, and as thy folly revealed our secret, thy folly must e'en suffer for it! *(Dame Carruthers comes down.)* Dame Carruthers!

Dame Carruthers: So this is a plot to shield this arch-fiend, and I have detected it. A word from me, and three heads besides his would roll from their shoulders!

Meryll: Nay, Colonel Fairfax is reprieved. *(aside)* Yet, if my complicity in his escape were known! Plague on the old meddler! There's nothing for it *(aloud)* - Hush, pretty one! Such bloodthirsty words ill become those cherry lips! *(aside)* Ugh!

Dame Carruthers: *(bashfully)* Sergeant Meryll!

Meryll: Why, look ye, chuck - for many a month I've - I've thought to myself - "There's snug love saving up in that middle-aged bosom for some one, and why not for thee - that's me - so take heart and tell her - that's thee - that thou - that's me - lovest her - thee - and - and - well, I'm a miserable old man, and I've done it - and that's me!" But not a word about Fairfax! The price of thy silence is -

Dame Carruthers: Meryll's heart?

Meryll: No, Meryll's *hand.*

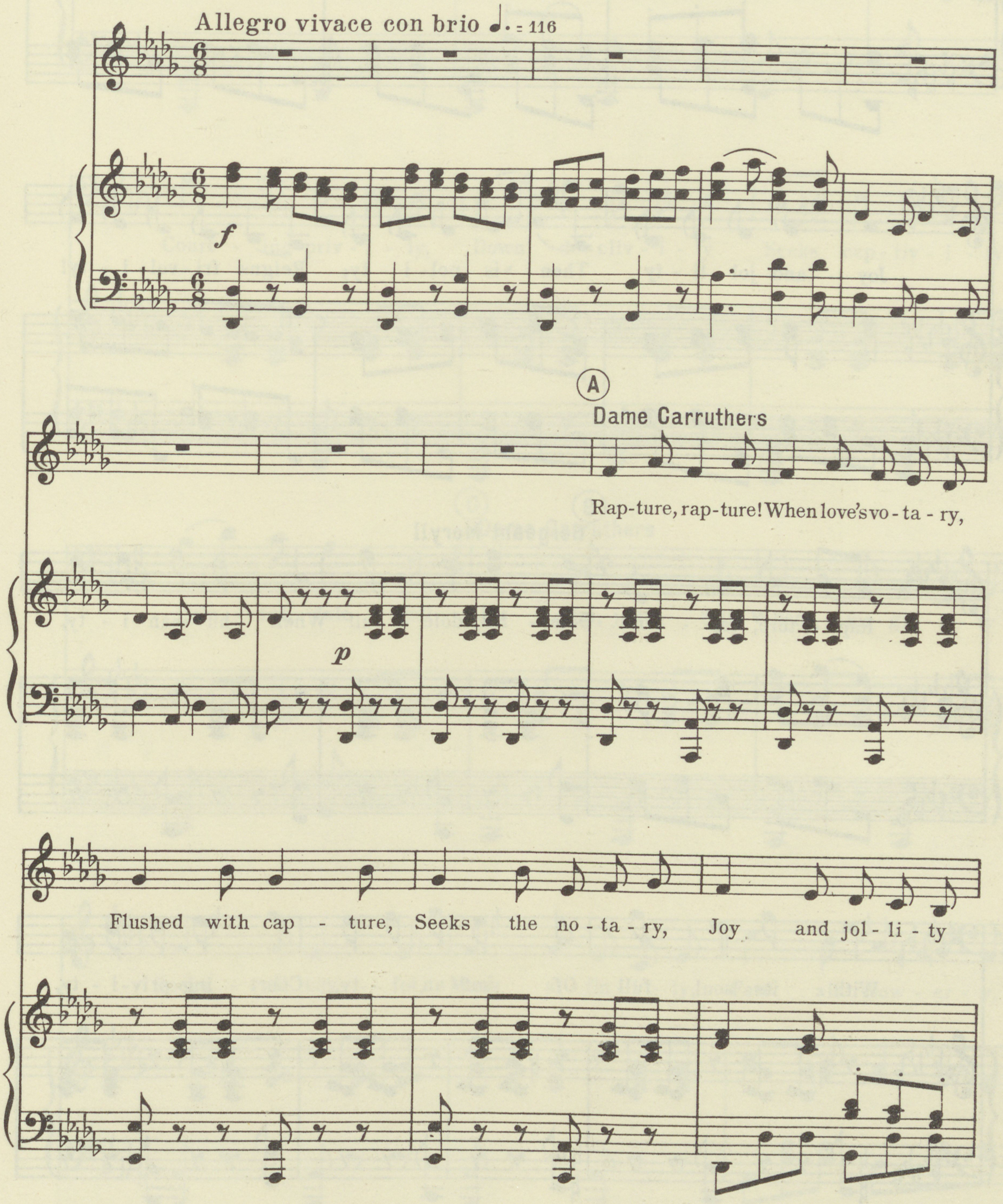
Dame Carruthers: It's the same thing!

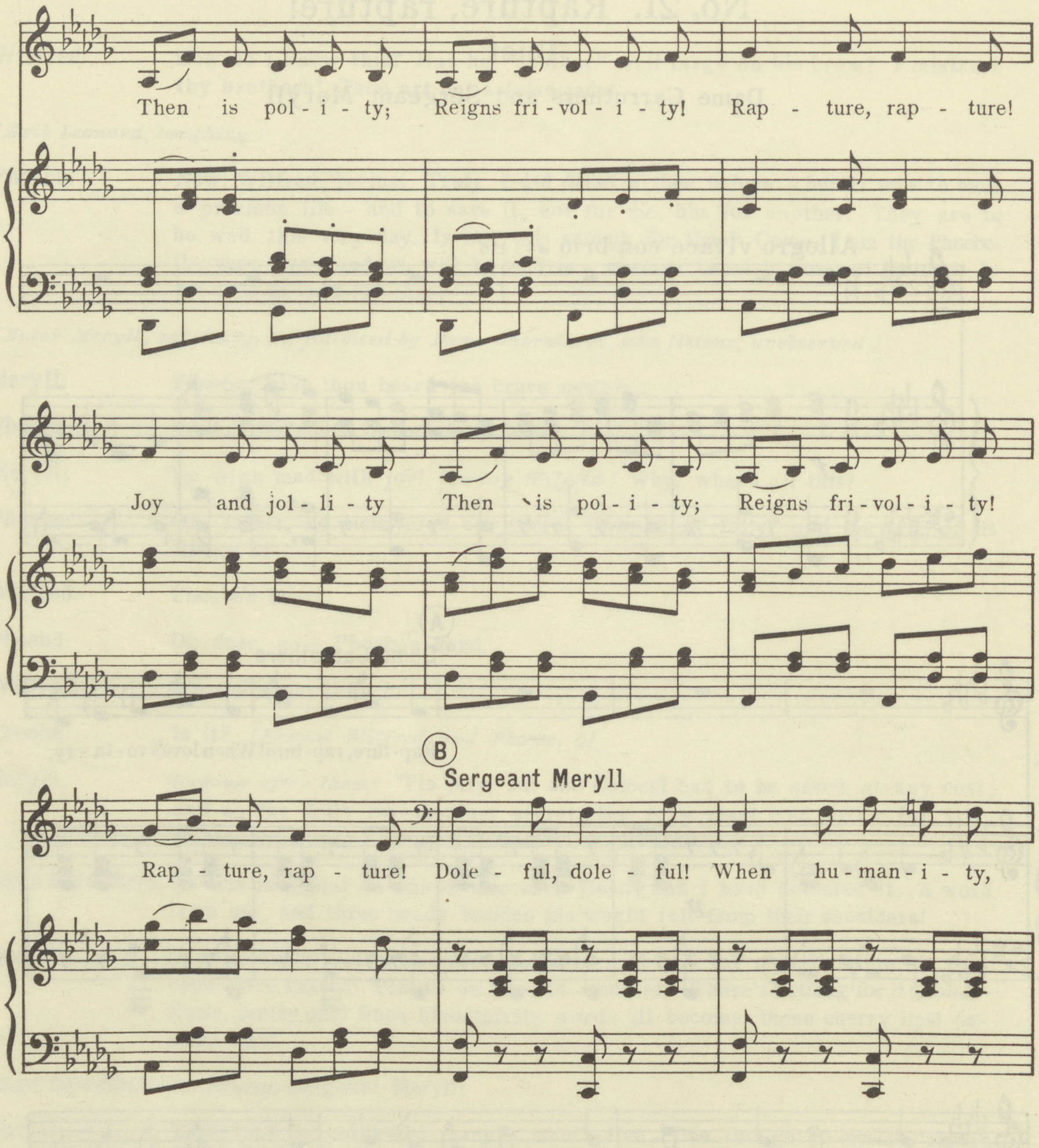
Meryll: *Is* it?

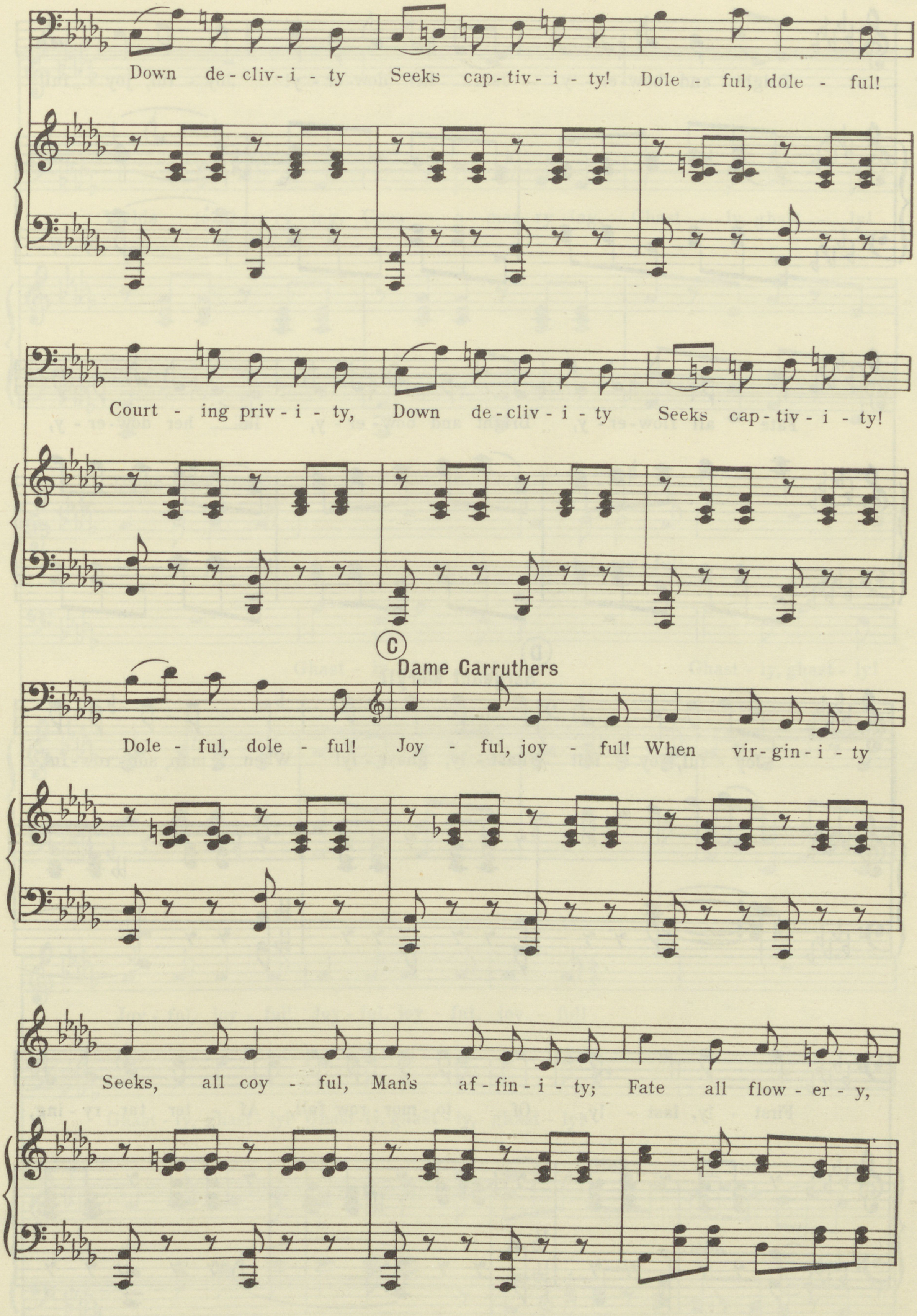
No. 21. Rapture, rapture!

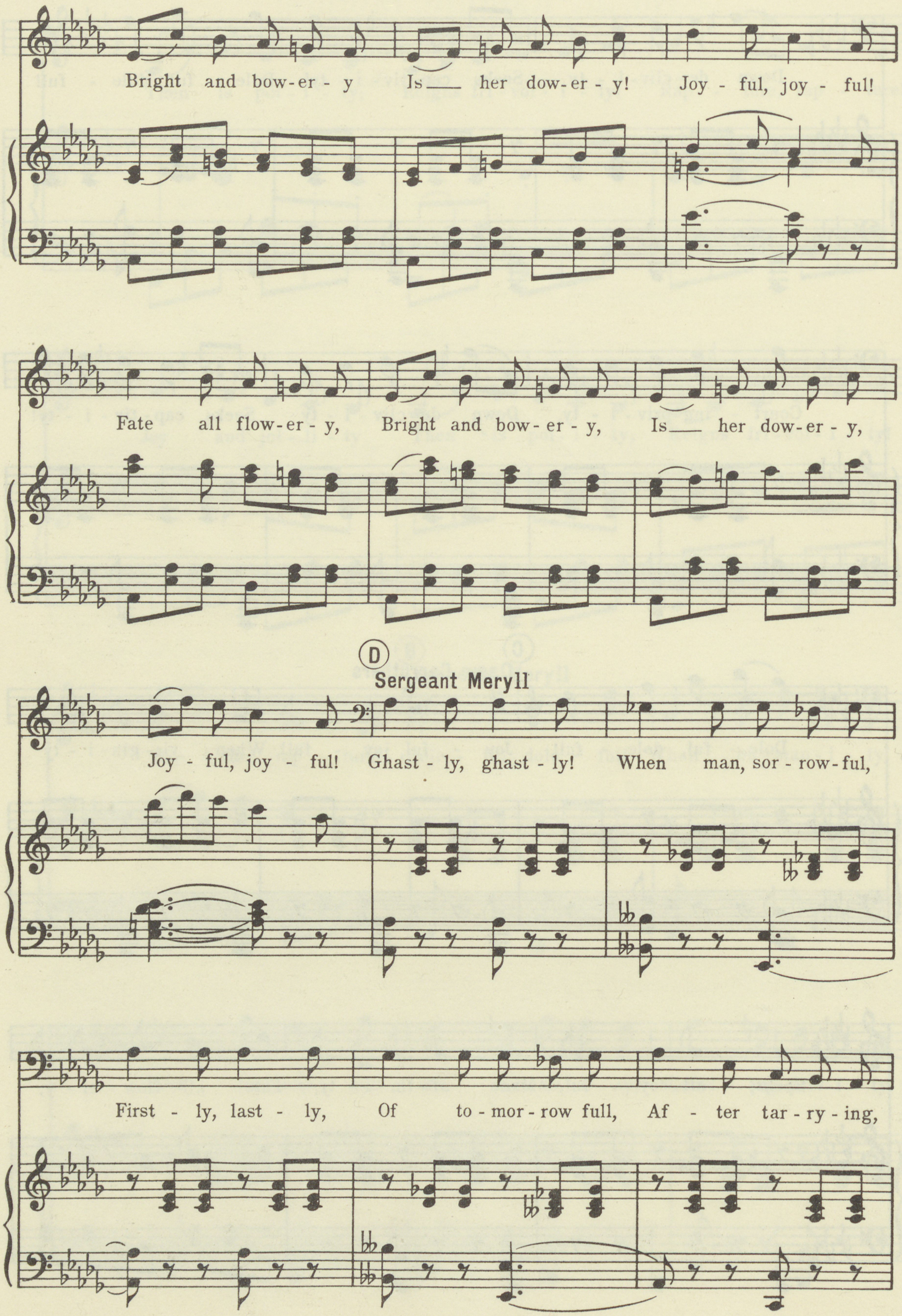
Duet

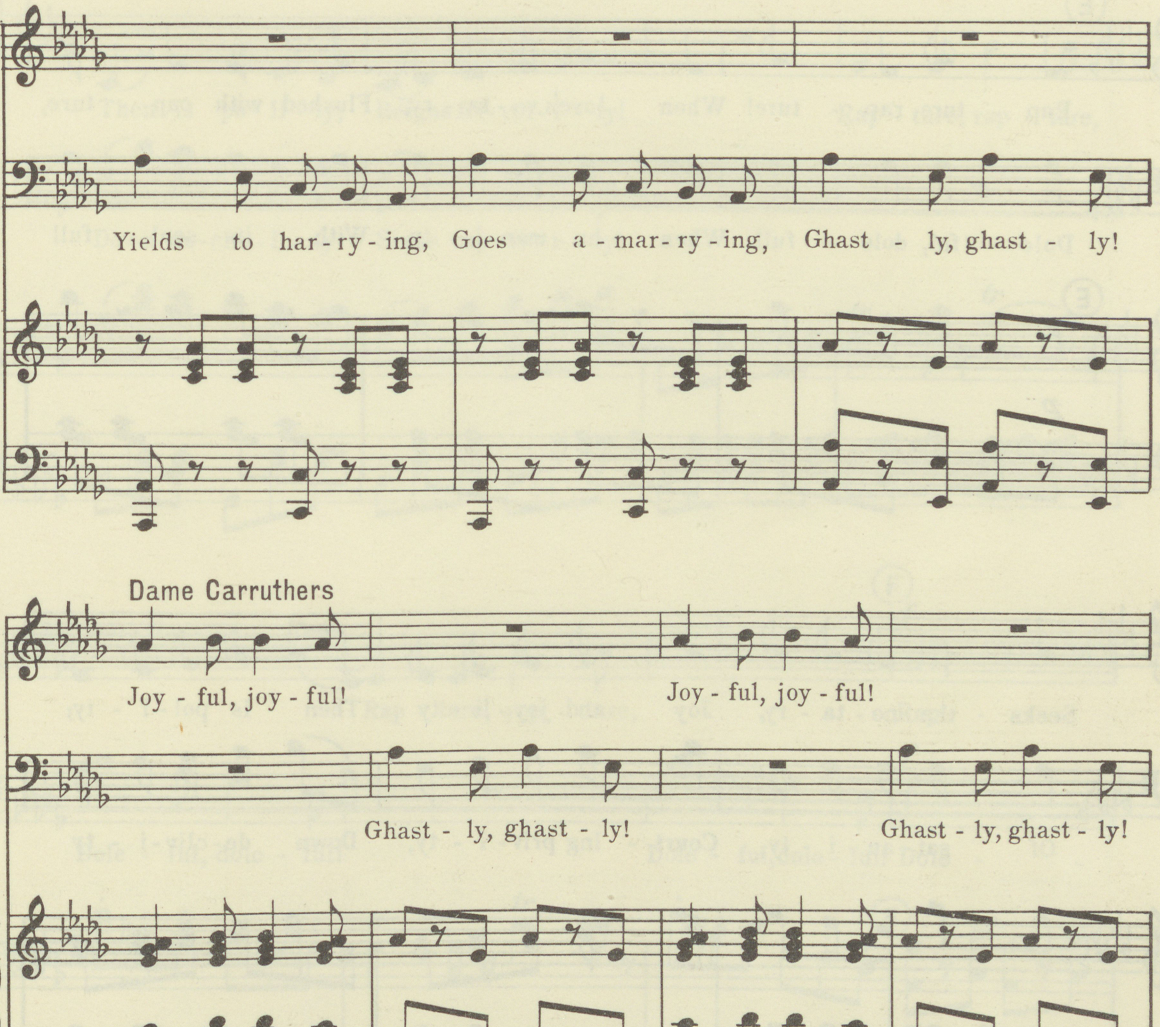
Dame Carruthers and Sergeant Meryll

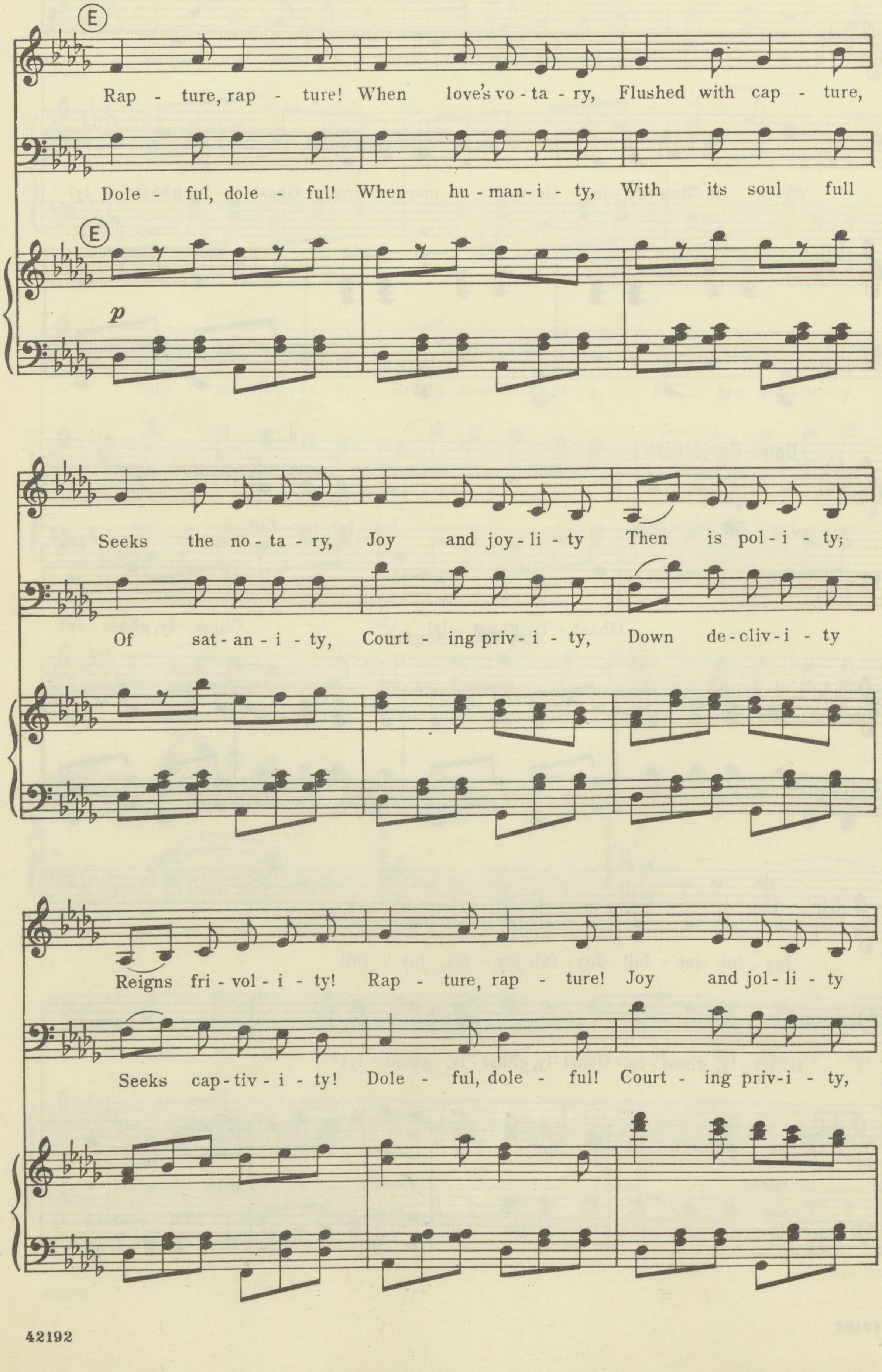

Allegro vivace con brio ♩. = 116
f
p
A
Dame Carruthers
Rap-ture, rap-ture! When love's vo - ta - ry,
Flushed with cap - ture, Seeks the no - ta - ry, Joy and jol - li - ty

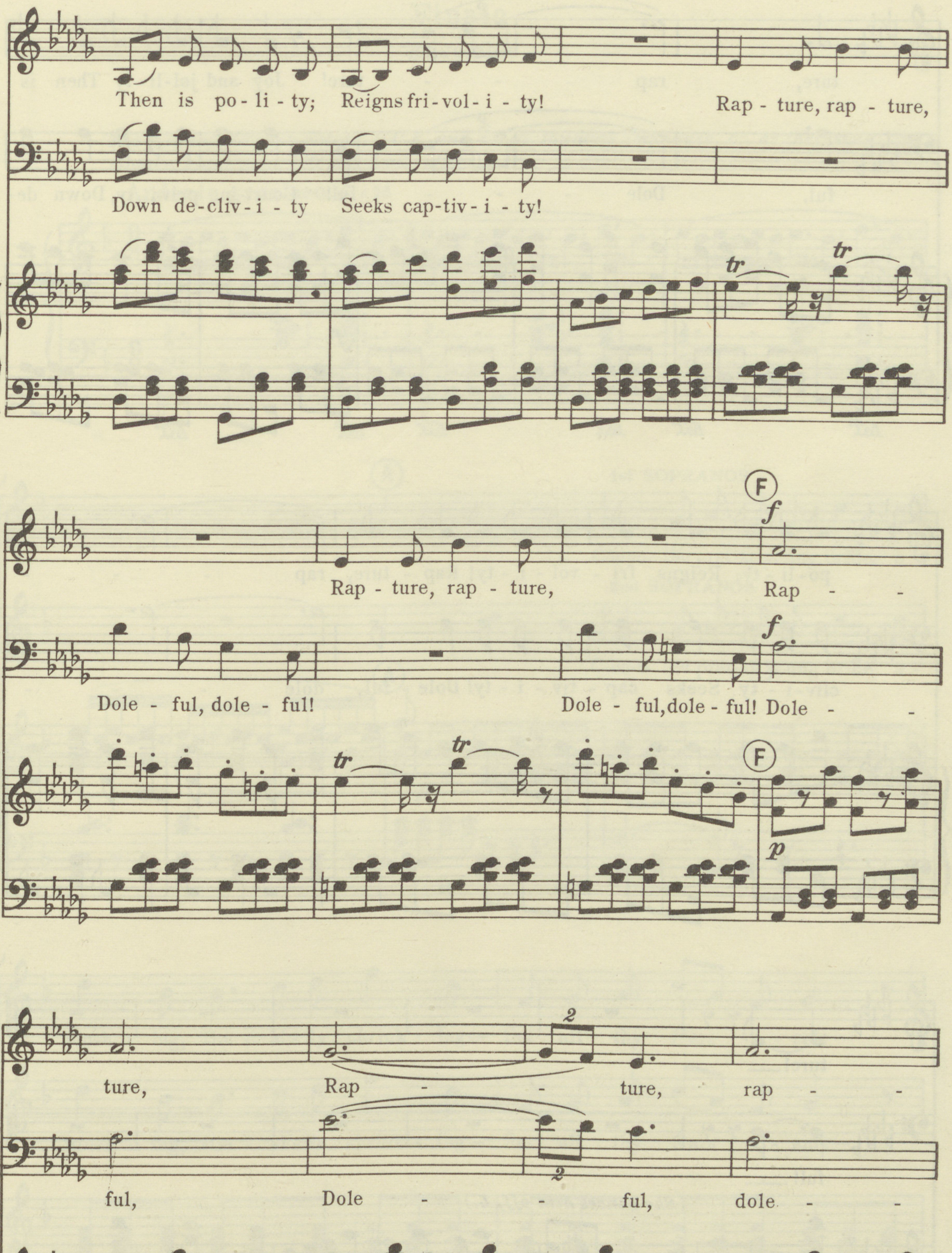

Then is pol-i-ty; Reigns fri-vol-i-ty! Rap-ture, rap-ture!
Joy and jol-li-ty Then is pol-i-ty; Reigns fri-vol-i-ty!
B
Sergeant Meryll
Rap-ture, rap-ture! Dole-ful, dole-ful! When hu-man-i-ty,
With its soul full Of sat-an-i-ty, Court-ing priv-i-ty,

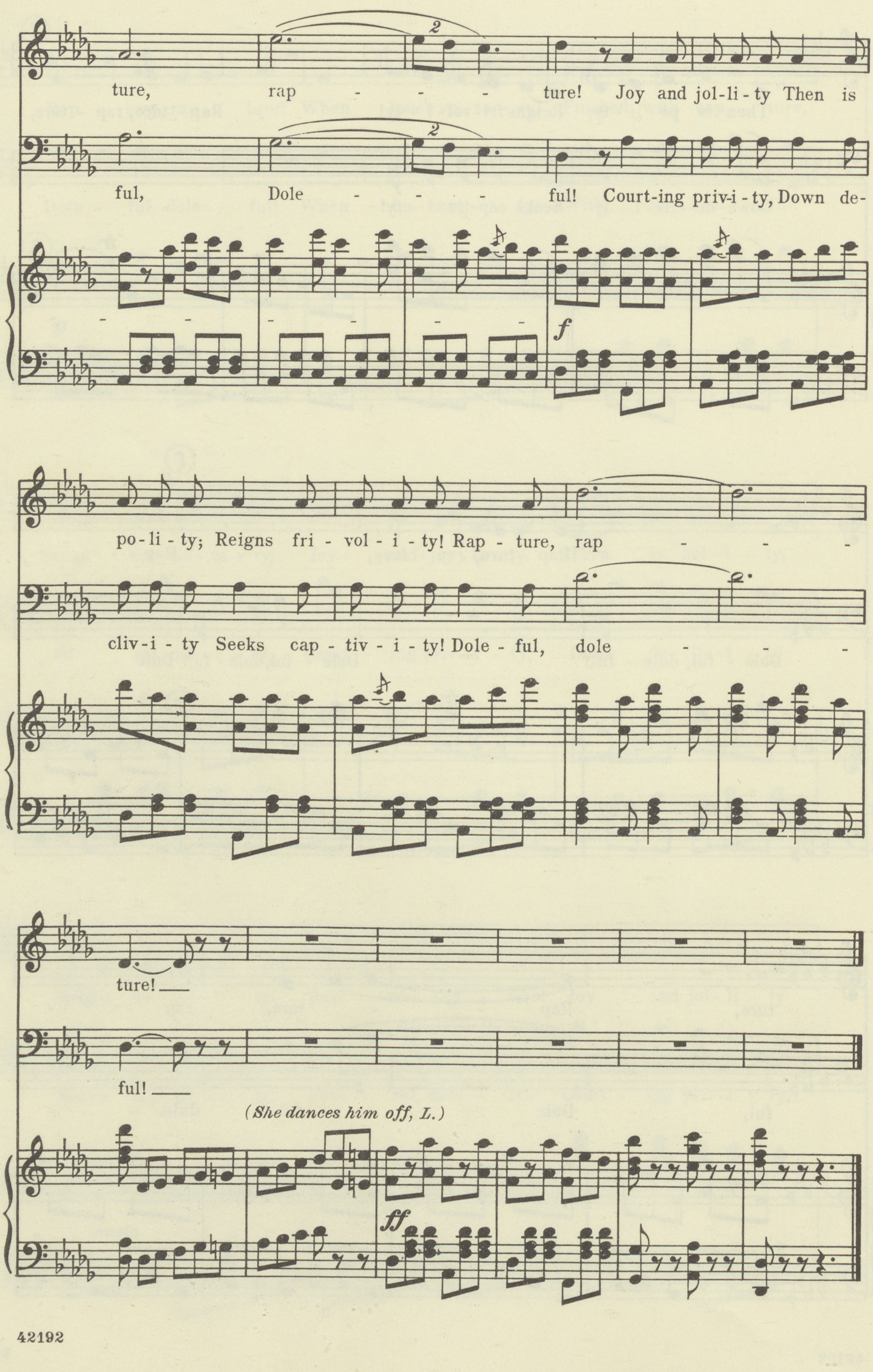

Down de-cliv-i-ty Seeks cap-tiv-i-ty! Dole-ful, dole-ful!
Court-ing priv-i-ty, Down de-cliv-i-ty Seeks cap-tiv-i-ty!
C
Dame Carruthers
Dole-ful, dole-ful! Joy-ful, joy-ful! When vir-gin-i-ty
Seeks, all coy-ful, Man's af-fin-i-ty; Fate all flow-er-y,


Bright and bow-er-y Is __ her dow-er-y! Joy-ful, joy-ful!
Fate all flow-er-y, Bright and bow-er-y, Is __ her dow-er-y,
D
Sergeant Meryll
Joy-ful, joy-ful! Ghast-ly, ghast-ly! When man, sor-row-ful,
First-ly, last-ly, Of to-mor-row full, Af-ter tar-ry-ing,


Yields to har-ry-ing, Goes a-mar-ry-ing, Ghast-ly, ghast-ly!
Dame Carruthers
Joy-ful, joy-ful! Joy-ful, joy-ful!
Ghast-ly, ghast-ly! Ghast-ly, ghast-ly!
Joy-ful, joy-ful! Joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful!
Ghast-ly, ghast-ly! Ghast-ly, ghast-ly, ghast-ly!
cresc.
f
dim.


Ⓔ
Rap - ture, rap - ture! When love's vo - ta - ry, Flushed with cap - ture,
Dole - ful, dole - ful! When hu - man - i - ty, With its soul full
Ⓔ
p
Seeks the no - ta - ry, Joy and joy - li - ty Then is pol - i - ty;
Of sat - an - i - ty, Court - ing priv - i - ty, Down de - cliv - i - ty
Reigns fri - vol - i - ty! Rap - ture, rap - ture! Joy and jol - li - ty
Seeks cap - tiv - i - ty! Dole - ful, dole - ful! Court - ing priv - i - ty,


Then is po - li - ty; Reigns fri - vol - i - ty! Rap - ture, rap - ture,
Down de - cliv - i - ty Seeks cap - tiv - i - ty!
tr
tr
F
f
Rap - ture, rap - ture, Rap - ture,
Dole - ful, dole - ful! Dole - ful, dole - ful! Dole - ful,
tr
tr
F
p
Rap - ture, rap -
2
Dole - ful, dole -
2
cresc.

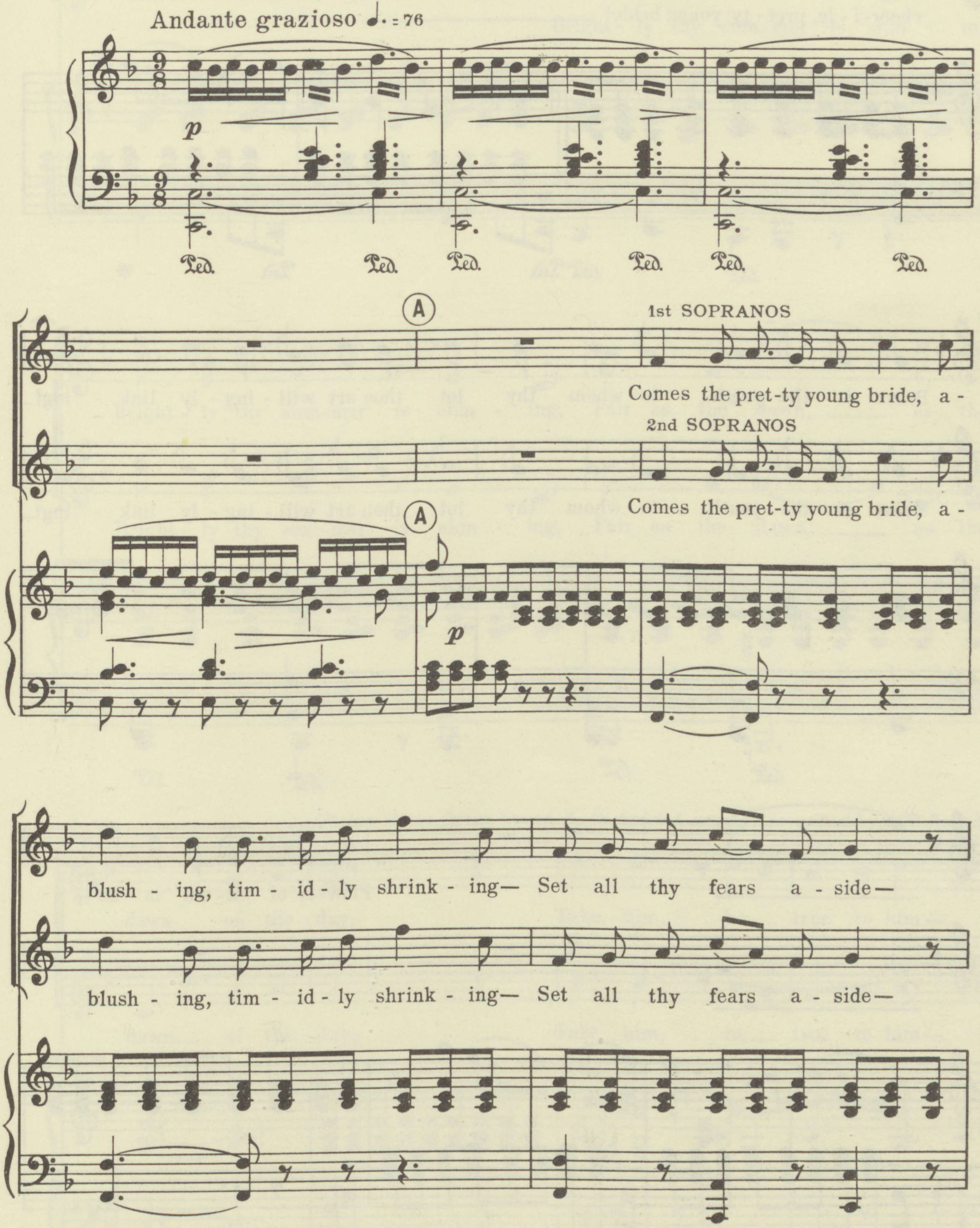

ture, rap - - - ture! Joy and jol-li-ty Then is
ful, Dole - - - ful! Court-ing priv-i-ty, Down de-
f
po-li-ty; Reigns fri-vol-i-ty! Rap-ture, rap - - -
cliv-i-ty Seeks cap-tiv-i-ty! Dole-ful, dole - - -
ture!
ful!
(She dances him off, L.)
ff

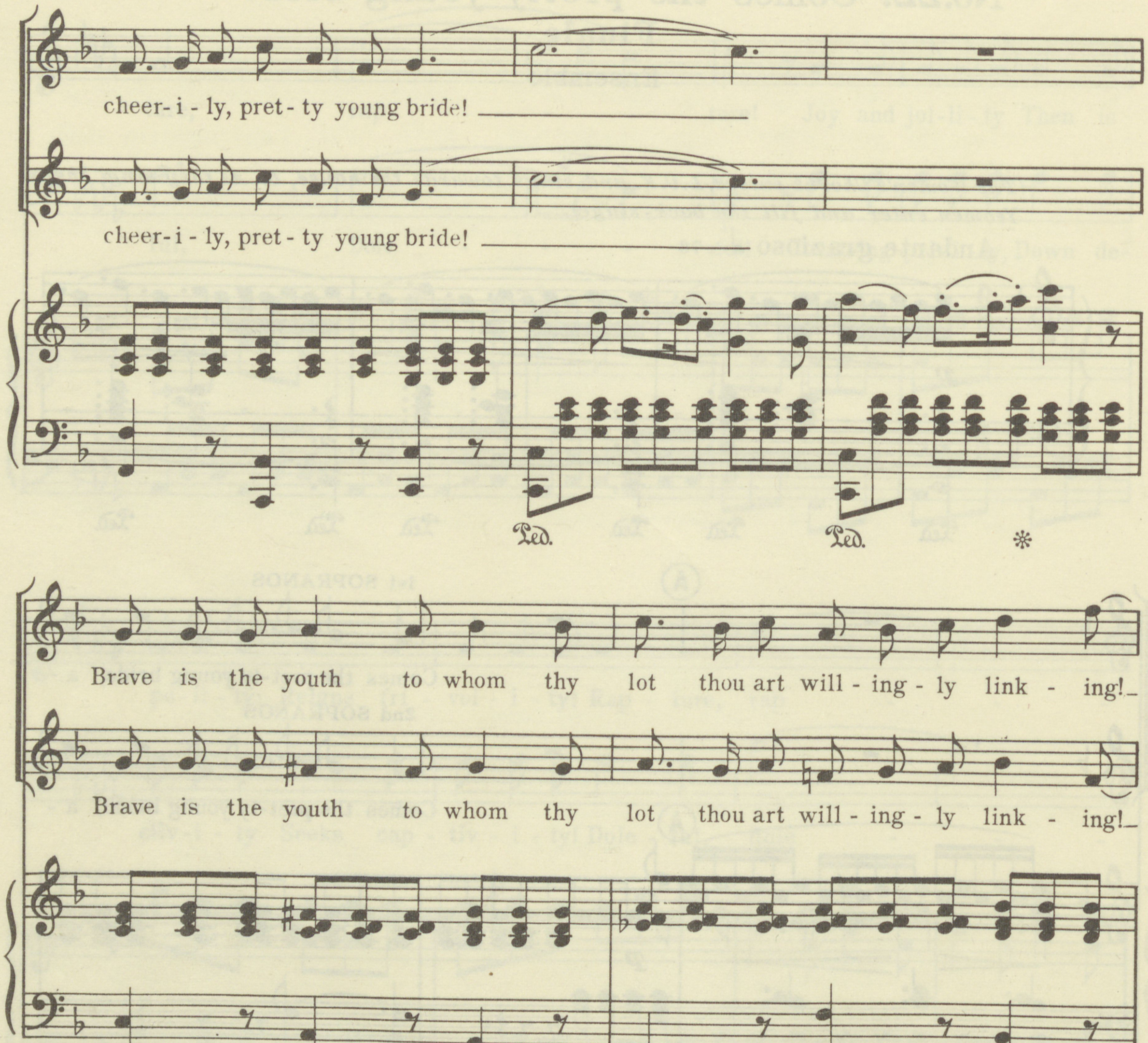
No.22. Comes the pretty young bride

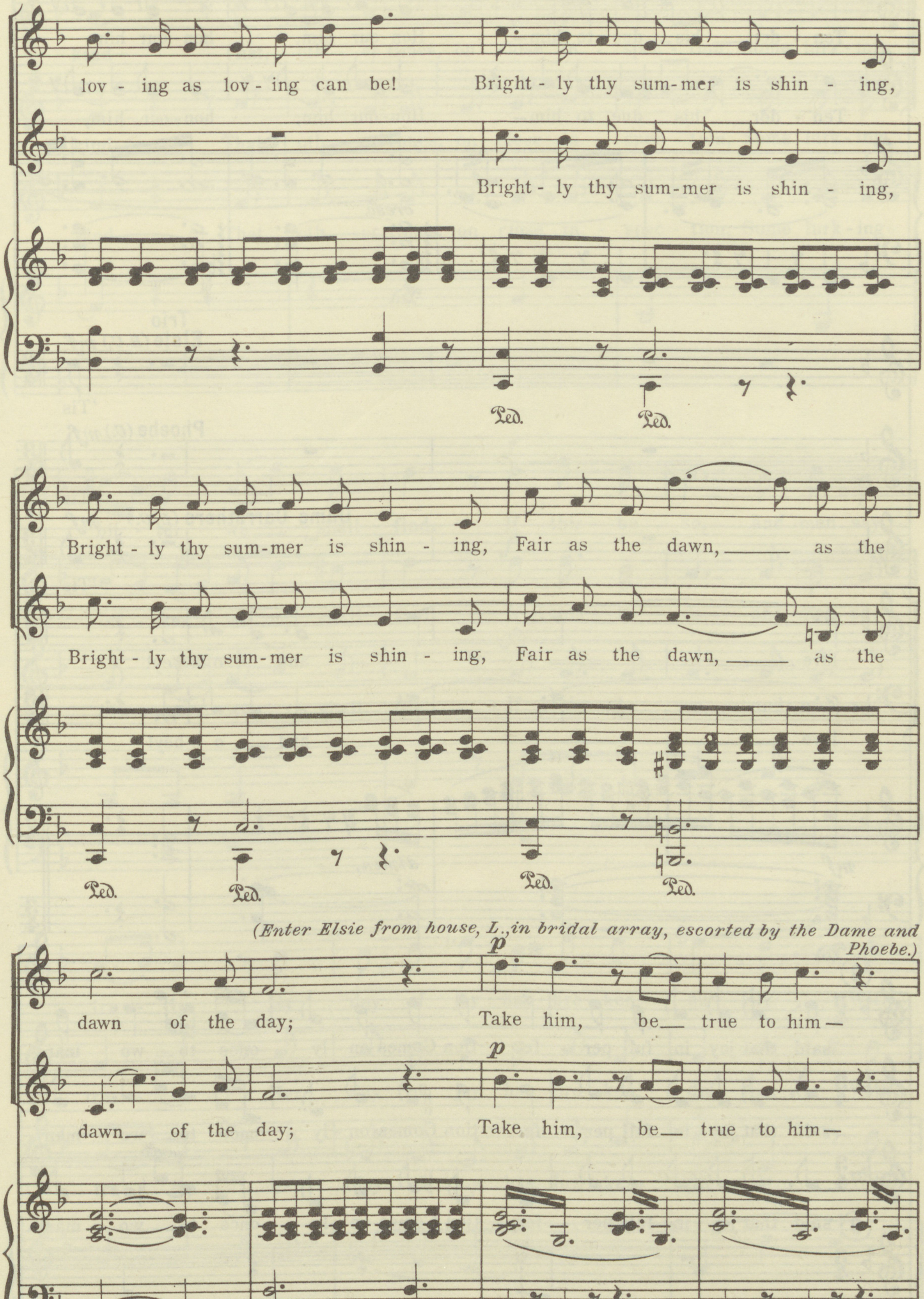
Finale

Ensemble

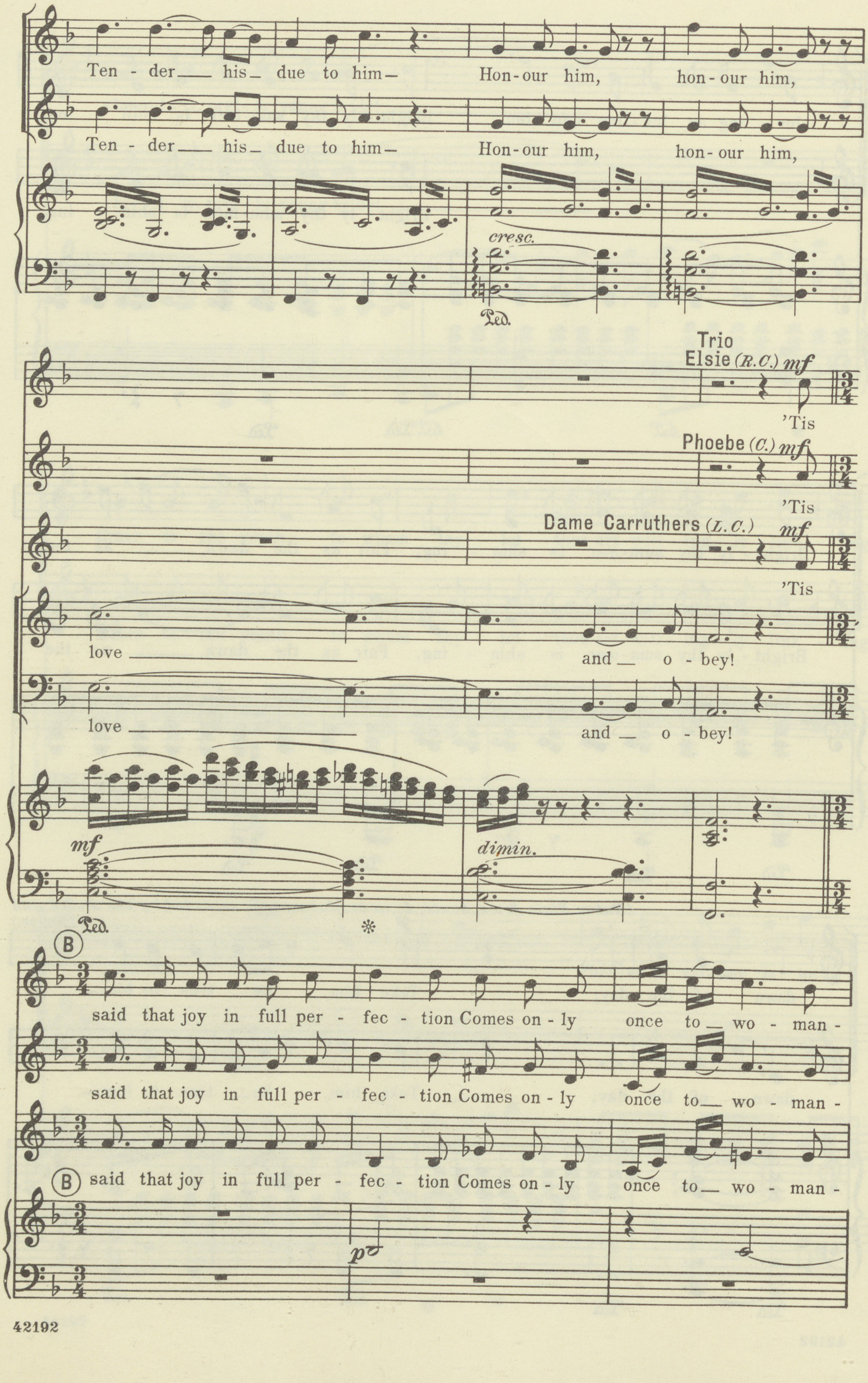
(The Women's Chorus enters, L.U.E., and sings towards the house, L. As they sing, the Yeomen enter and fill the back-stage)

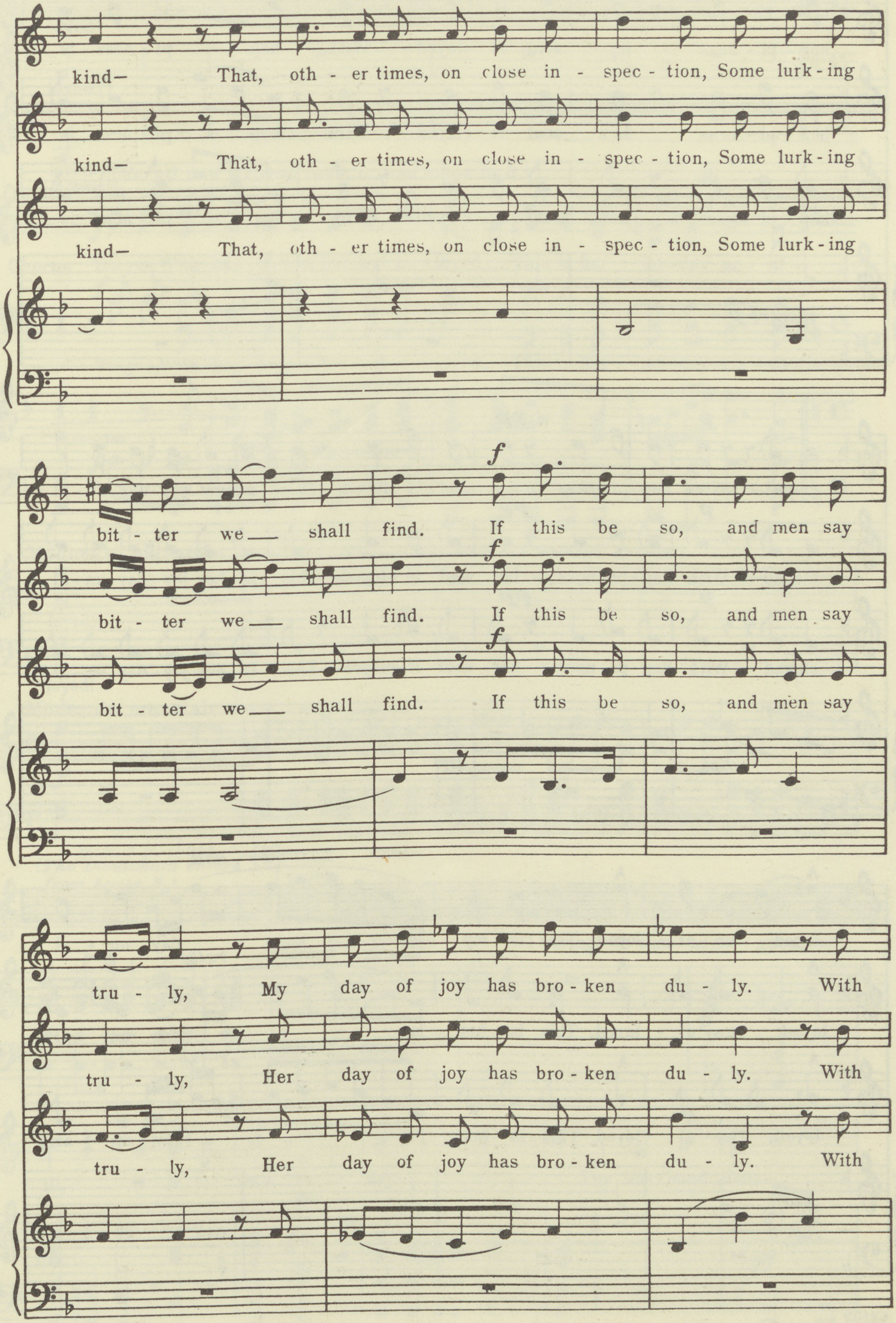

Andante grazioso ♩. = 76
p
Ped.
A
1st SOPRANOS
Comes the pret-ty young bride, a-
2nd SOPRANOS
Comes the pret-ty young bride, a-
p
blush-ing, tim-id-ly shrink-ing— Set all thy fears a-side—
blush-ing, tim-id-ly shrink-ing— Set all thy fears a-side—

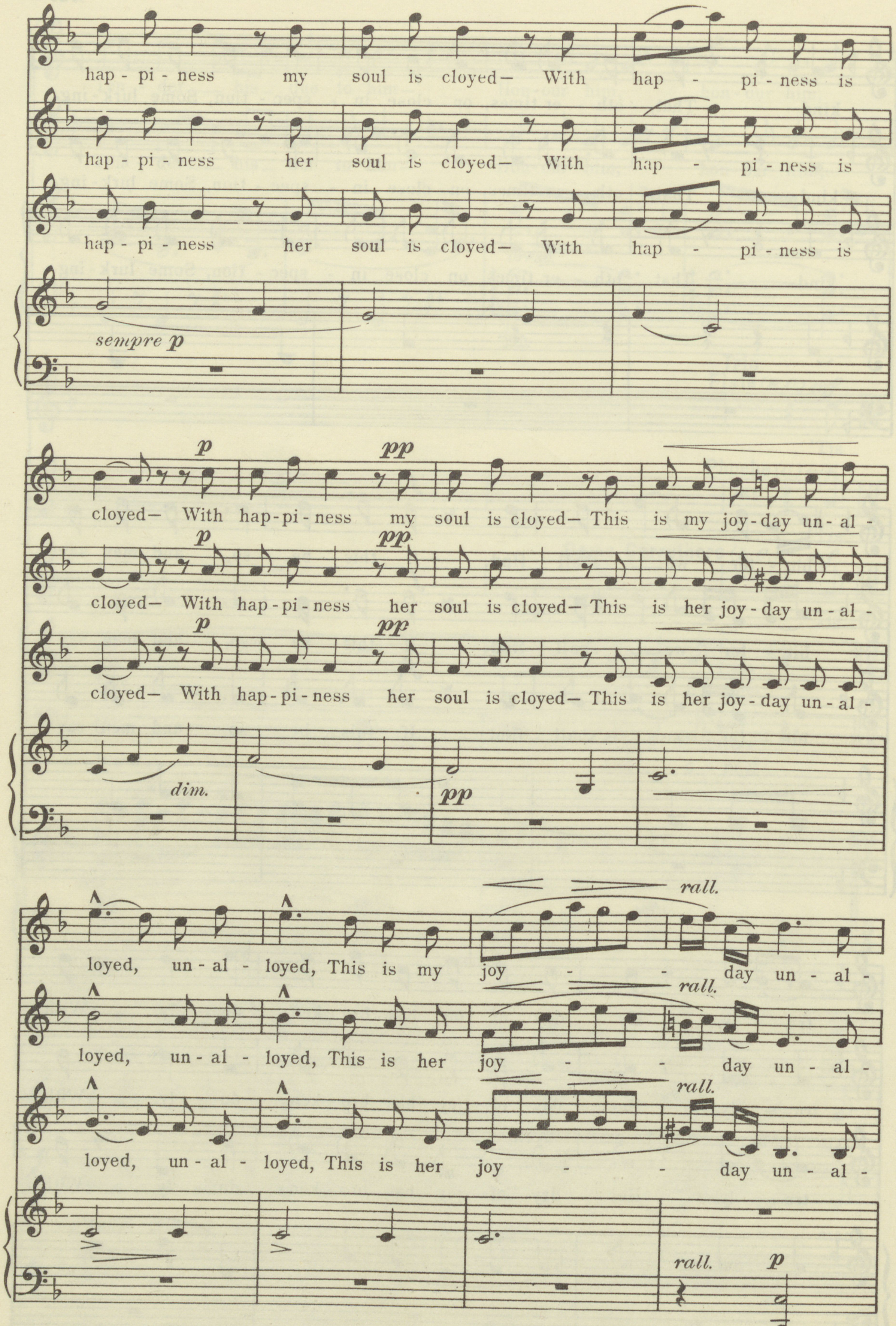

cheer-i-ly, pret-ty young bride!
cheer-i-ly, pret-ty young bride!
Ped.
Ped.
Brave is the youth to whom thy lot thou art will-ing-ly link-ing!
Brave is the youth to whom thy lot thou art will-ing-ly link-ing!
Flow-er of val-our is he—
Ped.
Ped.

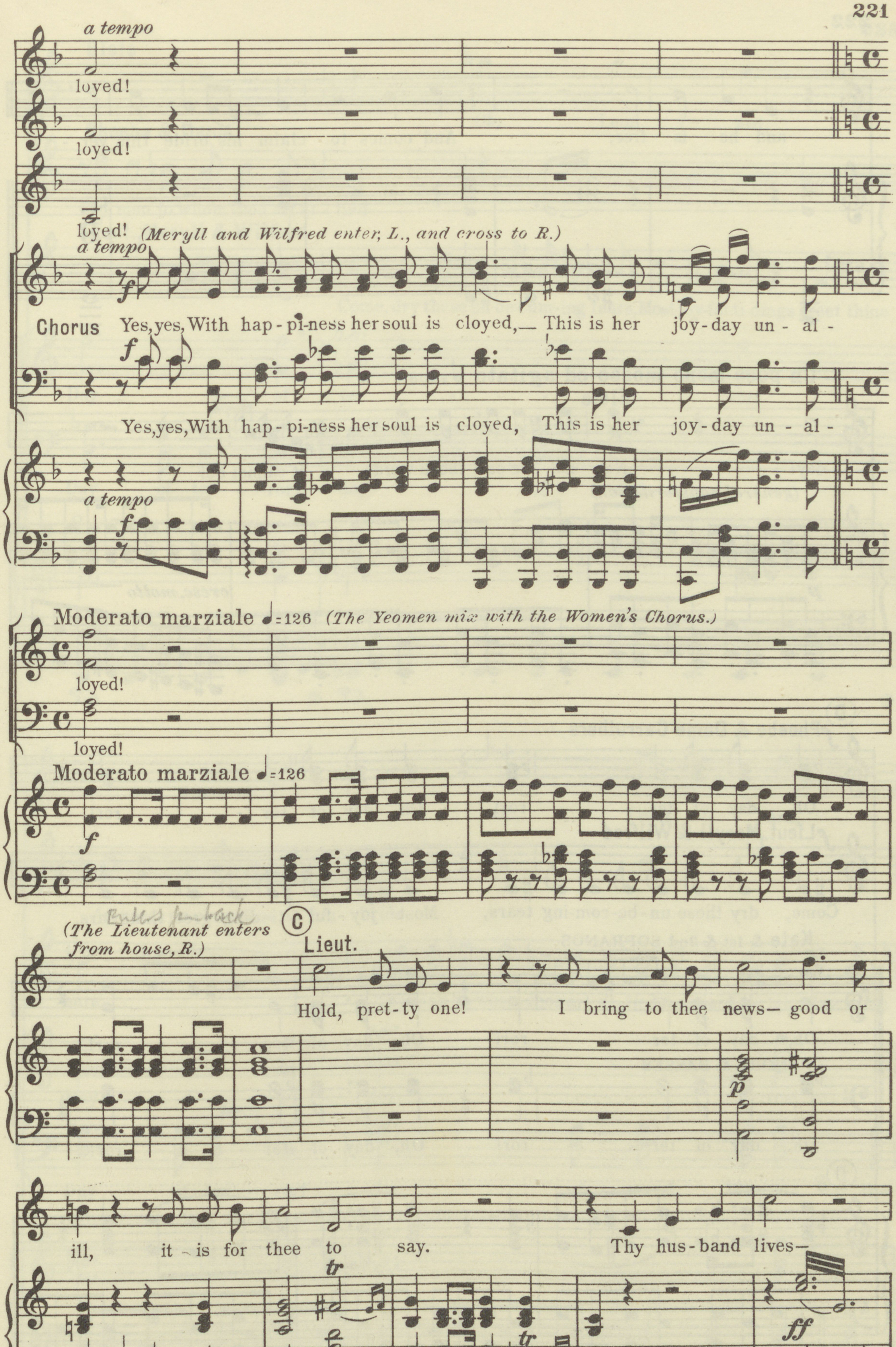

lov - ing as lov - ing can be! Bright - ly thy sum-mer is shin - ing,
Bright - ly thy sum-mer is shin - ing,
Ped. Ped.
Bright - ly thy sum-mer is shin - ing, Fair as the dawn, as the
Bright - ly thy sum-mer is shin - ing, Fair as the dawn, as the
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
p
dawn of the day; Take him, be true to him—
p
dawn of the day; Take him, be true to him—
Ped. Ped. *

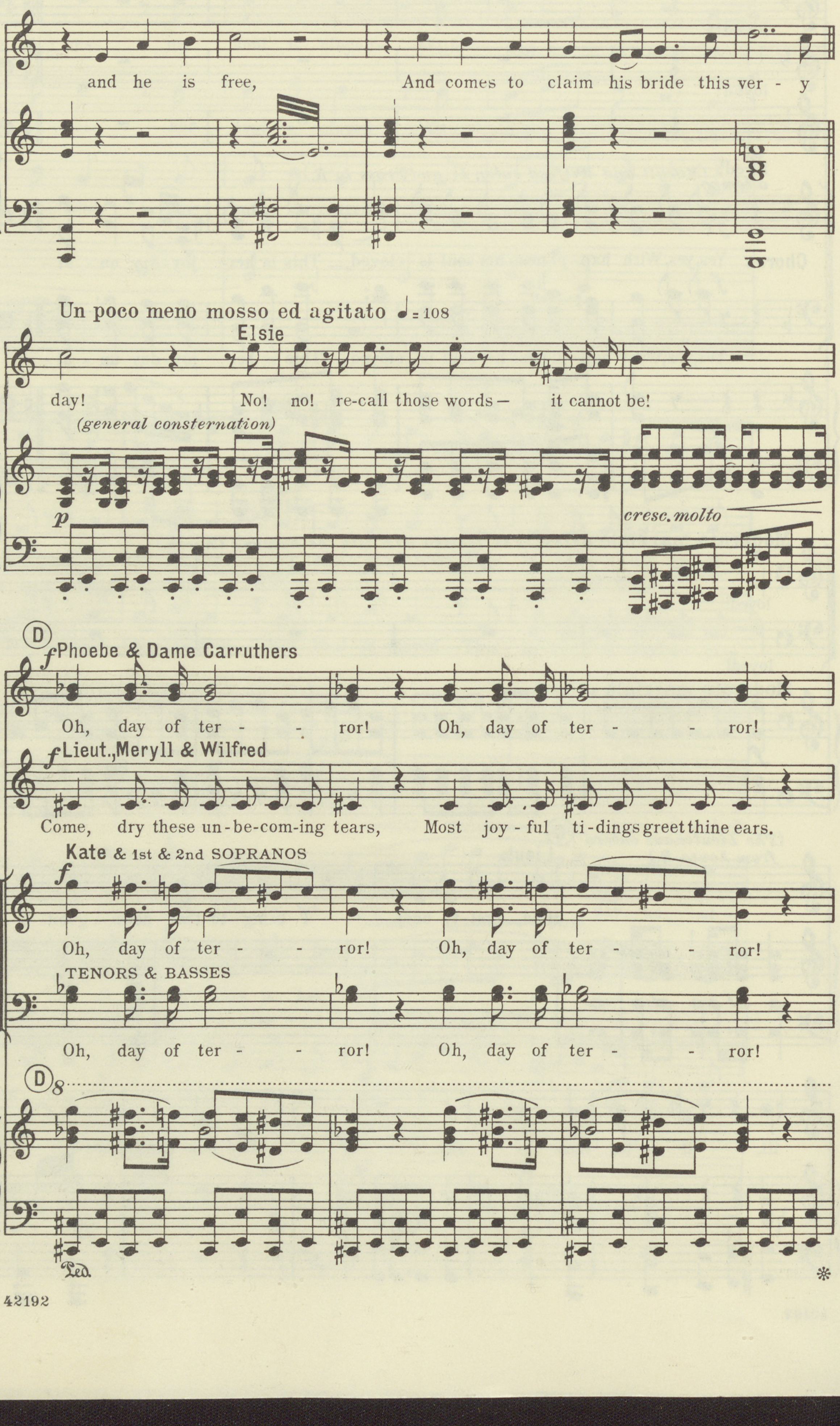
(Enter Elsie from house, L., in bridal array, escorted by the Dame and Phoebe.)

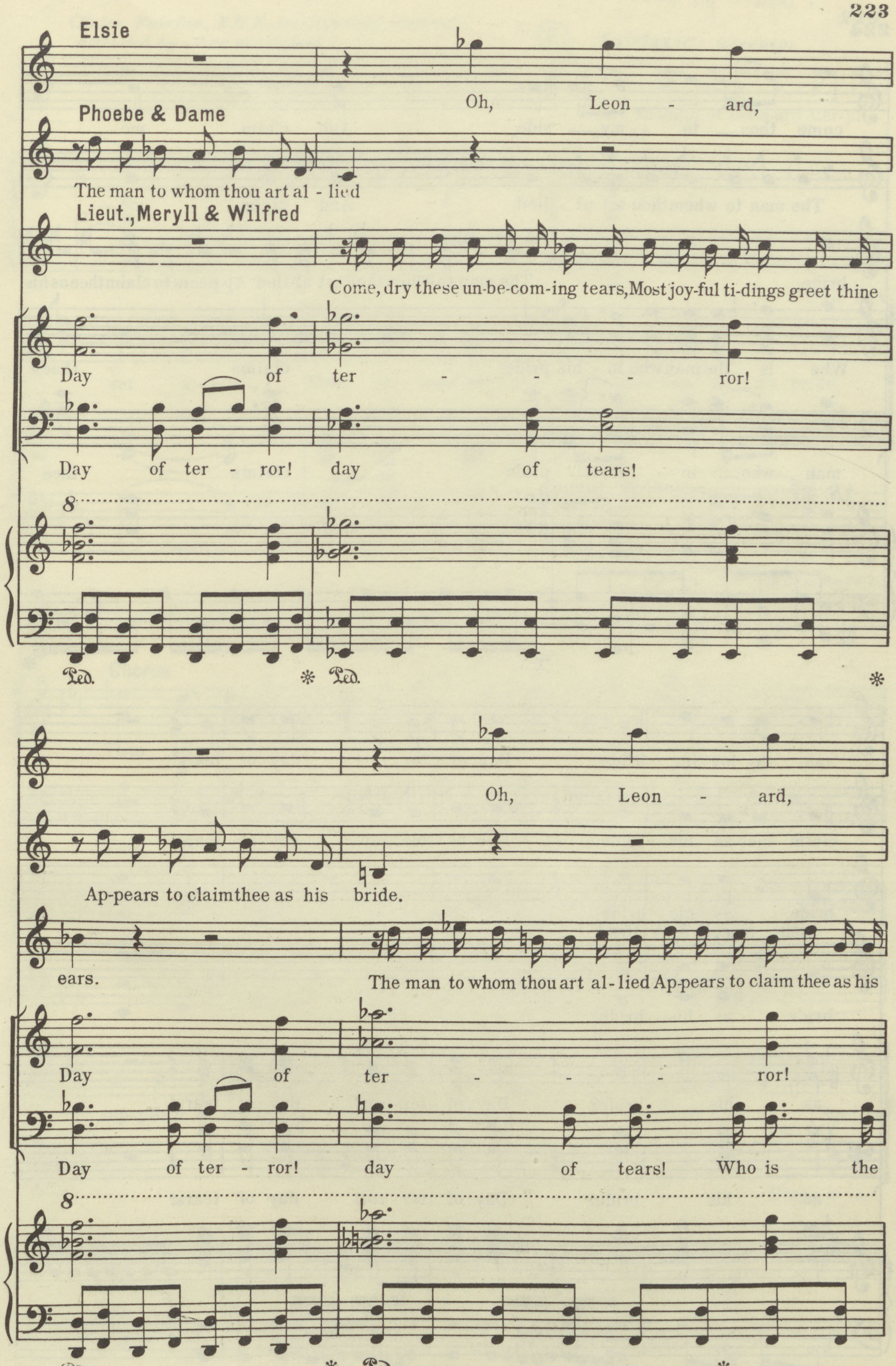

Ten - der — his - due to him — Hon - our him, hon - our him,
Ten - der — his - due to him — Hon - our him, hon - our him,
cresc.
Ped.
Trio
Elsie (R.C.) mf
'Tis
Phoebe (C.) mf
'Tis
Dame Carruthers (L.C.) mf
'Tis
love — and — o - bey!
love — and — o - bey!
mf
dimin.
Ped.
*
B
said that joy in full per - fec - tion Comes on - ly once to — wo - man -
said that joy in full per - fec - tion Comes on - ly once to — wo - man -
B
said that joy in full per - fec - tion Comes on - ly once to — wo - man -
p


kind— That, oth - er times, on close in - spec - tion, Some lurk - ing
kind— That, oth - er times, on close in - spec - tion, Some lurk - ing
kind— That, oth - er times, on close in - spec - tion, Some lurk - ing
f
bit - ter we— shall find. If this be so, and men say
f
bit - ter we— shall find. If this be so, and men say
f
bit - ter we— shall find. If this be so, and men say
tru - ly, My day of joy has bro - ken du - ly. With
tru - ly, Her day of joy has bro - ken du - ly. With
tru - ly, Her day of joy has bro - ken du - ly. With

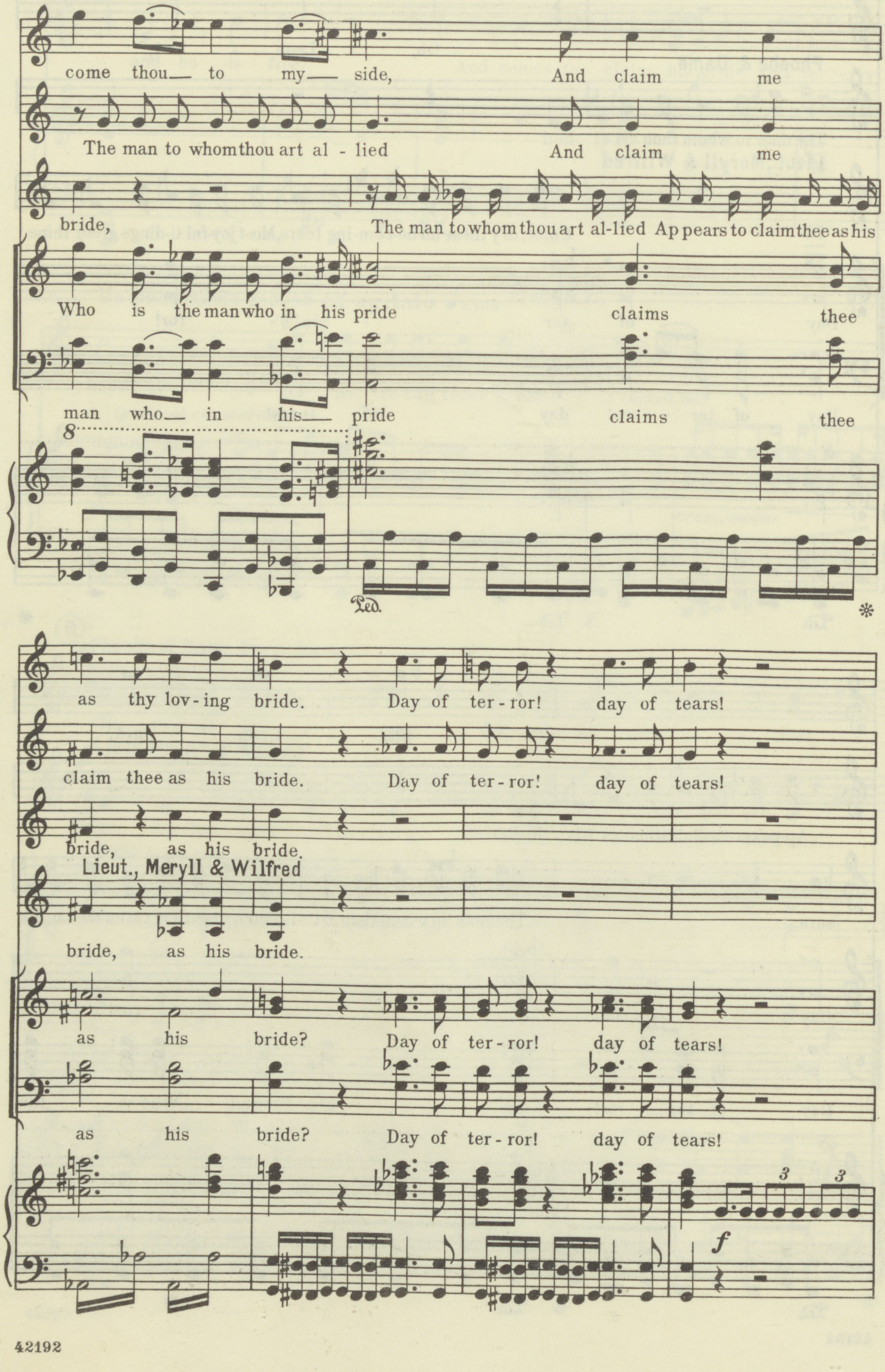

hap - pi - ness my soul is cloyed— With hap - pi - ness is
hap - pi - ness her soul is cloyed— With hap - pi - ness is
hap - pi - ness her soul is cloyed— With hap - pi - ness is
sempre p
p
pp
cloyed— With hap - pi - ness my soul is cloyed— This is my joy - day un - al -
cloyed— With hap - pi - ness her soul is cloyed— This is her joy - day un - al -
cloyed— With hap - pi - ness her soul is cloyed— This is her joy - day un - al -
dim.
pp
rall.
loyed, un - al - loyed, This is my joy - day un - al -
loyed, un - al - loyed, This is her joy - day un - al -
loyed, un - al - loyed, This is her joy - day un - al -
rall.
p


a tempo
loyed!
loyed!
loyed!
(Meryll and Wilfred enter, L., and cross to R.)
a tempo
f
Chorus
Yes, yes, With hap-pi-ness her soul is cloyed,— This is her joy-day un-al-
f
Yes, yes, With hap-pi-ness her soul is cloyed, This is her joy-day un-al-
a tempo
f
Moderato marziale ♩=126
(The Yeomen mix with the Women's Chorus.)
loyed!
loyed!
Moderato marziale ♩=126
f
Enters from back
(The Lieutenant enters from house, R.)
Ⓒ
Lieut.
Hold, pret-ty one! I bring to thee news— good or
p
ill, it-is for thee to say. Thy hus-band lives—
tr
tr
ff


and he is free, And comes to claim his bride this ver - y
Un poco meno mosso ed agitato ♩= 108
Elsie
day! No! no! re-call those words — it cannot be!
(general consternation)
p
cresc. molto
D
f Phoebe & Dame Carruthers
Oh, day of ter - - ror! Oh, day of ter - - ror!
f Lieut., Meryll & Wilfred
Come, dry these un-be-com-ing tears, Most joy-ful ti-dings greet thine ears.
Kate & 1st & 2nd SOPRANOS
f
Oh, day of ter - - ror! Oh, day of ter - - ror!
TENORS & BASSES
Oh, day of ter - - ror! Oh, day of ter - - ror!
D
8
Ped.
*

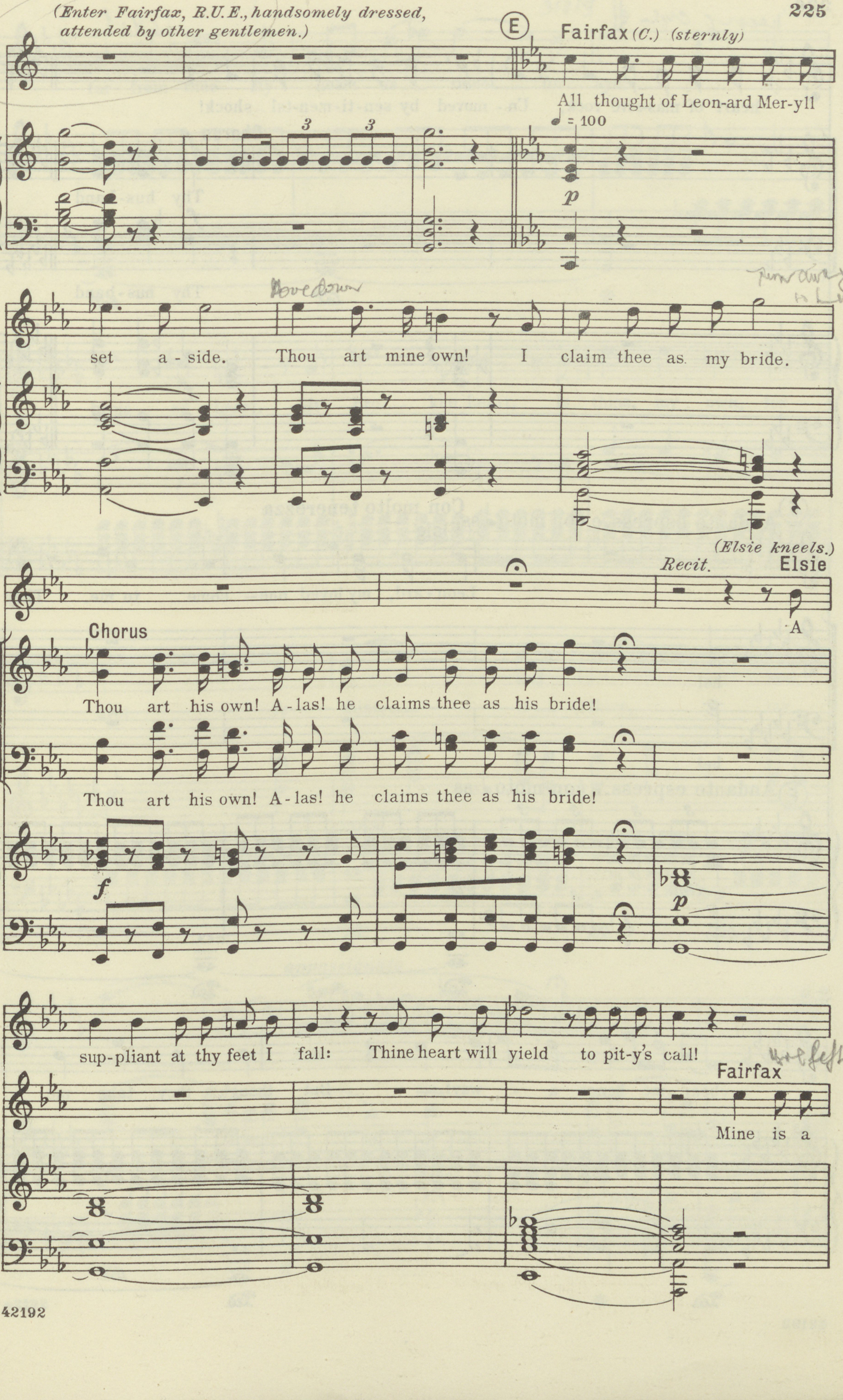

Elsie
Oh, Leon - ard,
Phoebe & Dame
The man to whom thou art al - lied
Lieut., Meryll & Wilfred
Come, dry these un-be-com-ing tears, Most joy-ful ti-dings greet thine
Day of ter - - - ror!
Day of ter - ror! day of tears!
8
Ped. * Ped. *
Oh, Leon - ard,
Ap-pears to claim thee as his bride.
ears.
The man to whom thou art al - lied Ap-pears to claim thee as his
Day of ter - - - ror!
Day of ter - ror! day of tears! Who is the
8
Ped. * Ped. *

Prepare for entry


come thou to my side, And claim me
The man to whom thou art al-lied And claim me
bride, The man to whom thou art al-lied Ap-pears to claim thee as his
Who is the man who in his pride claims thee
man who in his pride claims thee
8
Ped.
*
as thy lov-ing bride. Day of ter-ror! day of tears!
claim thee as his bride. Day of ter-ror! day of tears!
bride, as his bride.
Lieut., Meryll & Wilfred
bride, as his bride.
as his bride? Day of ter-ror! day of tears!
as his bride? Day of ter-ror! day of tears!
3
3
f

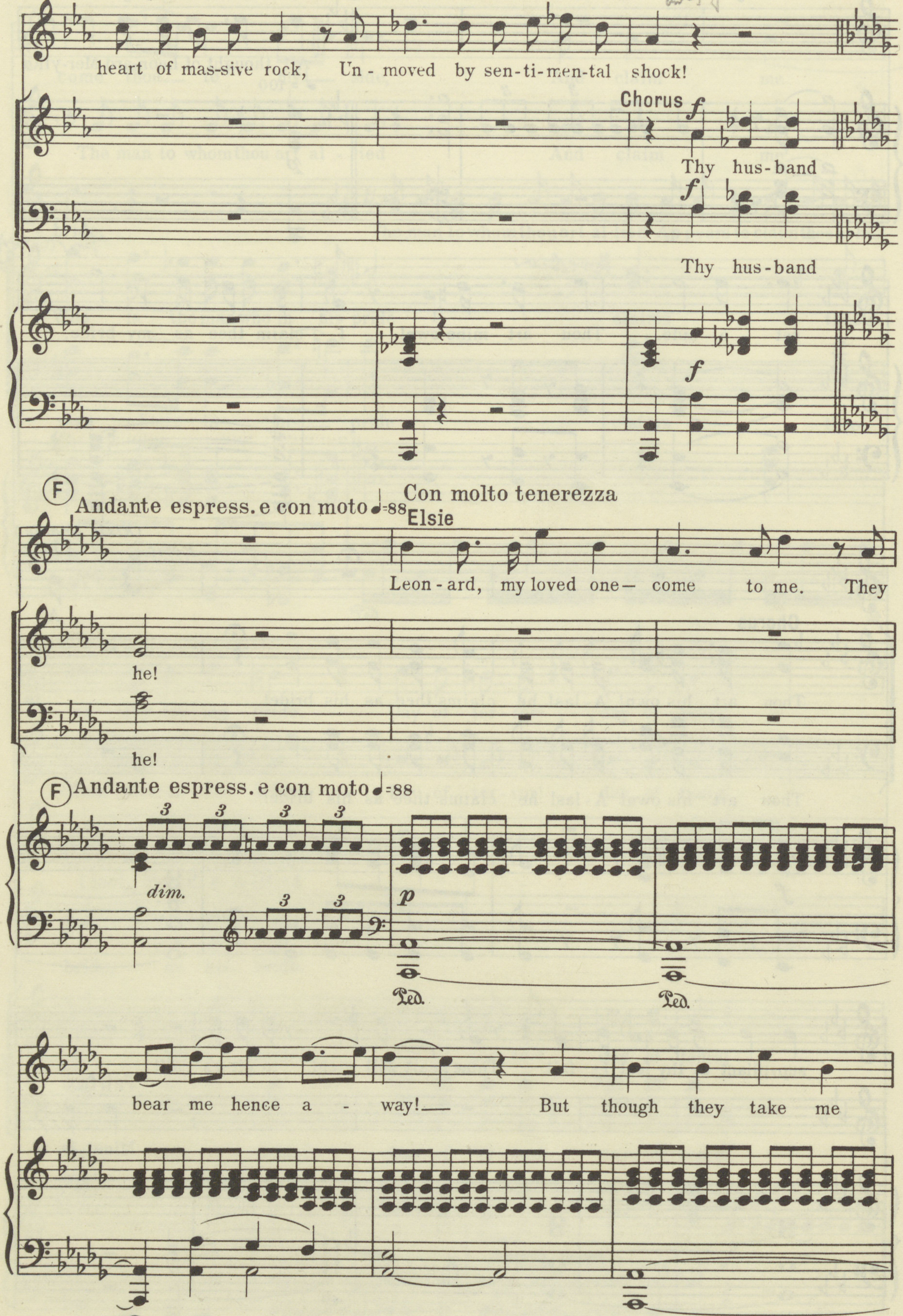
Enter from back

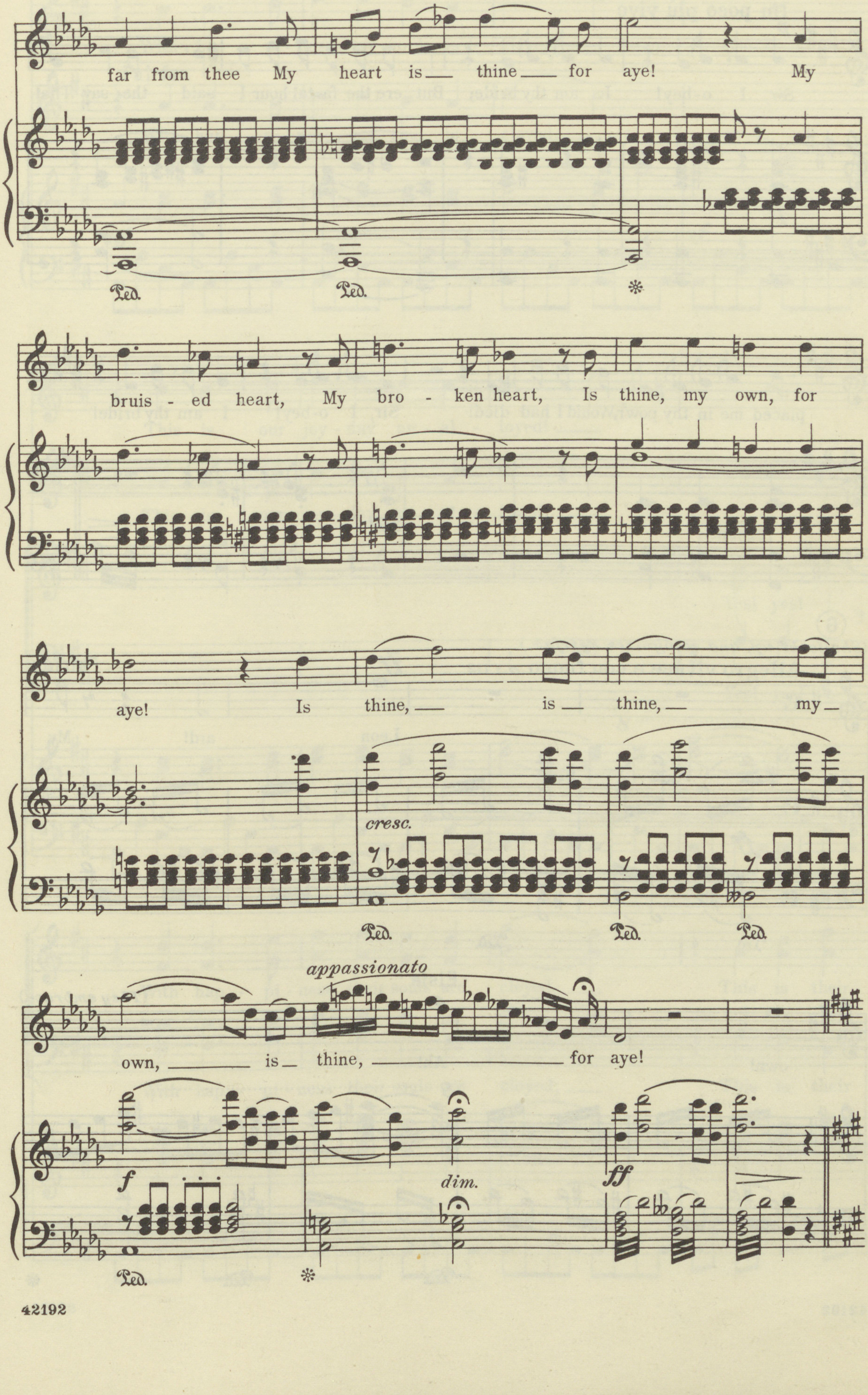
(Enter Fairfax, R.U.E., handsomely dressed, attended by other gentlemen.)

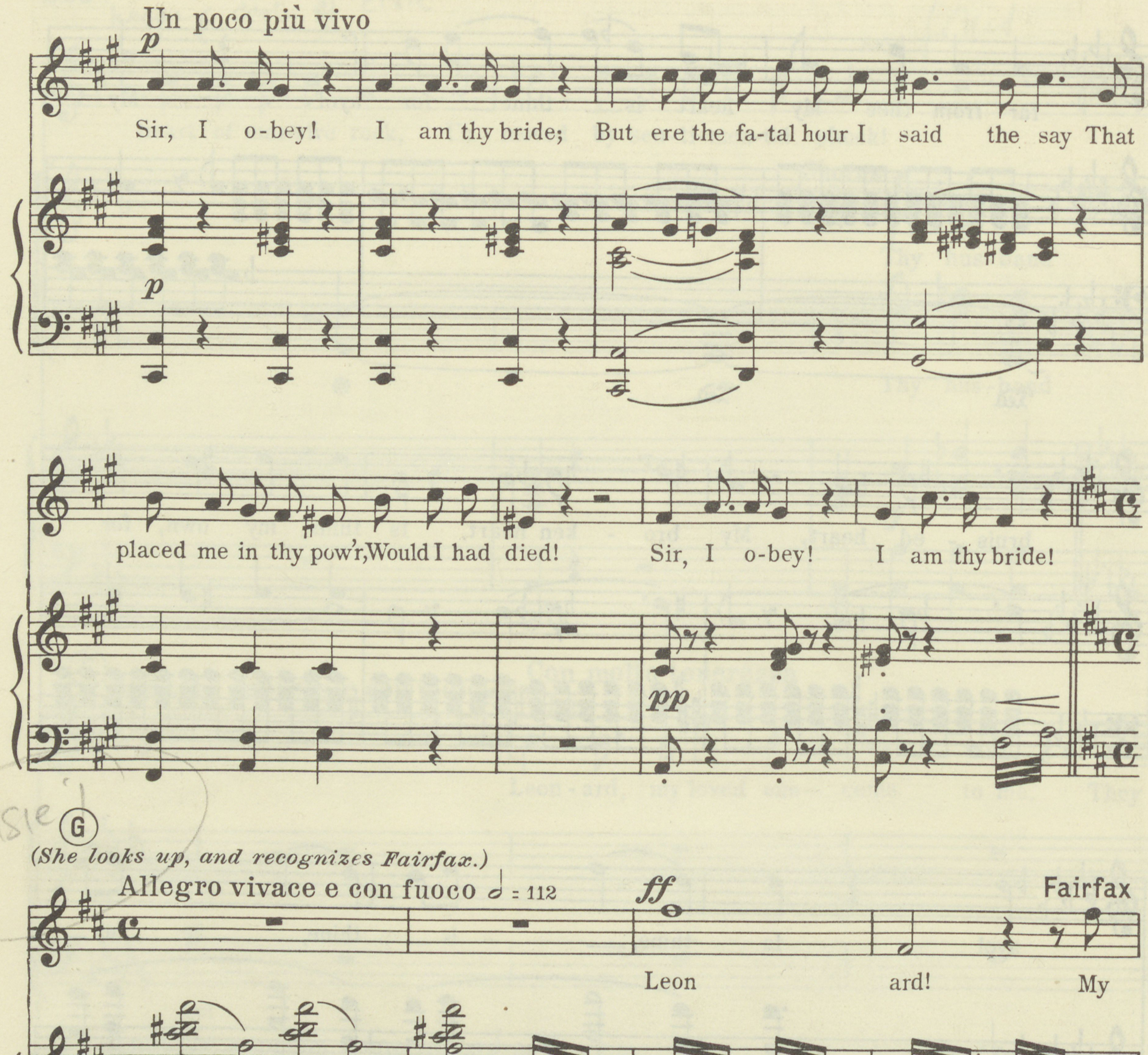

E
Fairfax (C.) (sternly)
All thought of Leon-ard Mer-yll
♩ = 100
p
set a-side. Thou art mine own! I claim thee as my bride.
Move down
Turn away to Lieut
Chorus
Thou art his own! A-las! he claims thee as his bride!
Thou art his own! A-las! he claims thee as his bride!
f
(Elsie kneels.)
Recit.
Elsie
A
p
sup-pliant at thy feet I fall: Thine heart will yield to pit-y's call!
Half left
Fairfax
Mine is a

keeping eye of Elsie

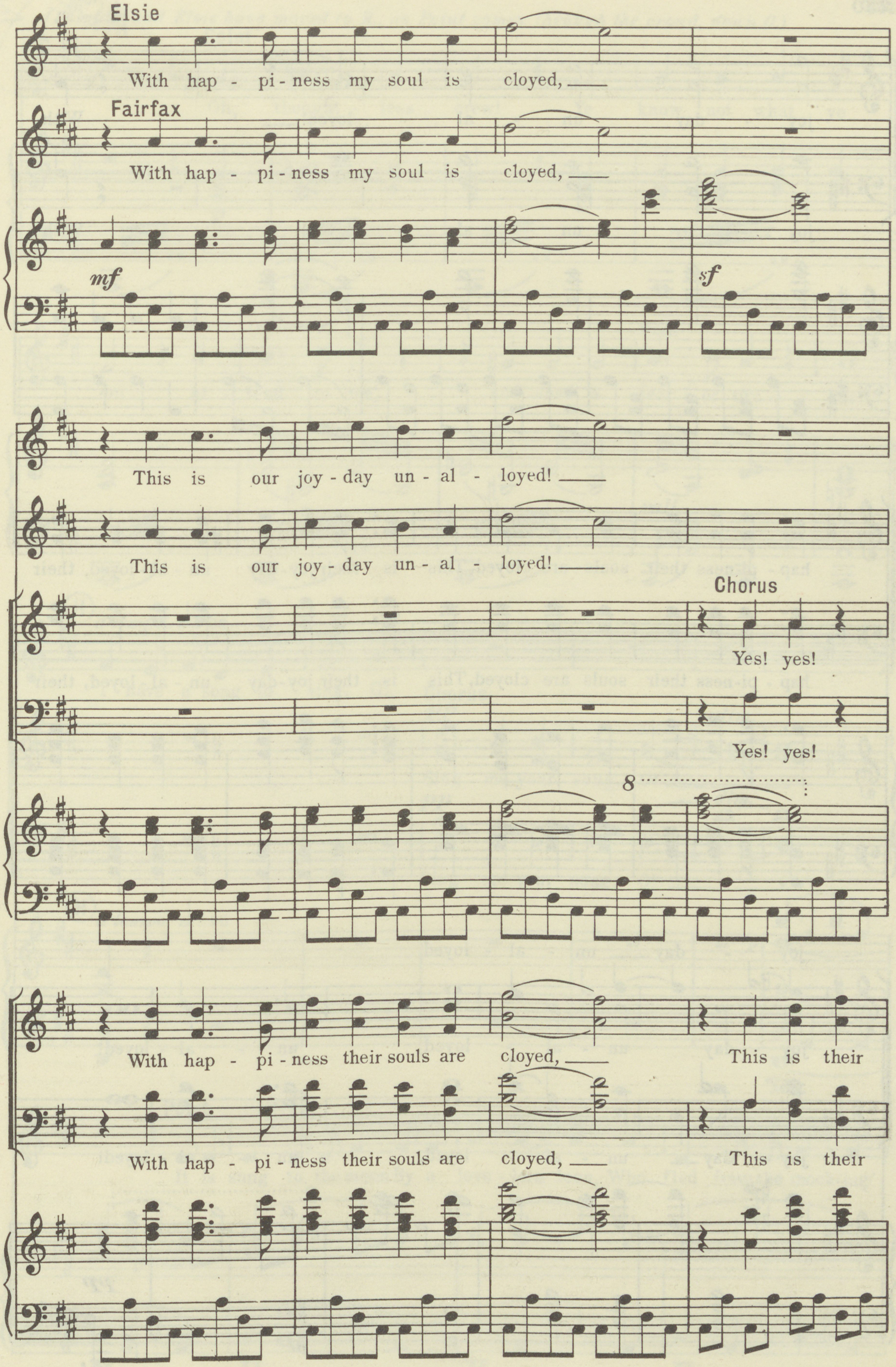
ans [illegible]


heart of mas-sive rock, Un-moved by sen-ti-men-tal shock!
Chorus
f
Thy hus-band
f
Thy hus-band
f
F
Andante espress. e con moto ♩=88
Con molto tenerezza
Elsie
Leon-ard, my loved one— come to me. They
he!
he!
F
Andante espress. e con moto ♩=88
3
dim.
p
Ped.
bear me hence a-way!— But though they take me
Ped.
*

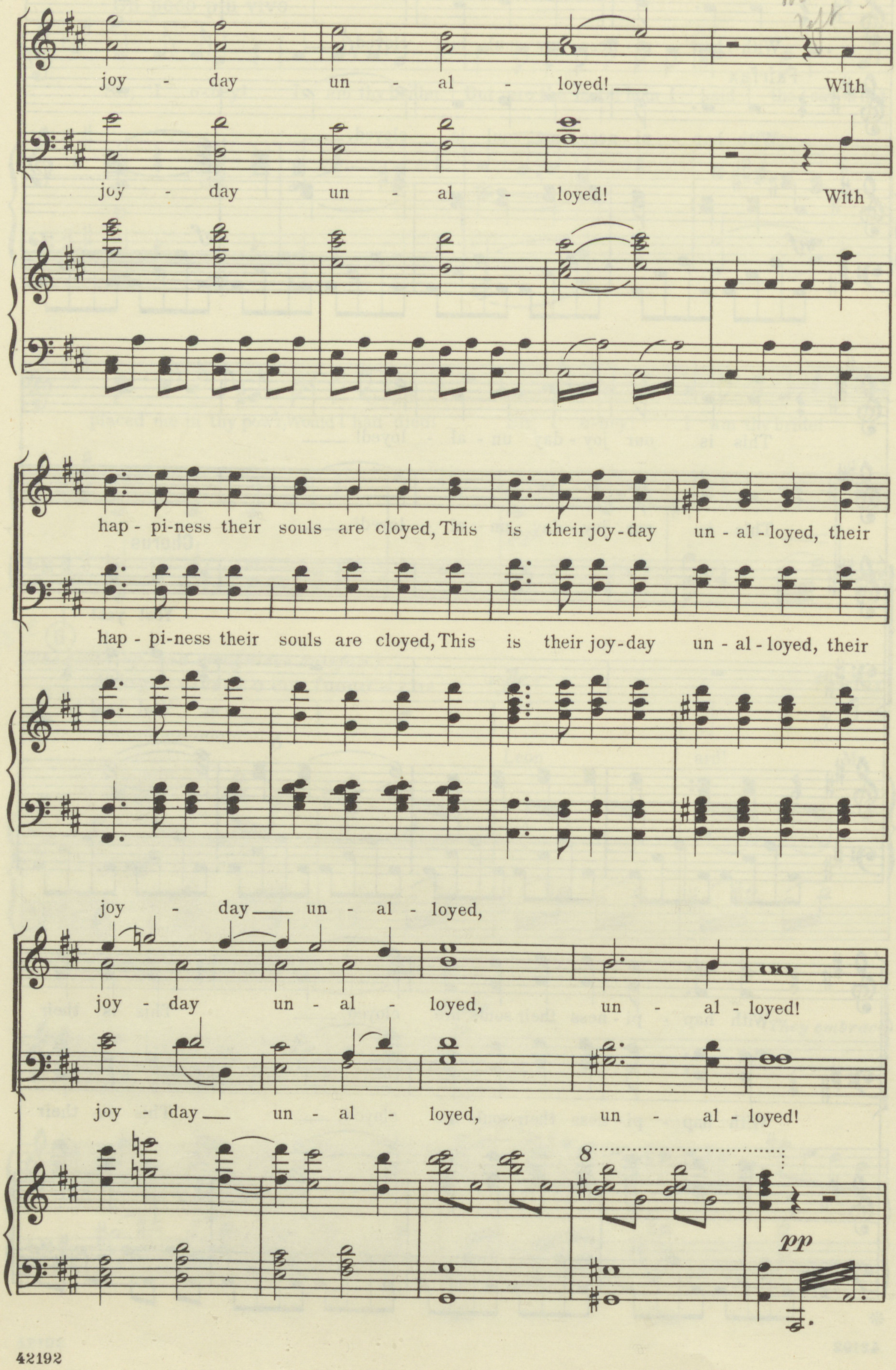

far from thee My heart is thine for aye! My
Ped.
Ped.
*
bruis - ed heart, My bro - ken heart, Is thine, my own, for
aye! Is thine, is thine, my
cresc.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
appassionato
own, is thine, for aye!
f
dim.
ff
Ped.
*


Un poco più vivo
p
Sir, I o-bey! I am thy bride; But ere the fa-tal hour I said the say That
p
placed me in thy pow'r, Would I had died! Sir, I o-bey! I am thy bride!
pp
G
(She looks up, and recognizes Fairfax.)
Allegro vivace e con fuoco 𝅗𝅥 = 112
ff
Fairfax
Leon ard! My
ff
Ped.
Ped.
own!
Elsie
Ah!
(They embrace.)
8
Ped.
Ped.
*

Elsie

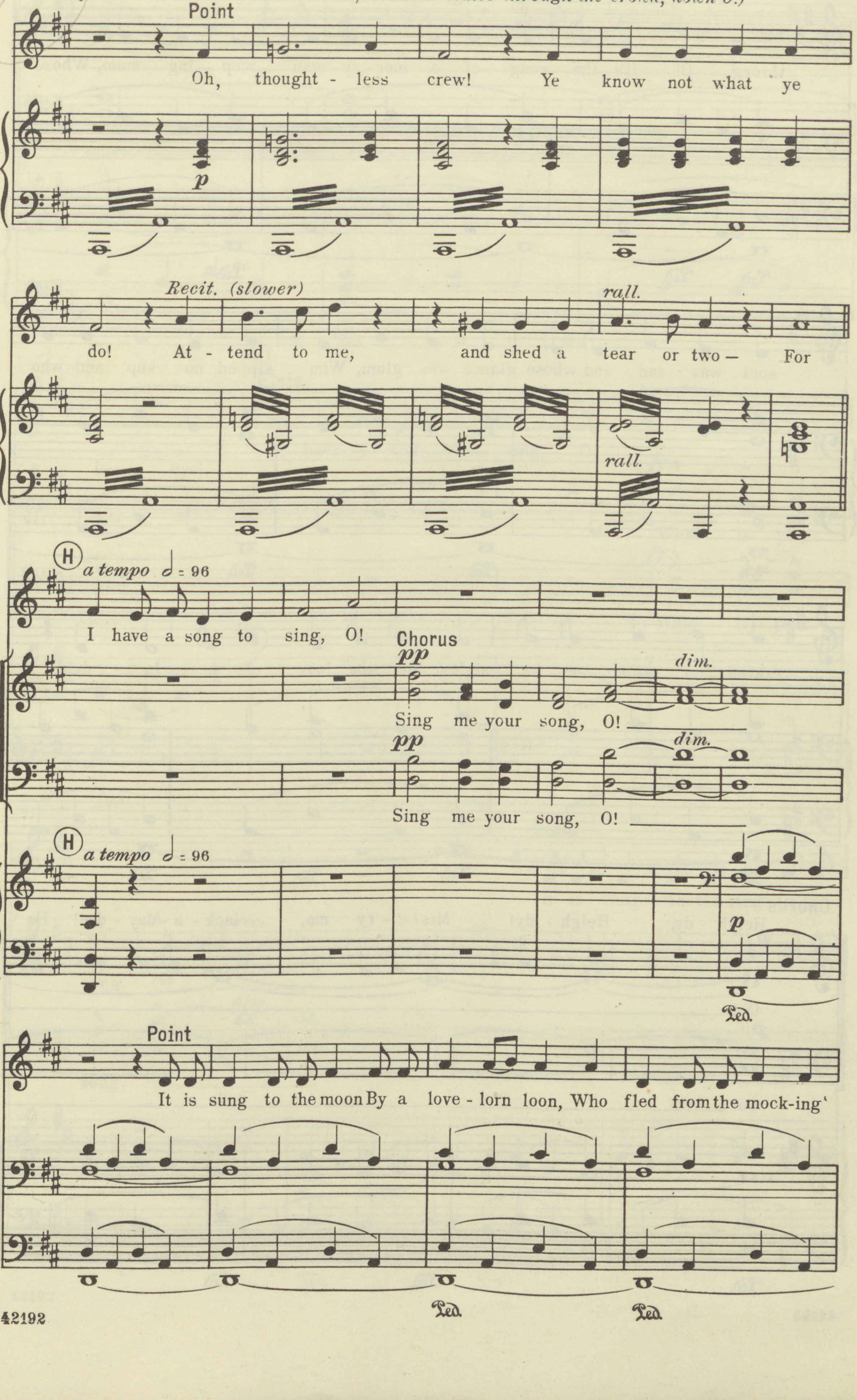

Elsie
With hap - pi - ness my soul is cloyed,
Fairfax
With hap - pi - ness my soul is cloyed,
mf
sf
This is our joy - day un - al - loyed!
This is our joy - day un - al - loyed!
Chorus
Yes! yes!
Yes! yes!
8
With hap - pi - ness their souls are cloyed,
This is their
With hap - pi - ness their souls are cloyed,
This is their

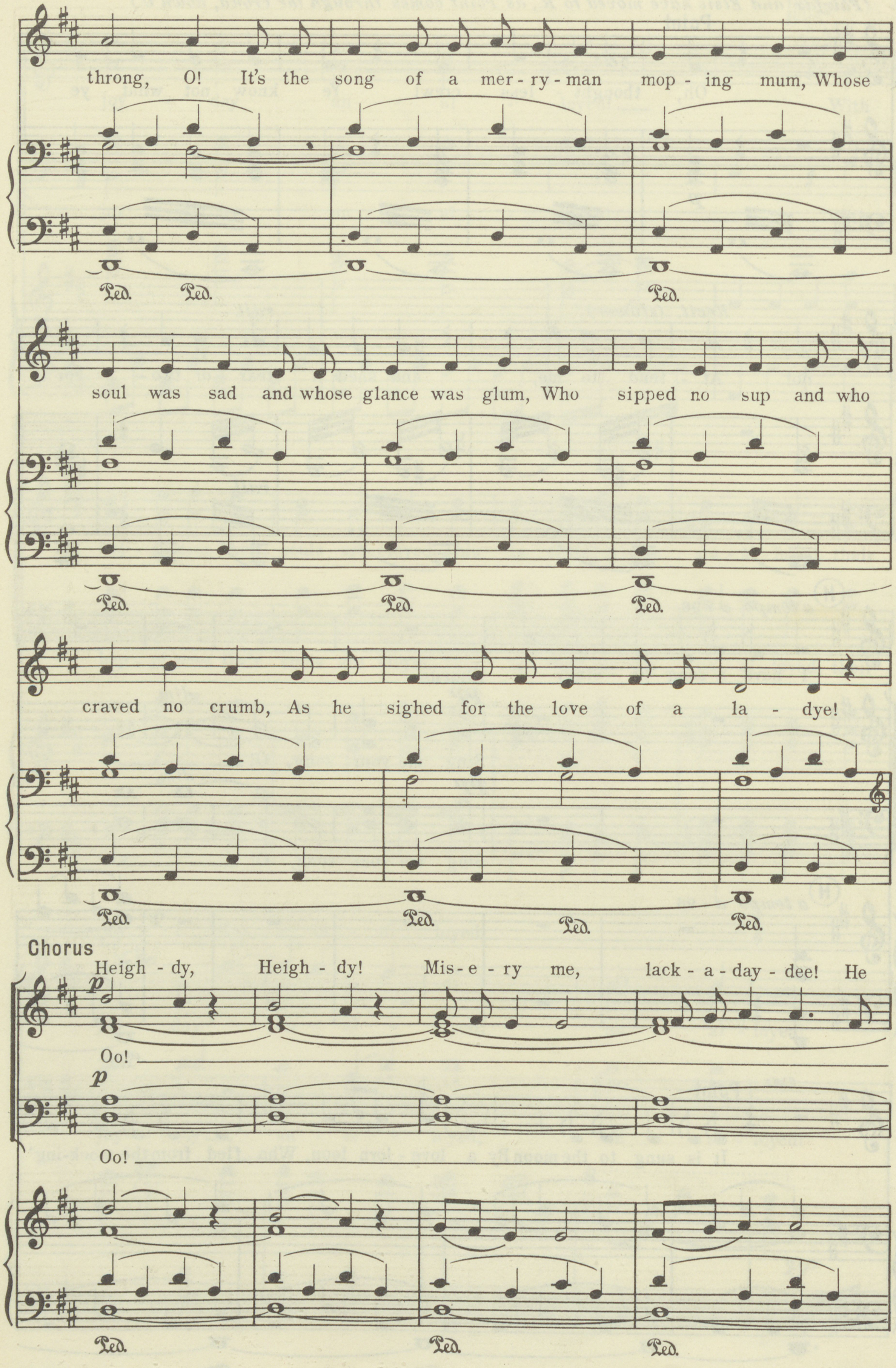
Move left

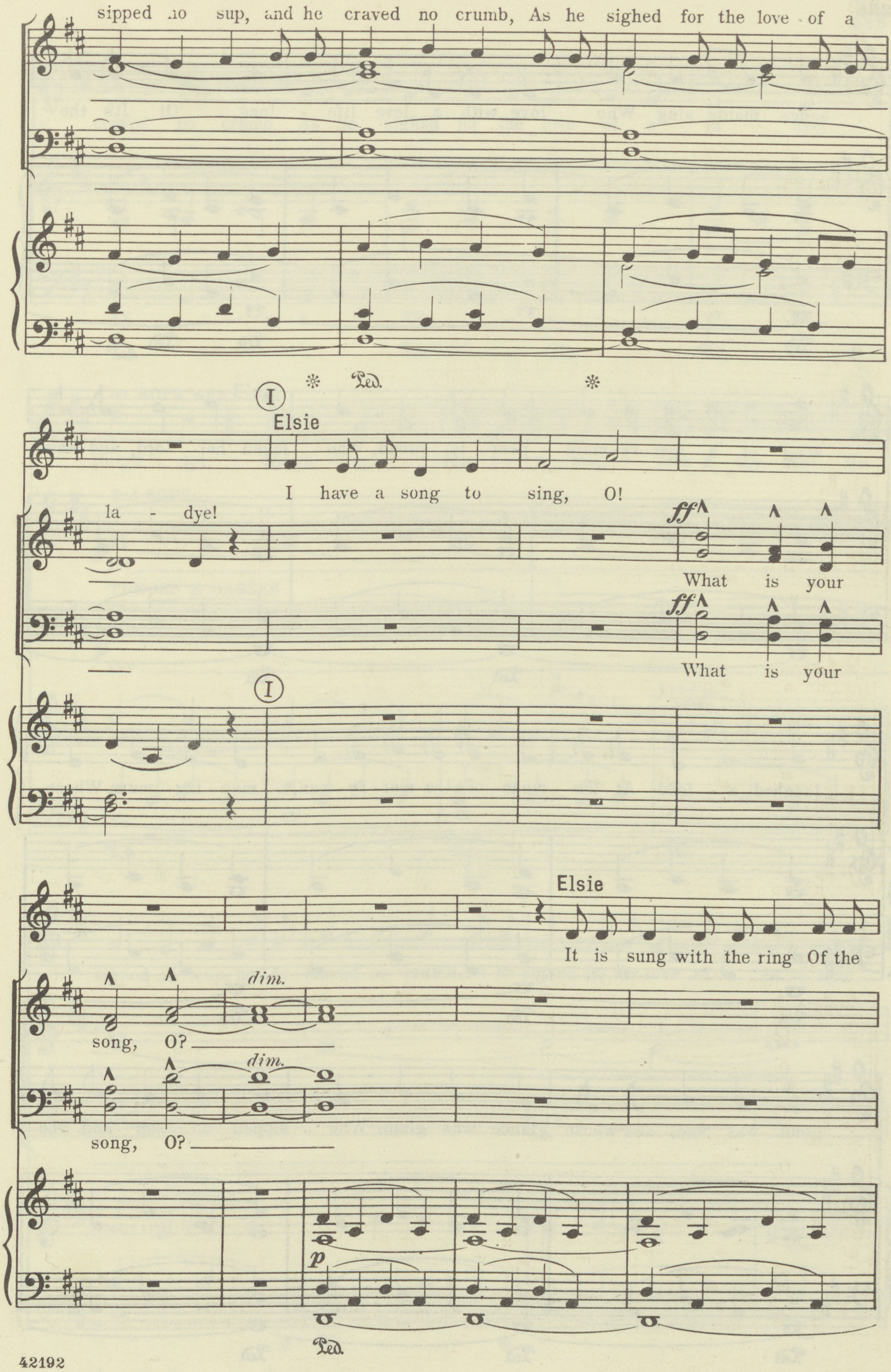

joy - day un - al - loyed! With
joy - day un - al - loyed! With
hap - pi-ness their souls are cloyed, This is their joy-day un - al - loyed, their
hap - pi-ness their souls are cloyed, This is their joy-day un - al - loyed, their
joy - day un - al - loyed,
joy - day un - al - loyed, un - al - loyed!
joy - day un - al - loyed, un - al - loyed!
8
pp

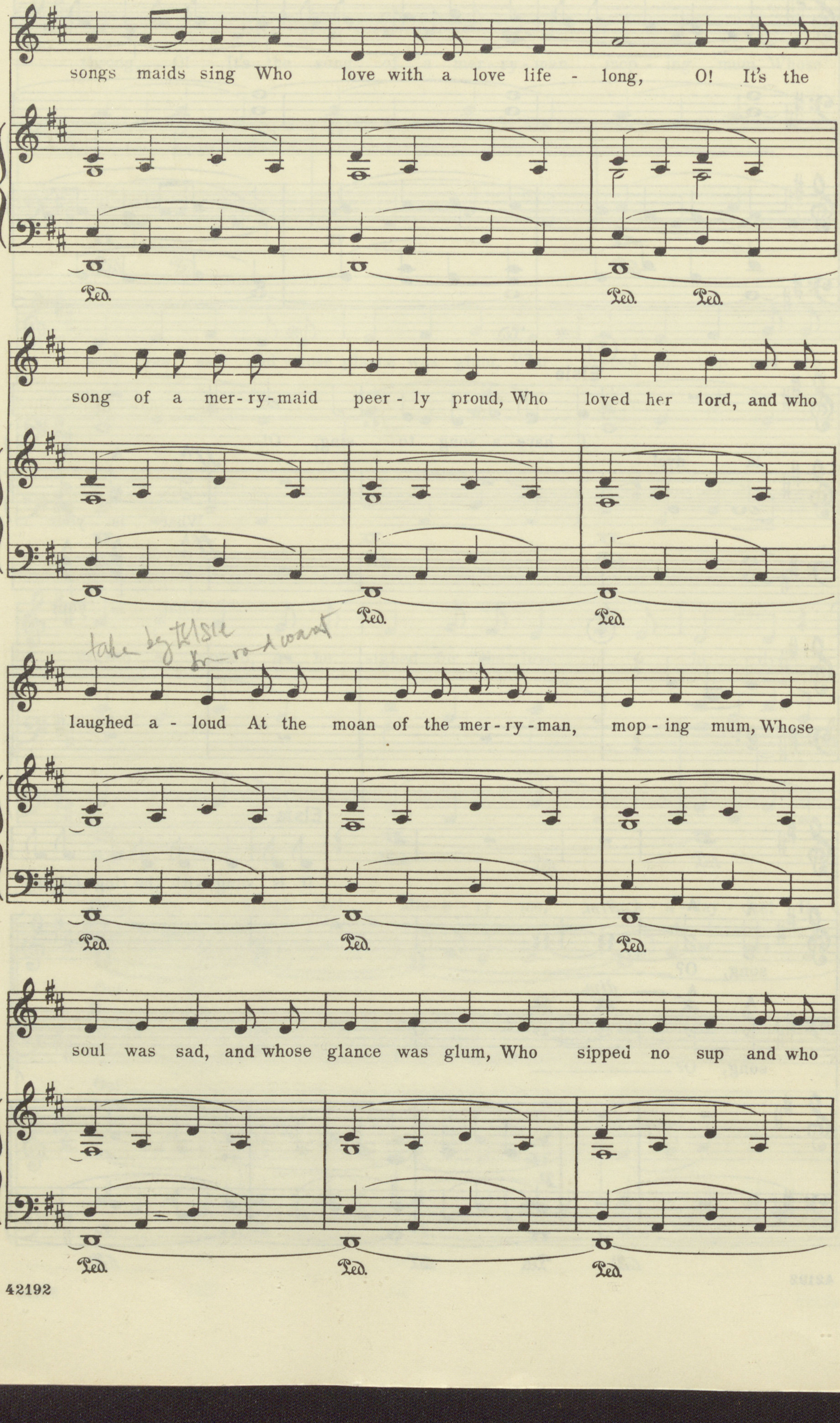
Exit left with Elsie

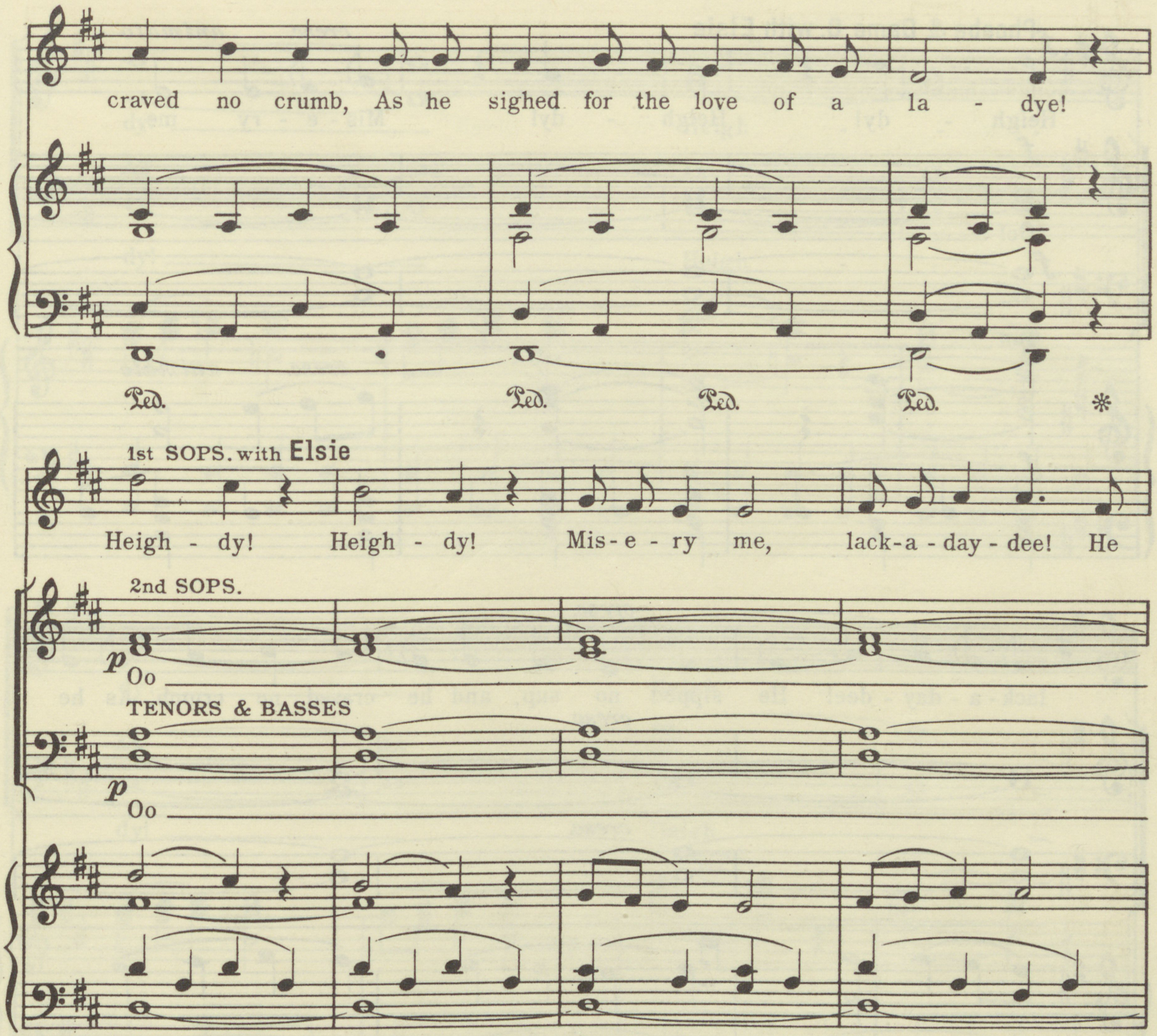
(Fairfax and Elsie have moved to R., as Point comes through the crowd, down C.)

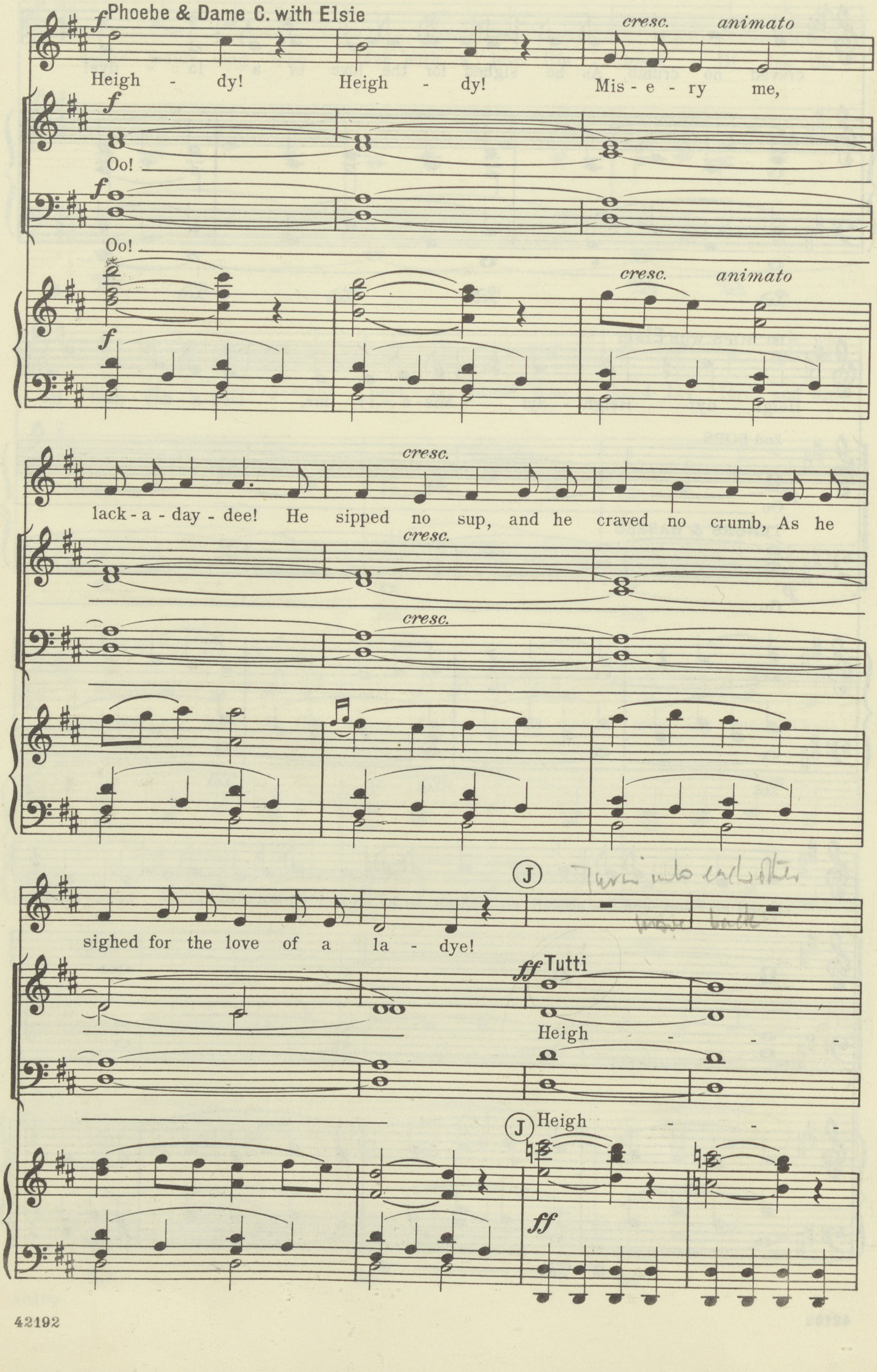

Point
Oh, thought - less crew! Ye know not what ye
p
Recit. (slower)
rall.
do! At - tend to me, and shed a tear or two — For
rall.
H
a tempo 𝅗𝅥 = 96
I have a song to sing, O!
Chorus
pp
dim.
Sing me your song, O!
pp
dim.
Sing me your song, O!
H
a tempo 𝅗𝅥 = 96
p
Ped.
Point
It is sung to the moon By a love - lorn loon, Who fled from the mock-ing'
Ped.
Ped.


throng, O! It's the song of a mer-ry-man mop-ing mum, Whose
soul was sad and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup and who
craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la-dye!
Chorus
Heigh-dy, Heigh-dy! Mis-e-ry me, lack-a-day-dee! He
p
Oo!
p
Oo!
Ped.

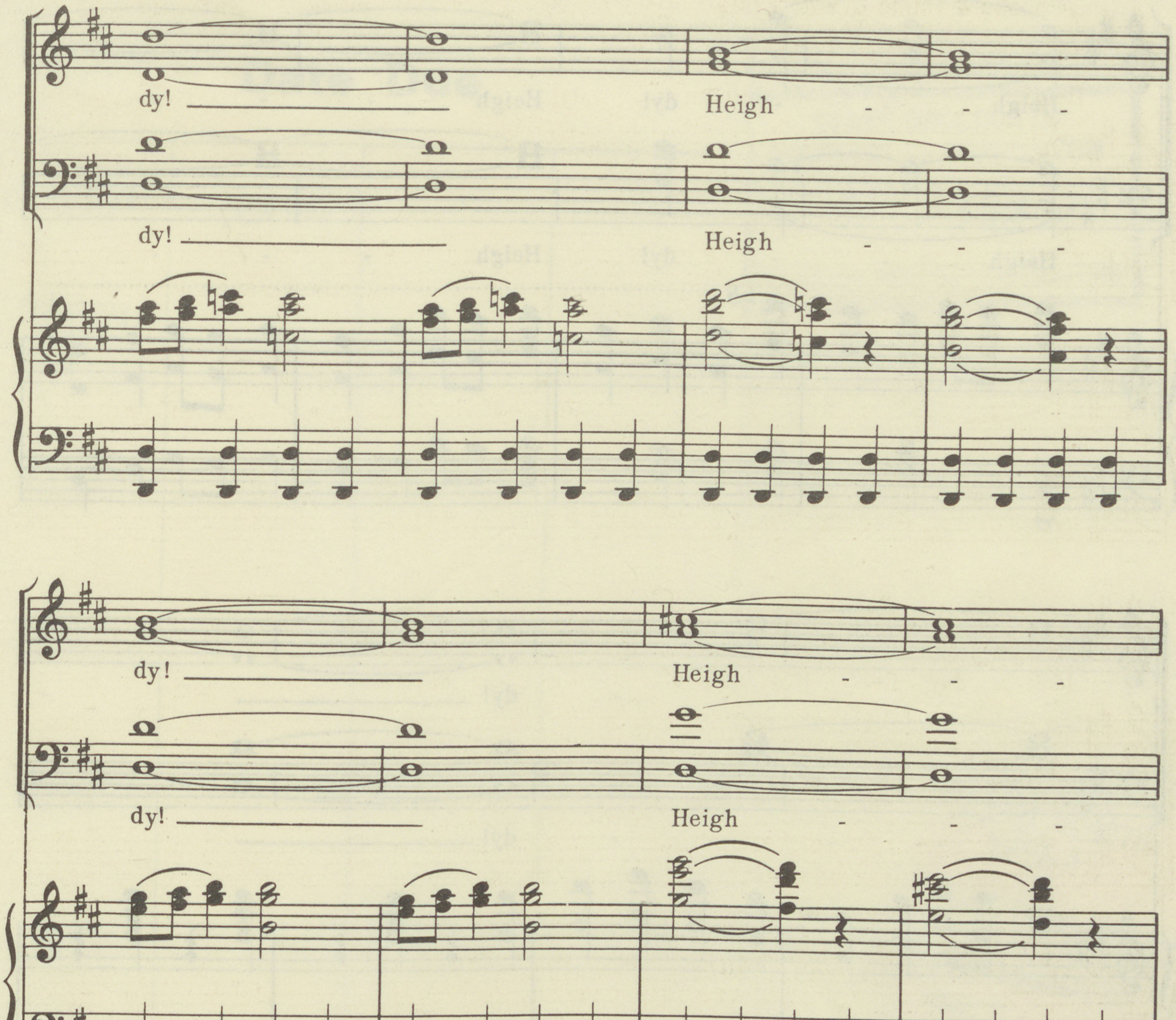

sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a
Ped.
*
*
(I)
Elsie
I have a song to sing, O!
la - dye!
ff
What is your
ff
What is your
(I)
Elsie
It is sung with the ring Of the
dim.
song, O?
dim.
song, O?
p
Ped.

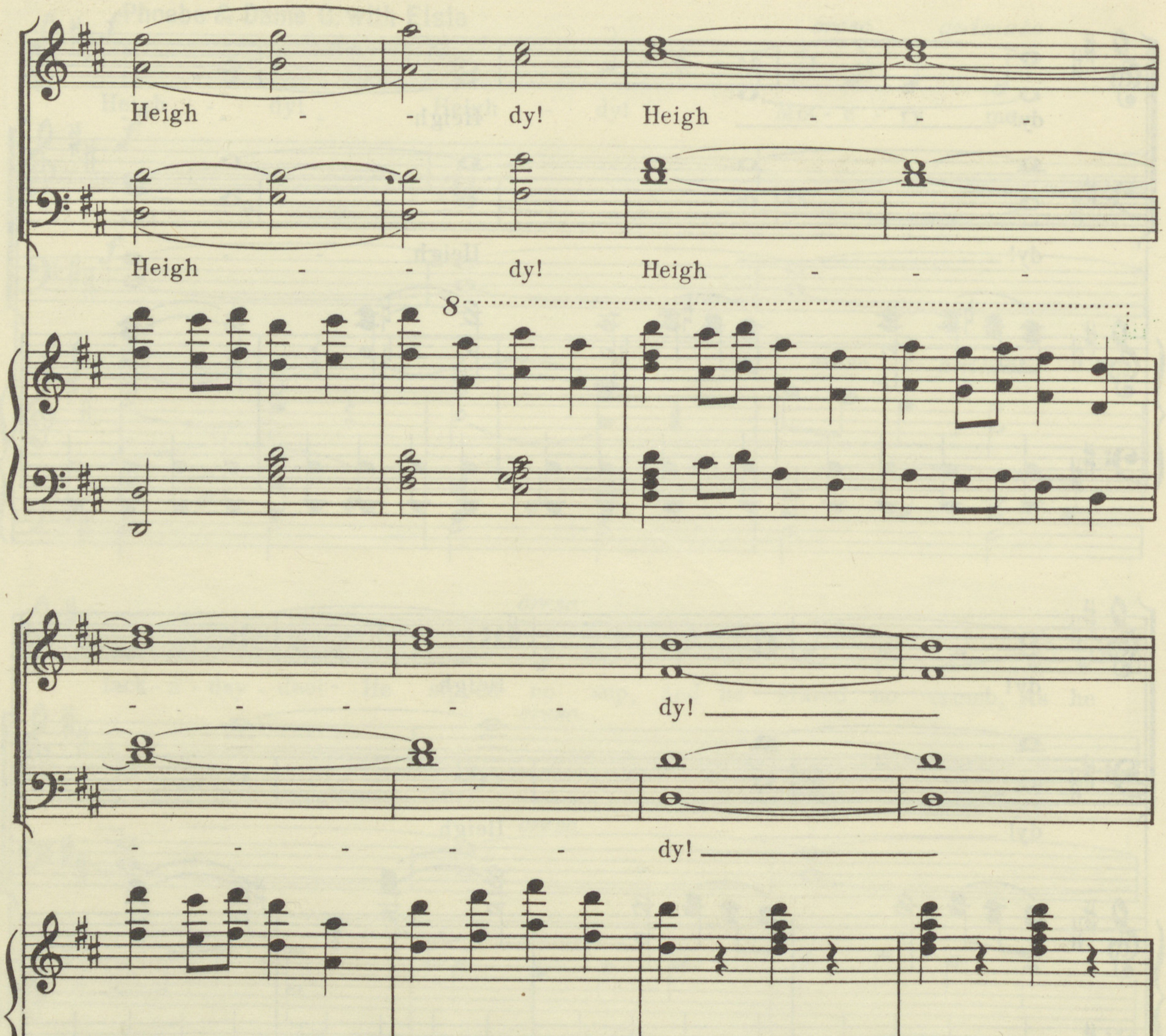

songs maids sing Who love with a love life - long, O! It's the
Ped. Ped. Ped.
song of a mer-ry-maid peer-ly proud, Who loved her lord, and who
Ped. Ped.
take by Elsie
from road want
laughed a - loud At the moan of the mer-ry-man, mop-ing mum, Whose
Ped. Ped. Ped.
soul was sad, and whose glance was glum, Who sipped no sup and who
Ped. Ped. Ped.


craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye!
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
*
1st SOPS. with Elsie
Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me, lack-a - day - dee! He
2nd SOPS.
p
Oo
TENORS & BASSES
p
Oo
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he sighed for the love of a la - dye!
*
Ped.
*


Phoebe & Dame C. with Elsie
f
cresc.
animato
Heigh - dy! Heigh - dy! Mis - e - ry me,
Oo!
Oo!
lack - a - day - dee! He sipped no sup, and he craved no crumb, As he
sighed for the love of a la - dye!
J
ff Tutti
Heigh - - -
Heigh - - -
ff

Turn into each other
move back


dy! Heigh - -
dy! Heigh - -
dy! Heigh - -
dy! Heigh - -
dy! Heigh - dy!
dy! Heigh - dy!


Heigh - - dy! Heigh - - -
Heigh - - dy! Heigh - - -
8
- - - - - dy!
- - - - - dy!
(Fairfax embraces Elsie, as Point falls senseless at their feet.)
Fine

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HUMPERDINCK.	Hansel and Gretel *(English)*	5.00
LEONCAVALLO.	Pagliacci *(Italian and English)*	5.00
MASCAGNI.	Cavalleria Rusticana *(Italian and English)*	5.00
MASSENET.	Manon *(French and English)*	6.00
MOZART.	Cosí fan Tutte *(Italian and English)*	6.00
MOZART.	Don Giovanni *(Italian and English)*	6.00
MOZART.	Le Nozze di Figaro *(Italian and English)*	6.00
MOZART.	Die Zauberflöte *(German and English)*	6.00
NICOLAI.	The Merry Wives of Windsor *(English)*	6.00
OFFENBACH.	Les Contes d'Hoffmann *(French and English)*	6.00
PONCHIELLI.	La Gioconda *(Italian)*	6.00
PUCCINI.	La Bohème *(Italian and English)*	6.00
PUCCINI.	Madama Butterfly *(Italian and English)*	6.00
PUCCINI.	Tosca *(Italian and English)*	6.00
ROSSINI.	Il Barbiere di Siviglia *(Italian and English)*	6.00
SAINT-SAËNS.	Samson et Dalila *(French and English)*	6.00
SMETANA.	The Bartered Bride *(English)*	6.00
TCHAIKOVSKY.	Eugene Onégin *(English)*	6.00
TCHAIKOVSKY.	The Queen of Spades (Pique-Dame) *(English)*	6.00
THOMAS.	Mignon *(French and English)*	6.00
VERDI.	Aida *(Italian and English)*	6.00
VERDI.	Un Ballo in Maschera *(Italian and English)*	6.00
VERDI.	Otello *(Italian and English)*	6.00
VERDI.	Rigoletto *(Italian and English)*	6.00
VERDI.	La Traviata *(Italian and English)*	6.00
VERDI.	Il Trovatore *(Italian and English)*	6.00
WAGNER.	Der Fliegende Holländer *(German and English)*	6.00
WAGNER.	Götterdämmerung *(German and English)*	7.50
WAGNER.	Lohengrin *(German and English)*	6.00
WAGNER.	Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg *(German and English)*	10.00
WAGNER.	Parsifal *(German and English)*	6.00
WAGNER.	Das Rheingold *(German and English)*	6.00
WAGNER.	Siegfried *(German and English)*	6.00
WAGNER.	Tannhäuser *(German and English)*	6.00
WAGNER.	Tristan und Isolde *(German and English)*	6.00
WAGNER.	Die Walküre *(German and English)*	6.00
WEBER.	Der Freischütz *(German and English)*	6.00

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